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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away." Henry David Thoreau

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DRUMMER

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Fledermans

We hope that this issue will both surprise and delight you.

When we took over Drummer nearly two years ago, the first thing I did was drop the colored paper. After many fights with the printer who was then doing our "slicks" (the glossy paper pages), because of the lousy reproduction we were getting on the photos, we stopped using him and made some major changes in the magazine. Since the photos on the expensive slick pages were no better than those on the considerably less expensive newsprint, we dropped the slicks entirely and upgraded the newsprint to a much higher quality grade of non-slick paper. This is the paper used in most of our recent issues, and the page you are now reading.

After some initial problems we soon were getting superb quality reproduction. Check #106 for an example of excellent reproduction of art and photography. But then the printer started getting sloppy again. Unless our Art Director went down and supervised the press run at 3 AM, checking every sheet as it came off the press, the results were mud! Drummer 113 was the low point, and the issue that broke the camel's back. We screamed "enough is enough" and planned the switch to a completely new printer.

Drummer 116 was the first issue from the new printer and the improvement is evident, But we wanted it to be even better, so we kept working. The current issue is the newest improvement. Drummer now contains 16 pages of slick paper, 8 of them printed in full color. This is the first color nude photography Drummer has offered in years (no frontal nudes are allowed on the covers) and more full color than the magazine has ever had before. We hope that we will be able to increase the number of pages of slick, and of color, in the not too distant future.

The "front slicks" in this issue are devoted to some wonderful photos by Jack Fritcher's Palm Drive Video of Keith Ardent in and out of rubber. The "back slicks" are a selection of photos from recent issues. We picked these to give you an idea of what those features could have been like if we had only had the slicksand the color. For example, the "Playing with Light and Leather" photos worked in black & white, but now you can see what they look like in that eerie blue light. The Cadillac Kid looked great in B&W, but so much better in color. (I've been holding that spread for over a year hoping to get color pages to use it on and as soon as I gave up and we used it in B&W in #117, things fell into place and color comes with, #118!) And we have also included some! compensation for the atrocious reproduction on the boot photos of #113.

You will also be seeing improvements in the quantity and variety of fiction, I have always tried to get three pieces of fiction into an issue, and tried to vary them enough that there will be at least one that is of strong appeal to any Drummer reader. As news, information, clublists, fetishes, etc. filled pages, fiction started getting crowded, often dropping to only two pieces per issue. But starting now we are committing to at least three cockhardening stories per magazine. We want you to keep those pages sticky!

DRUMMERMEN was a feature 1 started back with our first issue, #99. This was an attempt to show the personalities behind the photos, to show at least three dimensions. Men like Patrick Toner, Scott Tucker, and Henry Romanowski were featured as gorgeous hunks who also have made significant contributions to leather communities and lifestyles. There have been no DRUMMERMEN features recently, because there have been too many things going on. But with Tim's help we are again gaining control of this runaway horse and we definitely want to start featuring other DRUMMERMEN, both individuals and couples.

Plans are already under way for a couple of men we think are deserving of this honor. But we'd like nominations from you too! Who do you think deserves to be featured as a DRUMMERMAN with photos and profile? They don't have to be gorgeous hunks (though, that certainly doesn't hurt). But they do have to be leathermen who have put themselves at risk in some way to help their fellow leathermen. I'm certain there are hundreds of deserving men. Tell us about them. Send us your nominations, we'll worry about getting the interviews and the photos, but we need your input in deciding who to go after with camera and tape recorder.



CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is walking to accept. Some avoid crossing sereets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to medigently confront and accept risk, a person must

understand the dangers.

While Drummer hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, as main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all. activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-sex and sale-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of Drummer, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmoous, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper approach of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in Drummer, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products.

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Steve Evans

he shadows cast long as the young brave walked across the scorched earth toward the tribe's burial ground. His naked body blurred to the eye of the lone screaming hawk circling overhead, as the heat waves rose skyward. The youth didn't falter in his step as he neared the freshly charred resting place of his now departed friend.

They had been together since birth, entering this world only minutes apart. The old squaw who was midwife to the tribe said the spirits had meant them to be twins; but they were too special to be entrusted to only one woman.

Red Hawk dropped to his knees on the blackened earth. "Why did you leave me?" Tears filled his eyes and his body shook as he looked skyward. "Why, Crow? Why did you go?" His vision blurred as he took har dfuls of earth and rubbed them over his hard body, leaving streaks where his hands passed. "I miss your body beside me at night. The blanket is cold without you. My life is nothing if I can't share it with you."

Red Hawk's hands continued their trails of ash across his chest, stomach and legs. "Who will I hunt with? Who will I swim with?" He slid his hand between his legs and took his cock in his hand. "Who will I love with?" He continued stroking himself with one hand as he rubbed the ashes across his chest with the other. His chant-like conversation with his cremated friend continued along with the two motions. "The crow and the hawk will fly together no more. The buck will no longer flee in fear from our arrows. The threat is gone." He tightened his grip on his cock and his stroke quickened.

"The turkey will no longer run from our spears and the fish from our barbs. I am an empty shell and have nothing left to offer you . . . except this." The muscles in Red Hawk's back firmed as did the cheeks of his ass. His balls drew up toward his body acting as a catapult for the scream that came from his lips. His cum disappeared into the charred wood as a lone hawk circled overhead.

awk downshifted his rig and eased it off the highway onto the gravel. He worked down through the gears automatically as his eyes scanned the horizon. It had been twenty years since he had been back near the reservation. He had refused this run for many reasons in the past, but as the memories of his youth resurfaced, he knew what the real reason had been.

In the past Hawk had told himself he just didn't want to face the deterioration of his people's way of life. The courageous young braves no longer searched for their next kill, but killed time searching for their next job. A beer with the boys had replaced the hunt, and tourist souvenirs the prized feather for bravery.

Hawk folded his arms on the steering wheel and then brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "Damn, why did I wait so long to come back here?" He reached down beside the seat and eased the shift lever forward as the truck rolled back onto the road. "I am what I am, and they are still my people." As the KW picked up speed, he worked his way through the gears. Hawk wiped his eyes with his sleeve again as he sounded his airhorns with one long blast after another. "After all these

years, I still miss you, Crow, and still haven't accepted the will of the Gods. I loved you, Crowl Damn how I loved you."

it was dusk as Hawk pulled into the truck stop and maneuvered his rig into a space with all the other trucks that had stopped for the night. He smiled as he looked out at the mercury glow surrounding the gas islands and restaurant. It was the modern-day cowboy's version of putting the wagons in a circle, and he was the Indian. He groped himself before opening the door and climbing down, if what he had heard was true, the head here had a glory hole matched by none other in this part of the country. They would line up along the walls waiting for their turn. Hawk groped himself again as he crossed the parking fot walking toward the showers.

The steaming hot water relaxed the tight muscles in Hawk's back, stiffened by long hours of driving. The discomfort seemed to wash away as the hard spray worked its magic. The only tightness left was in his nuts and he knew that too would be gone shortly Hawk watched the other guys in the showers as he lathered himself. At forty years old, he was still hot and, comparing himself with the other men, he left good. His uncut cock hung impressively between two muscular legs, causing his low hanging balls to push forward. Both in jeans and stripped, as now, he looked hot.

Hawk turned into the spray of water to soak down his hair and rinse off his body. His shoulder-length hair, sharp features, and almost hairless body left no doubt as to his heritage.

The two men left in the shower with Hawk had not tried to hide their interest in him and stroked their cocks openly as they watched him rinse off. Hawk stood in the water spray rubbing his body with his hands to get rid of the soap. He cupped his balls with his hand for a final rinse, and then did the same thing to his dick, before slowly sliding the skin back and forth over the head. "Either of you guys want to check and see if I got all the soap off my balls?" Within seconds, one of them was kneeling between his legs and the other was chewing on his nipples.

Hawk put his arm around the man beside him, running his fingers along the muscled shoulders of a man that knew the meaning of hard work. His fingers slid up the neck and into the damp hair before tightening his grip, pulling the hungry mouth harder against his chest. "Chew on them like a man.



Slowly sliding the skin back and forth over the head of his cock, Hawk asked, "Either of you guys want to check and see if I got all the soap off my balls?"



They made the cowboy kneel before them and beg to be allowed to stick his tongue up their hot sweaty assholes, as they pierced his tits with splinters of wood.

Let me know how much you want them." With his other hand, he pulled the other man even closer, hearing him gag as the cock he had been working on lodged deep in his throat. "Suck it deep, cowboy. Let me feel your throat muscles tighten around me."

Hawk released his grip only for a second and heard the man gulp in some air. He tightened his grip on both the men, driving their faces tight against his body. One of them was playing with his hot puckered asshole and Hawk knew that he was going to shoot his load. As the wet fingers stid deep inside him, he arched his back, unloading his nuts into the waiting throat. He was holding the two men so tight he could feel their bodies shake along with his as each climactic wave washed over him.

As the spasms calmed, Hawk released his grip and felt the men slip away back into their own steam-shrouded shower sprays. When Hawk turned around him from his linal rinse, the shower room was empty, and he stood there drying off alone. He smiled as he dressed, thinking of what other interesting encounters waited for him. He looked in the mirror as he folded the red bandana and tied it on as a headband. The smile continued as he thought to himself, Too bad I don't have a feather. But the blue work shirt, jeans and boots were the loincloth of today's Indians. That too had changed.

Hawk was halfway through his meal when he saw a young man walking loward his table. He looked like many of the new drivers he had seen in the last couple years. Green around the edges with a cowboy hat that was too fancy and a shirt that was too new. The jeans, although not quite faded enough, did show some promise with what they held inside. Hawk was so lost in his own thoughts that the young man had to speak twice before Hawk realized that he had stopped and was standing beside his table.

"I said, do you mind if I sit down with you?"

Hawk looked up, and then around at the empty tables, before answering "Whatever makes you happy."

The guy slid into the seat across from Hawk and set his tray on the table "You look different now"

Hawk looked at him. "From when? Do I know you?"

The boy smiled, "From the shower room."

"Oh."

"I was the one on the floor." He blushed. "If it makes a difference."

Hawk was taken by the combination of openness and shyness mixed together. He could see this kid going through life saying what first came into his mind, and then being embarrassed by it.

"You want me to move somewhere else?"

"Do what you want As I said whatever makes you happy."

"OK, I'll stay." He started to eat "By the way, my name is Carl." He reached across the table to shake hands.

Hawk looked at him before taking his hand. "I'm Hawk."

Carr's face lit up. "No shit? Is Hawk really your name?"

Hawk's face hardened "Why? Something wrong with it?"

"No, it's great. Are you really an Indian?"

Hawk put down his knife and fork. "What the fuck is this, twenty questions?"

Carl blushed again. "I'm sorry I did it again."

"Did what again?"

"Talked without thinking Now I've pissed you off I'll move somewhere else," Carl started to slide out of his seat.

"Sit where you are "

"What?"

"I said sit. You didn't piss me off."

They both ate in silence for a while with each stealing a look at the other. Carl caught Hawk's eye during one of these exchanges and smiled. "So, are you?"

Hawk tried to scowl but there was no way with that boyish grin across the table from him. "Am I what?"

"An Indian. You look like one."

"You look like a cowboy, are you one?"

"Come on, Quit jerking me around."

"Why's it so important to you if I'm an Indian?"

"That scene in the shower was hot, man. I never wanted a dick as much as I wanted yours."

"And you've had it."

"That's not the point"

"Then what is?"

'Look at me'' Carl picked his hat up off the seat beside him and set it on the back of his head "You said I look like a cowboy. Don't you get it?"

'No."

He took off his hat. "I've made it with guys from all types of work from construction to office. Now tell me: does cowboy and construction worker sound right? How about cowboy and fireman? Now do you see what I'm getting at? It's cowboys and Indians I want."

Hawk smiled, "You got a real fantasy going there, don't you? I'm not sure I can live up to it."

Carl smiled, "If the shower was any sample, I know you can."

Hawk shook his head. "I'm not sure you know what you're getting into."

"What?"

"Well, you know what the Indians did to white men?"

"What? What?"

Hawk smiled. "They scalped them." Carl matched Hawk's grin. "And tied them up and fucked them."

"Tied them to stakes and burned them."

"And tortured them."

"Made them into sex slaves." Hawk looked around to be sure no one else was listening, before continuing, "They made the cowboy do all sorts of unnatural things. They made him run his tongue under their uncut cocks and lick the sweat off their red-skinned balls. They made the cowboy kneel before them and beg to be allowed to stick his tongue up their hot sweaty assholes, as they pierced his tits with splinters of wood. They tied rawhide to his nuts and hung heavy rocks from them, stretching and pulling the skin until he thought it would tear from his body. They they would tie him over a failen tree and beat his ass until it was so sensitive that the slightest breeze blowing across it caused pain. Then when they were finished he was tied to his horse, with the saddle horn up his ass, and run out of the camp."

"Shit!"

"What's the matter, your fantasy crumbling?"

"No." Carl blushed again. "I just shot my load in my jeans."

Hawk smiled. "Good. Then maybe we can finish our dinner."

Carl was still shaking when he spoke. "What's dessert going to be?"

Hawk never raised his eyes from his plate. "You."

he two men sat in the sleeper of the blue and white KW. There had not been much conversation between them since they left the restaurant. The glow of two cigarettes was all that could be seen. "You. Cowboy. Take off my boots." The glow of one cigarette disappeared and then there was the sound of boots being pulled off. "The socks too, you dumb shit." Hawk ground his bare foot into the boy's crotch as he finished smoking. "Get undressed and kneel beside me."

When Hawk felt the warmth of the man beside him, he still didn't speak. In the darkness he reached out and rubbed his hand over the hard young body beside him and remembered times past, when it was another Indian boy kneeling there. It wasn't a game then, but something real being shared. Hawk was glad there was no light because he would not have wanted this stranger to see the expression on his face.

Hawk's fingers kneaded and pinched across the now-hard tits beside him. He enjoyed the soft whimper that could be heard in the dark and then disappearing again. His fingers trailed through the soft hair on the chest and followed the path it created down the firm young body until he brushed against the head of the boy's cock standing tall. The whimper could be heard again as his grip tightened around the furry sack between the kid's legs. Small sounds could be heard in the darkness and then there was a quick intake of breath as Hawk lowered his mouth over the hard cock. The intensity of his grip was countered only by the movement of his mouth and tongue. The sounds in the darkness were now moans and heavy breathing. Hawk had not sucked another man's cock since he had serviced his beloved Crow But now in the darkness. he could imagine he was back there between his friend's legs. It was Crow's cock he had buried in his throat, not some pretend cowboy.

He felt hands on the back of his head, pressing him down further on that shaft. He could no longer breathe from either his nose or mouth, but wouldn't pull away for fear of breaking the fantasy. Then he felt the slight swelling of the shaft and was lost in the completion of the climax.

Air quickly slid by the softening cock and Hawk gasped it in like a drowning man coming to the surface. He lay back down still not releasing his grip on the boy's nuts. Their breathing returned to normal, and the only sound that could be heard in the truck was an occasional whimper as Hawk tightened his grip on the jewels he held in his hand.

Hawk sat up, and then got to knees. "Lay down, cowboy, on your back, and spread your arms and legs." Hawk unsnapped and closed the curtain between the cab of the truck and the sleeper before he turned on a light. They both squinted for a second before their eyes adjusted to the intrusion. Hawk quickly tied Carl, spread-eagled with raw hide, to the sleeper bed before



"You are to be my sacrifice to the Great Spirits to take away some of the shame." Hawk slid the tip of the knife down Carl's chest and stomach until the point rested on the head of Carl's cock.



Hawk drove his dry cock into the freshly shaved asshole, burying it all the way up to his balls. Hawk's cock drove again and again into Carl's ass. Cutting loose the gag and restraints, he attacked Carl's mouth with his tongue.

he got undressed himself. The last thing Hawk took off was his headband, letting his hair fall forward, as he leaned over and tied the cloth around Carl's mouth as a gag. Hawk again explored the cowboy's body, but this time looking at it in the light. His fingers worked their magic, and Carl was soon hard again, Hawk reached down and stroked the hard smooth skin.

"I see my little cowboy is ready to play again." Hawk continued to stroke and explore as he talked. "I'm sorry I don't have my feathers anymore, so I could be more convincing for your fantasy. But I really am an Indian. A Cherokee, to be exact I was born a hundred or so miles back up that road on the reservation." Hawk was thoughtful for a minute. "Or should I say, what the white man has left of the reservation. They took away my leathers and buckskin pants along with my dignity and my land. All I have left is this." Hawk reached into a compartment on the wall and brought out a hunting knife. The light flashed on the blade, and he could see fear in Carl's eyes. "I tried to warn you, but you only heard what you wanted to hear."

Hawk lowered the knife to Carl's chest and slid the blade across the skin, leaving a nude path where the hair had been removed. "As you can see, the blade is quite sharp, Indians take very good care of their knives. You want to see just how sharp it is?" Hawk grabbed a handful of hair on Carl's head and raised the knife. Carl pulled back as much as his restraints would allow and tried to call for help. The sounds were like those of a small animal caught in a trap. With all his lear, Carl never lost his erection. Hawk released his grip and let Carl's head fall back onto the bed.

"You see, you're a pretend cowboy but I'm a real Indian. For you it's a game, but for me it's real."

As he spoke, Hawk continued removing the chest hair with the knife. "You represent everything the white man has done to my people. You are to be my sacrifice to the Great Spirits to take away some of the shame."

Hawk slid the tip of the knife down Carl's chest and stomach until the point rested on the head of Carl's cock. "I'm going to take away your manhood just like you did to us." The animal sounds could be heard again and tears were in Carl's eyes. Hawk lifted the knife blade and started cutting away the pubic hair around the still-firm cock. "I want you to be smooth when I send you off with my message to the spirits. And I wouldn't

advise your moving around too much. I would hate to slip with the knife and have to send a less than complete messenger."

Carl could feel the dry blade sliding across his skin and the pull of the hair as it left his body. Everywhere the knife had been, his skin burned as the sweat came to the surface. His whole body felt like it was on fire. He had never been so scared, or so turned on, in his whole life. He could feel the knife on his balls as Hawk spoke again.

"If I slipped now, not only would the messenger be less than complete but he would talk in a much higher voice. I would advise you not to move, because I wouldn't need much of an excuse to cut off your balls and hang them from my mirror. Indians like to keep trophies of their conquests. But I'm sure you know that already."

Hawk moved to the foot of the bed and cut the rawhide strips, and then retied them again up beside Carl's arms, giving him full access to Carl's ass. Hawk quickly shaved away all the soft hair around the tight puckered area.

"There, my little cowboy, you're ready to deliver my message to the white man." Picking up his belt from the jeans he had dropped some time ago, Hawk whipped it back and forth across Carl's ass as he spoke, leaving thin red welts. "This is a reminder of all the hurt you have given. The red welts are for the beatings we have endured and this is for the overall fucking you've given us."

Hawk drove his dry cock into the freshly shaved asshole, burying it all the way up to his balls. "This is the message for you to deliver, my little pretend cowboy. Fuck you, and all the rest of the sidewalk cowboys out there." Hawk's cock drove again and again into Carl's ass. Cutting loose the gag and restraints, he attacked Carl's mouth with his tongue. Whatever air was in their lungs was all they had to share, passing it back and forth between them.

They both reached their climax at the same time and rode it through to the end in each other's arms.

awk had finished his shower and breakfast and walked back toward his truck. He felt refreshed and content with himself for the first time in quite a while. He was almost back to the truck when he noticed the two red fuzzy balls hanging from the mirror and the note.

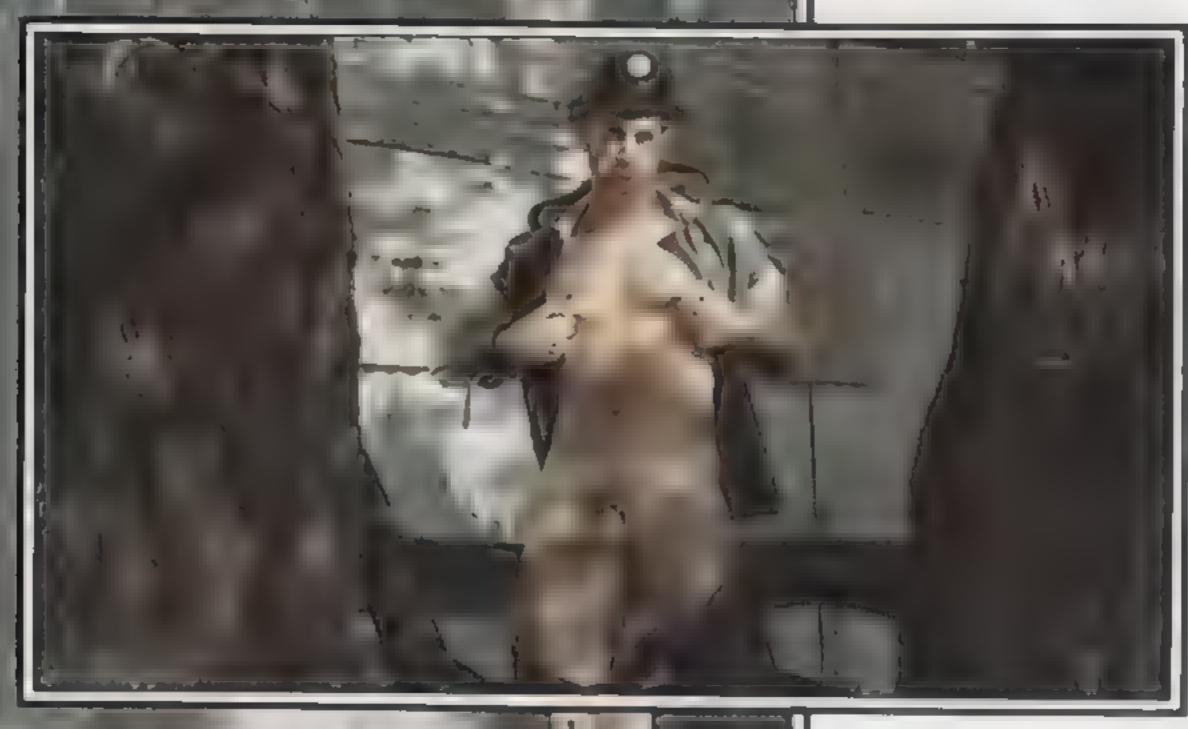
Here's Your Trophy—Until Next Time
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DRUMMER 118

NINE INCH PEC STUD IN BLACK RUBBER!









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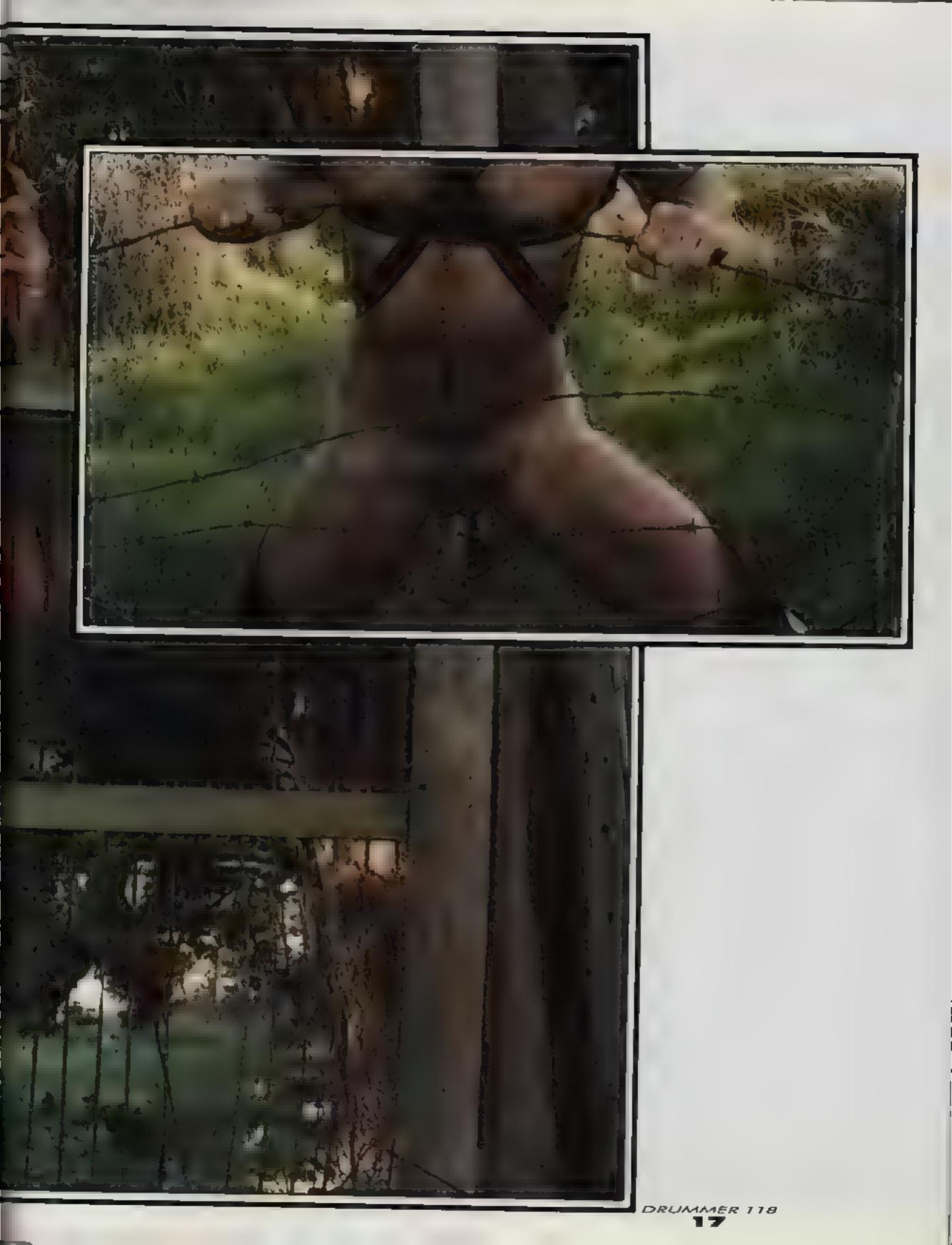
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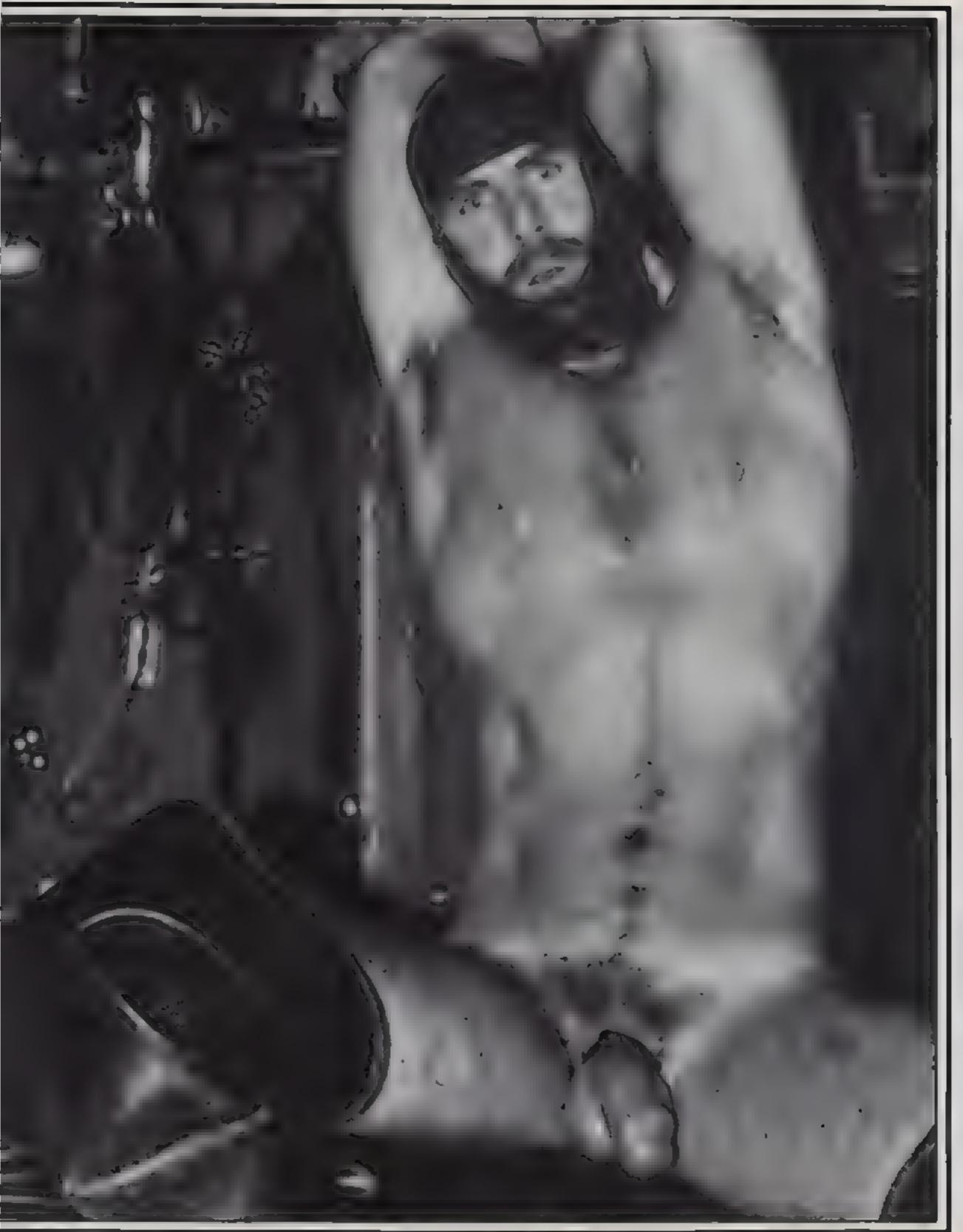
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DRUMMER 118



Guy Baldwin, M.S.

MASTER/slave RELATIONSHIPS PART I: OVERVIEW

"He serves best who serves the servant."

—Thorn Magister

In this and the next column, I want to focus on relationships with prevailing dominant/submissive features, specifically, Master/slave relationships. These are usually seen by their practitioners as the ultimate expression of the dominant/submissive experience

Put in simple terms, these relationships occur between the identified Master who has a defined authority and specified responsibilities in the relationship, and the identified slave(s) who submit(s) to the will of the Master.

The variation here is wide. When and where? This configuration may only happen at certain times of the day, or on certain days of the week, or in certain rooms, or when certain clothes are worn, or perhaps only in the presence of certain people, etc.

Is there more than one way to do it? You bet! Just to give you a feeling for the range of possibilities, I have seen a Master with several slaves. Some slaves have more than one Master Some slaves have slaves, and some Masters are themselves staves to yet other Masters. Another slave I know has a lover (mostly vanilla) and a Master as welleach knows and likes the other. And yes, I know of Master/slave involvements that have been ongoing now for many years—the partners have learned to manage the intensity and keep things hot for themselves, mostly through the development of a remarkable degree of honesty.

Written contracts sometimes add an interesting wrinkle. Again, variation is wide. Some Masters have authority in the slave's workplace (if the slave works). Some slaves have autonomy when dealing with their family; some not. Finances are not always subject to the Master's will, whereas some Masters require their slave to handle all finances. Some Masters outline various levels of submission, with deepest submission (usually very short-term) such that the slave does nothing but breathe without instructions.

I have spoken with many guys who have found ecstasy in the Master/slave scene. Most reported to me that they

had to explore several different such situations first before they could learn enough about themselves to know what would work for their own particular personalities.

If this is something you have only dreamed about your whole life, look inside yourself to learn what has kept you from trying it out. It is not too much trouble to find your counterpart especially for short-term "try it on for size" scenes.

It is unfair to yourself to assume that the relationship in your mind cannot be achieved at least in part. Remember that not so many years ago, it was impossible for a closeted gay man to even imagine an ongoing relationship with another man.

Likewise, if this is your scene and you find yourself bouncing from one Master/ slave situation to another in frustration, perhaps now might be a good time to check out your motivations for wanting this sort of thing in the first place. If you only end up with bad apples, then maybe you need to refine your pickin' skills. It helps to distinguish between what you can tolerate and what you can dream about.

In designing relationships, one watchword comes from the Mistress Carolyn. Her advice: "If it ain't fun, you ain't doin' it right." I take her to mean that the rituals, rules, responsibilities, and restrictions that are incorporated into the relationship must be a turn-on for everyone, or else they won't survive for long.

One thing that I have noticed about these relationships is the great extent to which they have been negotiated. Unless these relationships are a perfect sexual and emotional fit from the beginning (and when does that happen?), they will have to be carefully negotiated. In each such relationship that I have learned about, tremendous effort had been made to carefully outline the extent of the Master's authority and responsibility and the extent of the slave's submission.

The durability of these relationships is often determined by the success of these negotiations, and the ability of the partners to remain interesting to each other. Very often, the "divorce clock" starts ticking when one or both start to get bored for long stretches.

In some Master/slave relationships, a man's entry into the position of "slave" represents an "I love you, I trust you" message. Here, a Master's acceptance of a slave represents the complementary "I love you, I trust you" message. It will almost certainly take each of them some time to define for themselves just what "I love you, I trust you" actually means. They probably won't know

themselves right at first.

It is these definitions of love and trust that will determine how the relationship functions and how long it will last. It is quite normal for these definitions to change with time

For example, "I love you, I trust you" for the first week of the relationship may mean, "I love the way you lick my boots, and I trust you not to scuff them up." By the end of the first month, it may have changed to include "I love how I feel when we are together, and I trust you not to fie to me about important things."

By the end of the first year, the definition may include, "I love you because you reveal me to myself, and I trust you with my heart." After more time (?), "I love you 'cause you know me, I trust you with my Self." Whatever, Nigel Kent once said "If you beat the shit out of a man, he will learn all about you,"

Certainly, the same is true whether you are the owned or the owner—he will eventually find out who you really are.

My clinical work has taught me that there are also Master/slave relationships in which love is not necessarily part of the equation. In these, the dynamic can be one in which the slave says, consciously or not, "I will take certain risks (usually including obedience) because I enjoy doing so," while the Master says "I will accept the risks of responsibility and your obedience until I lose interest in doing so."

Any of the numerous sorts of Master/slave relationships can also include any variety of the physical 5&M practices. Of course, these are optional depending on the tastes of the men involved At various points in the relationship, the partners may agree to "switch off" the Master/slave process, and leave the physical S&M switches on, or vice versa. Usually, either partner can switch something off, but it takes both to turn the switches back on again.

These relationships can be very rewarding or they can be hell. Mixtures of both are not unknown. My observation has been that the hellish variety is more likely when the men are not honest with themselves first, and with their partner second. Secretly held feelings usually find their expression somewhere in the relationship, and will have to be dealt with sooner or later.

Next month, in Part II, I want to go somewhat deeper into the issues that come up for guys into the Master/slave scene in the hope that I can save people some time and unwanted pain. Til then, play well,

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STROKE SUCK

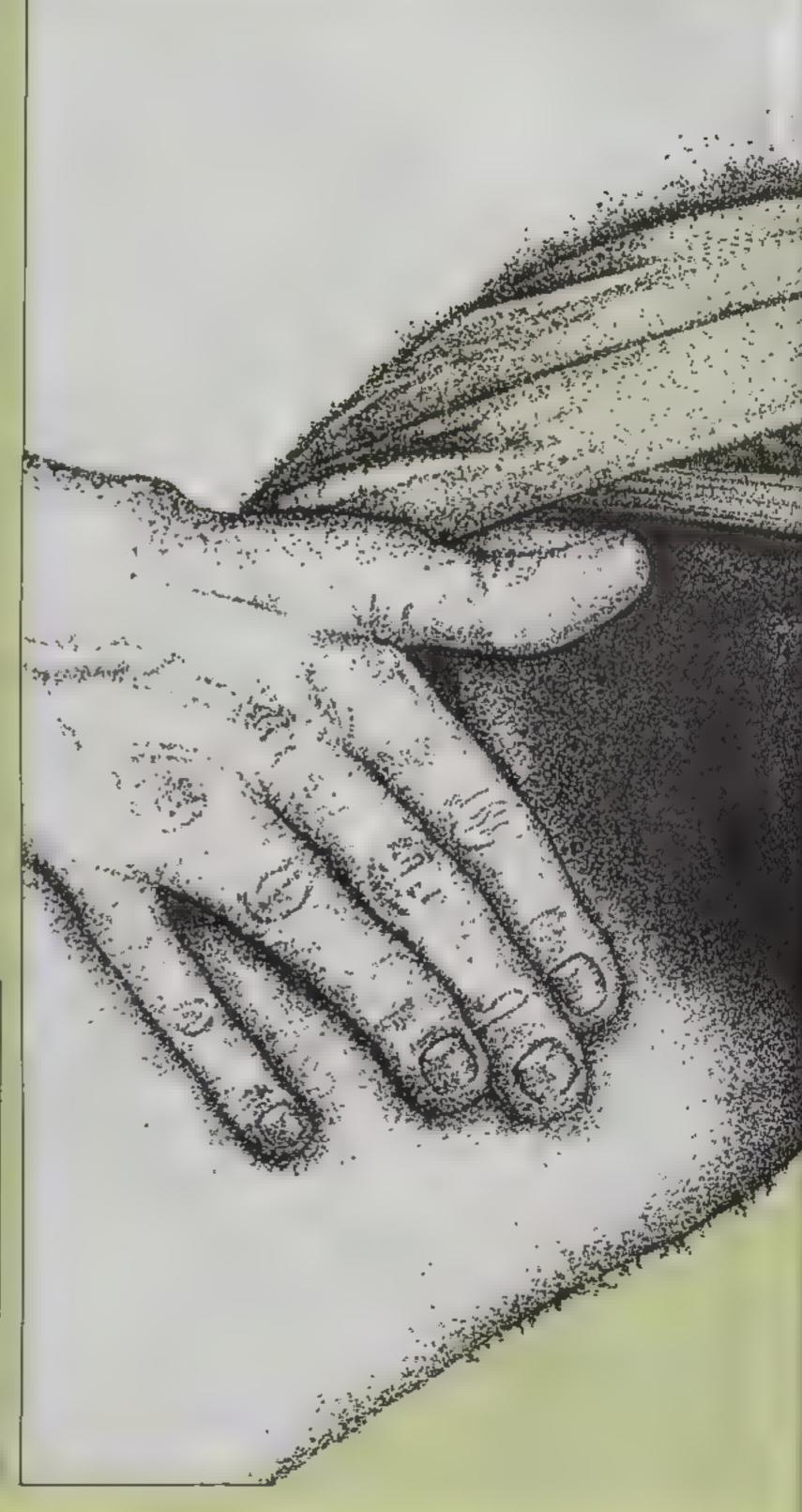
fiction by Jeffery Steinberg

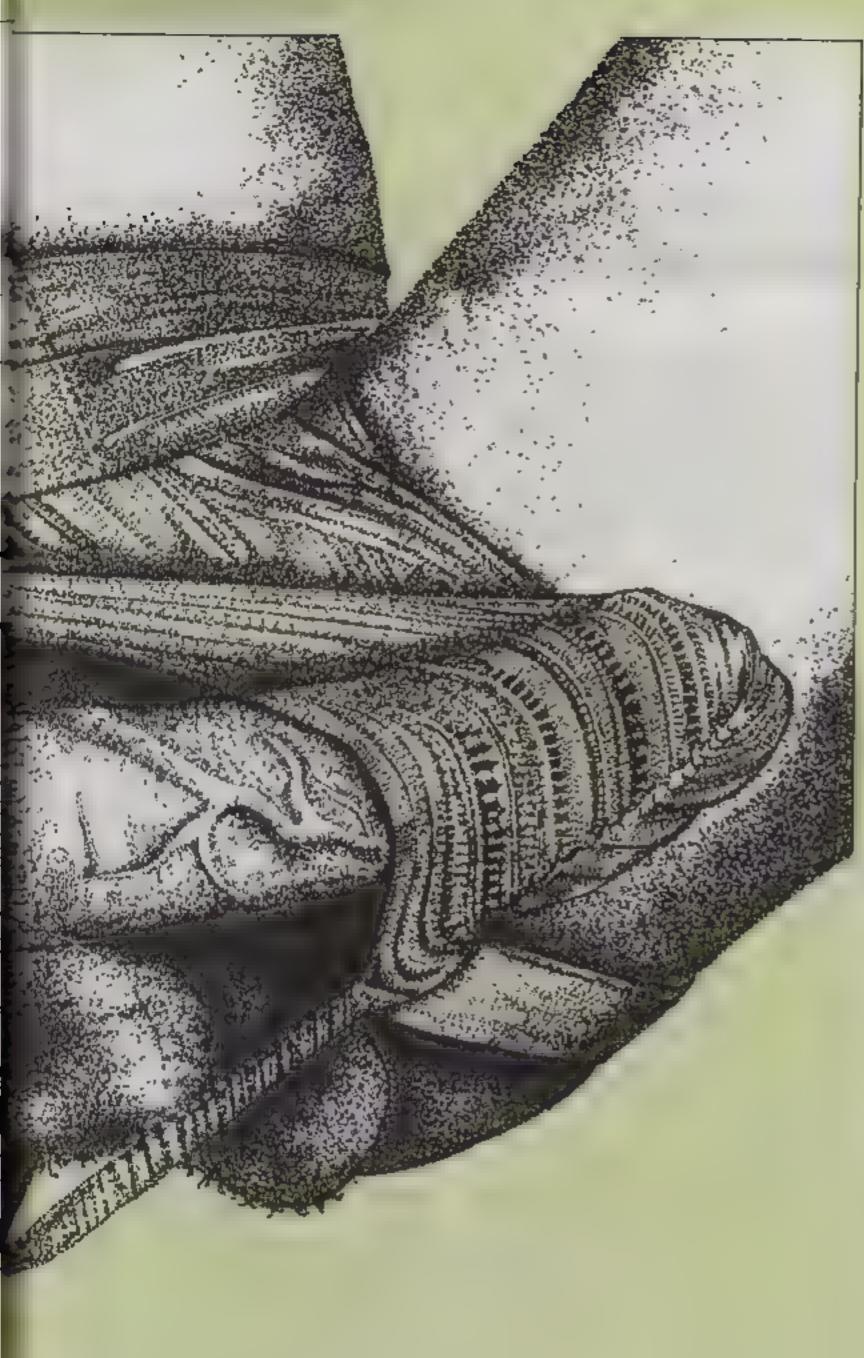
illustration by William Lucas

"This ain't gonna work," Bob decided as he pulled his head back and let Joe's cock slide out of his mouth. Joe's mouth continued sucking on his prick but with much less enthusiasm than earlier. Soon Joe stopped as well, and both men lay back wondering what to do next.

"Suckin' cock's okay," Bob thought, "but a man's gotta hump ass—not this silly, sissy stuff." He looked over at Joe and had to admit that he liked what he saw. Joe was no loser; he was a real man in every respect. Bob studied the flaccid cock that was just inches from his face, sticking out from Joe's sweaty jockstrap. It was a master-piece, something a man should be proud of owning. Even when soft, the long hairless monster required two hands to hold, and Bob's hands were big. A thick, mean-looking vein ran

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pull Bob's head back
like he was a colt
being broken by a new
master.





down the side of it, and there was an ample amount of foreskin which gave Joe's rammer an animal appearance. Only a faint sprinkling of curly blonde hair grew at the base and on the ballsack, which was enormous and, stretched downward by the two jizzpacked balls inside, hung down like a horse's.

Bob had always figured he could service a cock like a man, putting everything he had into the job, being equal to any challenge. After all, when he paid a guy off he did it like a man, not like a frail sob-sister, and sucking cock had always been a payback. Yes, when he met a guy who took his 12-inch fucker like a guy should, Bob showed his appreciation by giving a suck-job that couldn't be beat.

Yet Joe's untarned, uncut dick was a breed of its own. Bob had had to learn how to deep-throat the bone as if he had been a beginner all along. And Joe didn't get off on passive service, either. He expected his cock to be worked on expertly, with complete dedication. Well, Bob wasn't one to give up; he gave his buddy more than the guy could ever expect and was rewarded every time with a belly-full of hot thick cream.

Bob's eyes roamed the length of Joe's tan body. No doubt, this was a hunk of pure man. From the large, bare feet to the rippled stomach to the large brown oval nipples on a well-defined chest, Joe was a man. He had large rough hands, hands accustomed to hard work. His arms were enormous machines of total muscle, as were his wide shoulders. Sitting atop a bull's neck was a ruggedly handsome face, not pretty but masculine, arrogant and cruel.

"It's just too damn bad this thing ain't gonna work out," Bob concluded as he let his head drop back onto the bed and closed his eyes.

"Shit!" thought Joe, "What a fuckin' wastel" Hard as it was to accept the truth, he had to admit that things just weren't working out for Bob and him.

From the moment he first laid eyes on Bob, Joe wanted to be buddies. He remembered that they met at Irma's Bar and Grill in the industrial district. Joe was standing at the bar drinking a beer and unwinding after work when he heard a deep, gravelly voice next to him order a beer. When Joe looked over, because the voice was firm and slightly belligerent, he got his first glimpse of Bob,

the only other man he ever came to consider equal—another real man. Bob was wearing jeans, muddy work boots and a soiled undershirt. Every inch of his hard body seemed to strain under his clothes. His chest and arms were covered with black curly hair and he was filthy with grime and glistening sweat. Joe knew that the stranger had just gotten off work and, like himself, hadn't bothered with trying to spruce up. A strong smell of sweat struck joe, but he wasn't turned off by it. Sweat wasn't the same as stink; it was the honest proof of hard work and masculmity. The man looked at him with a smile, not a friendly smile, and the thought of running his tongue over the guy's chest and armpits flashed through Joe's mind.

"What ya starm at, shit-head?" the

guy asked sarcastically.

"Fuck off, asshole!" Joe returned.

A huge strong hand grabbed joe by the shirt front and the guy screamed, "How'd ya like me to smash open that pretty little face of yours, sweets?"

"Fuck you," Joe yelled back and followed that up with a fist to the

man's gut.

The fight that followed was fast, brief and intense, as fights usually were at Irma's. Trouble broke out all the time in the tavern but because nobody wanted to be barred permanently from the place they always stopped as soon as the men nearby could step in and calm things down. So, the big fight between joe and Bob ended quickly, yet both men had delivered and received some hefty punches. Still, it was the best form of introduction possible and the two men became confirmed drinking buddies for the evening.

Yet the fight started something going in Joe's mind and pants which he couldn't, didn't want to, ignore. He wished nobody had broken the fight up. He knew he could have licked the dude, and he wanted to. Joe wanted to beat the man nearly unconscious, to

Once his cock was almost out of Bob's ass he'd pause, then, without warning, Joe would grab the man's hips and ram his massive dick in with all his might. That's when the real fucking would start.

the point where Bob would have to surrender to him. He'd then shove the man face-down on a table. His hands would rip that undershirt wide open in the back so he could feel the strong back muscles. Joe imagined grabbing Bob by the hair, lifting his head, cupping the conquered man's chin in his palm, forcing his fingers deep into the man's mouth. He'd kick Bob's legs apart and would lean over him from behind, whispering into his ear, "You put up a good fight but I beat the shit out of you, so you're all mine, buddy." As he talked, he would paw at his slave, letting him know who was his new owner, letting him feel the pain of total submission.

"Now, you know the rules, isn't that right, slave-boy?" he would say. "Sure you do. From now on, anything I say goes 'cause we're a pair now and it's your duty to obey me. I beat you, baby. I beat you and you got to serve me now. And you want to, because you know who the best man is. You

don't want me to just beat you up and leave you. No, you want me to make a loyal slave out of you. You want me to keep on showing you just who the real boss is. That's okay, babe—I really respect you. You're lucky—only the best get raped by me, and you're the best thing there is besides me."

Joe would have to slug his manslave in the face and body a lot to keep him in his place. He knew Bob wouldn't stay down unless he was repeatedly forced to. It wouldn't be easy pickings for Joe; he didn't want a slave who accepted being dominated. Those types were all too easy to find. No, Joe wanted this man, wanted to break him and to go on breaking him, chancing rebellion every moment.

He would yank his muscular slave's jeans down, relishing Bob's humiliation. His hands could then freely roam over the hard round ass that was momentarily covered in white briefs. He'd up those shorts open but not off. That ass would be covered with short rough black hairs and, hidden between the clenched cheeks would be his prize—Bob's virgin fuck hole, his new cunt.

All the tense muscled men would gather around the table, eager to enjoy the free show. May be there would be as many as fifty of them, all lean and laughing. Their balls would be full of the rich salty sperm that comes from a day of hard labor, their meaty dicks tender for some hot action. He'd order them to whip those stiffening bones out and they would obey because he was the best, the toughest man among them. The heavy musk smell of sweaty balls and excited male bodies would fill the room.

"All your friends are watching this, slave-boy. All those guys you pushed around are gonna see your asshole get raped wide open. They're gonna jack off while I shove my cock up your shitter, baby, and they'll laugh every time you wince or groan. Now you

better put up a damn good fight or I'll make sure every one of these hard-ons gets rammed up your pussy and down your throat. Or is that just what you'd like?"

Joe would then shove a finger up Bob's frightened ass. Yes, Bob would be scared shitless even though he wouldn't show it. That's okay, because Joe wasn't out to make his slave show fear; he wanted to watch the hunky dude take it like a man, a beaten man. Joe wouldn't jam his finger in nice and easy, either. He wanted to shove first one then several fingers up through Bob's tight sphincter—three fingers at the most.

"Yeah, baby—keep that shit hole really tight for me, 'cause now I'm gonna cram my fat rod up there. I won't even grease your hole up first. You're really gonna feel this. You're

gonna like it."

Joe imagined positioning the huge purple mushroom head of his cock right outside Bob's asshole. He knew it wouldn't be easy getting the round tight pucker to open up for his rod, but eventually he'd be deep inside his slave's guts. He could feel his cockhead pressing against the dry hole that would be shut with all Bob's strength. While the men cheered him on, Joe would shove and lean into Bob's fuck hole relentlessly. Everyone would have their throbbing dicks in hand, slowly jacking away as he tried to force the tip of his dick into his victim. The sight of fifty or more fists—big, rough fists—sliding up and down fifty or more verny bloated fuck-rods would urge him to shove and slam his own aching crank harder.

Eventually, the virgin asshole would begin to give way. Then Joe would feel the dry muscle gradually, painfully open around his enlarged spearhead. Joe wouldn't ram it in—not yet. But he wouldn't give Bob a chance to adjust and relax, either. Once Joe's cock started sliding in, nothing could stop it from going all the way. He

It wouldn't take long to shoot a heavy load of jizz—he was so damn hot his balls and boner were aching to squirt thick ribbons of the stuff. Too bad he wasn't getting ready to pour his cum up Bob's ass-cunt, he thought.

could imagine the muscles on Bob's neck strain and bulge as the conquered stud tried to keep from screaming. Sweat would cover both men and the bar would ring with cheering and laughter as the huge sausage invaded that manly asshole.

Then the mast would be buried to the balls but Joe would spend a few minutes pushing even deeper. He'd rotate his hips forcing Bob's violated cunt to stretch in new agonizing ways. Joe would allow the juices of Bob's gut to lubricate his joint before slowly pulling out again. When he did pull back, he would do it slowly so that his slave would feel like he was shitting his guts out. Once his cock was almost out of Bob's ass he'd pause, then, without warning, Joe would grab the man's hips and ram his massive dick in with all his might. That's when the real fucking would start, a fucking without compassion or mercy. Joe knew he'd want to slow down each time he got close to coming. This first

rape had to be a long one, and he'd only shoot his load when he was sure Bob had been used to the limit.

Joe could imagine the total thrill of humping Bob's ass any way he wished, for as long as he wished. Nothing could feel better than balling a man like of Bob-six feet of muscle and hair. Joe would rip the rest of his undershirt off and, forcing it into his slave's mouth, use it like a bridle on a horse. Every time Joe gave his butch filly a slamming fuck, he'd pull Bob's head back like he was a colt being broken by a new master. Finally, as Joe built up for the gusher, he'd reach down and grab Bob's balls and cock. He'd pull and twist Bob's useless fuckmeat until both men were ready to shoot their loads. Bob would unload first because of the merciless slamming against his prostate. Jolt after jolt of steamy scum would squirt onto the floor while his shredded butt-hole squeezed tightly around Joe's frenzied cock. Then Jos would heave all his ball-juice up his slave's raped bung. Joe's scalding cream would fill Bob's guts, letting the slave know that never again would he be a free man.

"That was real ruce, man, You pleased your owner real nice. Now, let me just take a good look at your pussy. Beautifull I like seeing that stretched-open hole just begging me to take care of it some more. You should see all this blood and jizz drippin' down your legs. Well, if you're a good boy, daddy'll poke you a few more times. I bet that'd make you real happy. Now open your mouth real wide 'cause daddy wants his cock cleaned. Yeah, babyopen nice and wide so I can slide my dick down your throat. Ah-real nice! It looks like I'll have to train you as my personal cocksucker, too. Okay, now lap daddy's crank up real nice. Good job, boy. Now I've got a special surprise for you. Daddy's gotta take a good long piss and I don't want you spilling a drop of that precious gold or else these men here can have you for

the rest of the week. Ah-ah-yeah, here it comes-aah. Drink it all up, baby."

The thought was too much for Joe, whose imagination was running rampant. So was the aching cock in his tight jeans. It was tough trying to talk to the man he really wished he was raping. Bob was the toughest guy he'd ever met and already Joe's dick was aching to get to know his new buddy better.

"I gotta take a piss," he said and went to the head. Joe thought about nothing else except jerking off to that persistent fantasy he'd had while

drinking beers with Bob.

Once in the head, he began pulling out his stiff poker. He couldn't pull his stiff cock out his fly, so he yanked down his jeans and white briefs and began massaging his balls and pulling on his uncircumcised shaft. Fortunately, nobody else was in there but that wouldn't have stopped him. Joe stood facing the pisser, yanking his dork like mad. It wouldn't take long to shoot a heavy load of jizz-he was so damn hot his balls and boner were aching to squirt thick ribbons of the stuff. Too bad he wasn't getting ready to pour his cum up Bob's ass-cunt, he thought.

Suddenly the door of the john slammed shut and, looking up, Joe saw Bob standing across from him, grinning like a motherfucker. Joe wasn't fazed in the least; he did what he wanted to. It didn't seem to shock Bob much either. He knew what it was like to carry a fresh load in your balls, needing nothing more than good satisfying relief. Bob knew Joe had his territory staked out, that he owned his turf by virtue of brute strength and nerve, the nerve to expect whatever he demanded. Being a newcomer in the area, Bob figured he either had to fight or fuck whoever already thought he was top dog because Bob needed to run things himself. Seeing Joe jack

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his fat twelve inches off in the head convinced Bob that he was going to enjoy taking over the stud's turf, beating him down to submission and fucking the man's shitter wide open. He was already starting to like the guy.

Leaning his back against the door, Bob pulled his fly open and let his jeans drop around his knees. Bob openly eyed the hairy stud's massive muscular thighs, the huge phallic bulge straining against a well-worn jockstrap. Joe slowly fisted his crank while he watched Bob massage his basket with a big hand. Suddenly, the hand pulled the front of the jock aside and a massive ballsack and cock plopped free. Joe was stunned—this was the perfect dream tool, He'd never seen anything as great. The heavy fleshy scrotum hung low with two fist-size nuts and was covered by a thick jungle of black hair. The fuckpole was enormous, veined and dark. brutal looking. It was circumcised, the flaring head was fat and mean, built for heavy-duty fucking and shooting. Joe knew his own rammer was every bit as deadly as Bob's, so he continued to stroke himself, challenging his new buddy to match his arrogant action—stroke for stroke.

It wasn't going to take long getting those pokers to dump their cum. Both studs had been teasing each other all night-their fight was just a warm-up for the bigger action. Bob moved quickly over to where joe stood and, grabbing his cock at the base, rubbed its bloated head roughly against Joe's thigh. Joe pushed his crotch against Bob's and fisted both cocks in both his large hands, working them together. Their mouths quickly began working against each other, tongues deeply exploring each other's mouth. They didn't kiss in affection. Each man was looking to get his share of stimulation the other's was arrogantly taken for granted. Both men knew they were the best; both men meant to claim ownership over the other. The contest for domination had begun and it turned both on like no other scene in the past could.

Joe could feel himself on the edge and he threw his head back and clenched his jaws for that first big jizz-jolt of pleasure. Bob started yanking his bone harder. Both throbbing shafts were aimed at each other. Joe's heavy balls pulled quickly up toward the base of his cock and with a deep growl the steamy cum began spurting out in thick ropes. The first wad landed on Bob's dick head and fist. The rest drenched his thighs and dense pubic bush. When Bob felt the hot scum coat his hand, he gave a low bull's grunt and drained his balls all

over Joe.

From then on they were always together-drinking, jacking off and even swapping blow-jobs. But things just couldn't go on like this indefirutely. Having the other's tight unfucked ass-cunt became the only concern for the two master studs. Though their friendship was great,

fucking was the ultimate goal. Unfortunately, though each man wanted to fuck his buddy, neither was willing to take it up the ass.

So there Bob and Joe lay, naked, horny and frustrated. They didn't talk about the dilemma-there was no need to. Neither hunk was going to give in. The whole situation was beginning to torture Bob because he wanted that tan, smooth rump more than anybody's he'd met. Sure, he could get hundreds of eager, willing bottoms, but none of them compared to Joe. Joe was a man; he wasn't weak. Getting into his asshole meant everything to Bob. He couldn't just walk away from the problem. He wanted to be with Joe, to own him totally.

Joe felt exactly the same. But he also knew that the biggest reason he wanted Bob was because, just like himself, Bob was pure Top, a total master. He could respect Bob's aggressiveness since he was just the same. Joe knew his buddy needed to be the fuck-master in every way, that there was only one asshole, one potential slave who could measure up to Bob's strength and power. That was himself, and he knew only Bob could satisfy him in the same way.

"If he ever got me down," thought Joe, "he'd go at me until I was completely beaten and raped bloody. Man, I can't even imagine what that'd be like, being totally dominated by a dude like Bob. But, then, if he fucked me I'd be his property and not his buddy. That'd ruin everything."

"Hey, Joe," Bob interrupted.

"Yeah?"

"Y'ever do anything ya didn't like because ya had to?"

"Sure, Bob."

"Ya know, when you make a deal or bet," continued Bob, "you pay up, right? Even if you don't like it."

"Sure, Bob. If I don't like payin' up I pay up even harder. I don't back out

Joe slowly fisted his crank while he watched Bob massage his basket with a big hand. Suddenly, the hand pulled the front of the jock aside and a massive ballsack and cock plopped free.

on a deal."

"Yeah-and you don't let nothin' scare you either, huh?"

"No," said Joe flatly. "What are you gettin' at?"

"Well, Joe, I was thinkin' that we oughts flip a coin for it—who gets fucked. That means neither one of us loses 'causes whoever gets bottom hasn't lost no fight. It's just a deal, ya know?"

"You could just fight me for it," said Joe with a challenge to his voice.

"Oh, yeah?" It was clear at that moment that neither man really believed he could win such a fight, which was saying a lot. To admit that the other dude could overpower him was proof that each man was hooked on the other. But neither would willingly say "uncle." There had to be some way of solving this problem while keeping the same power balance going.

"Well, what do ya wanna do? Flip for it?" asked Joe sarcastically. His heart started to pound.

"Sure. You got any better ideas?"
"Well...I dunno, man. I don't think

it's such a good idea."

"Fuck it!" Bob cursed, sitting up on the edge of the bed. "This whole thing's fucked!" Joe looked at him surprised. Bob's tightly held display of frustration excited him. It was the same as admitting defeat.

"Hell," said Joe. "Okay, man. Let's give the damn thing a try. But I think you oughta see if you have any rope. Shit, if you lose the toss I'm gonna tie you down before you have a chance

to chicken out."

Bob didn't need any more prompting. The thought of having a 50-50 chance at tying Joe up and using his buddy for his complete pleasure was enough to get him searching his place for the rope he knew he had stashed somewhere.

When he was out of the room, Joe walked over to his wallet and pulled out a large silver dollar. He smiled to himself as he brought the coin with him back to bed. The large coin was a real silver dollar. His dad had given it to him when he was a kid. Boy, when he was a kid, Joe really thought his old man was the biggest, toughest, fairest man in the world. He never left that coin out of his possession all these years. It was a real coin but somehow it had authentic heads stamped on both sides. Joe knew he couldn't lose a toss with this coin, and he laughed smugly as Bob returned with a coiled length of thick rough rope. "Yeah," Joe thought, "I got the perfect solution, now."

"See, I got a silver dollar here," he said to Bob, showing his buddy the coin as it lay heads-up on his open palm. "I'll flip."

"Sure, Joe. Wadda ya want—heads or tails? I'm gonna win anyway, baby."

"You really think so?" Joe smiled at his powerful friend, looking at Bob's massive fucker starting to get hard. "Well, then," Joe said, "I'll take tails."

BRE BB BEB BER FETISH FEATURE

RESPLENDENT RUBBER

Eraserdick. Hip boots and waders. Industrial helmets. Gasmasks. Wetsuits and wet scenes. Mudfilth. Oilfilth. Fuckfilth. Enemaletloose. All over everything. All over him. All over you. Piss-shock, Rubbershock, Shockwaves, Rubbertop, Rubberbottom, Sheets, Controlled sound. Controlled touch. Sensory deprivation. Sensory overload. Sensual skill and sophistication.

Welcome to the rubber scene. It all began in the late 1970's around the spring of '79—in London at the time there was a place full of rubber called the Five Senses, and to this day, although the place is now gone and this scene is much more complex, the concept that this is a sexual universe that specifically focuses on each of the five senses (with the option of controlling and stimulating one sense at a time: sight, sound, taste, hearing, and touch) remains the operating sexual precept behind the sweat-hot allure of rubber.

Today we have the New World Rubber Men and as a club it'd be difficult to beat their enthusiasm—rubberfervor. Rubbersheets is the official "underground newsletter" published by this buoyant group of ecstatically depraved spirits; one cannot escape the sense of outrageous sexual sport on the newsletter's rubberpages (Rubbersheets, 1044 23rd St., San Diego, CA 92103). There is even humor (cartoons)! New World Rubber Men is about rubberbonding with rubberbrothers. And rubberparties. The list of sexual possibilities is only limited by one's sense of imagination. Consider innertubebondage. Cut up your own rubberstrips—tie, stretch, struggle. Fill your fireboots. The rubber scene is growing as more and more rubberoptions become apparent as we (safely) explore unconventional ways to actualize our rubbersexuality. Rubber hoods. Rubber videos. Rubberslaves. Drysuits. Wetsuits.



See page 38 for more photos of these Fetish Feature Tough (

DRUMMER 118

-TPB

Take the plunge into

the erotic world of rubber.

Fetish Feature is a special section that wor be found in most issues of *Drummer*. Each issue will focus on a special turn on including news and information, fiction, photos, art. etc. for each let st. A special leature will be the Fetish Tough Customers section. Send in your special photos for the Fetish TCs and send in your letters, stones. Elses, dis ikes, etc. for these upcoming fetishes.

Drummer	Fetish Feature	Deadline
# 19	Bears & Mountain Men	Too Late
# 0	Mud Oll Grease & Catange	.4.4
#121	Tits	August 1
#12.	\ Mark	September 1

Playe you mused getting into the Fet shifeature that is your particular turn on? You don't have to wait until the stillpert rolls around again. Send us your photos, letters, if ub news, etc. There are regular columns in *Drumm'er* that carry these every month and we is be traphy in neutre yours for taltons, books shaving wresting or whatever you have missed!



TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A RUBBER FREAK... RUBBER FREAK... RUBBEROTICA!

BY JACK FRITSCHER

Rubber baby-buggy bumpers. I confess. That is how this kild started out in rubberaticism, moving on immediately to harder stuff like rubber training pants which led inevitably to my summer camp rubberized swim briefs, mine and the bland hunk of a Norwegian lifeguard whose own latex trunks, white in the style of the Fifties, rubbed up against my hardening 10-year old body every time he helped me climb into the rubber inner tubes we used for floaters on Loke Winnekaka.

He ance asked me why likept falling through the rubber ring and always needed his help to mount up again when I knew he knew that I knew I could easily handle the inner tube myself.

"Cuz you're the coach," I said

Yeah, buddy! I couldn't tell him I was in lave with him, watching him standing cock-deep in his stretch-latex trunks. But I II never forget those summer days being lifted in his strong arms, held for a moment against his great chest and nipples, feeling him drop my butt through the rubber ring into the cold water with the back of my knees and shoulders burning against the sun-hot black inner tube.

LIFE WAS RUBBER-DUCKY

Once a smart kid gets a good game going, he tries to keep the adult playing it until the adult wears out. I so worsh pped that big-shouldered Scandinavian power-swimmer by the time I was 13 that when, at 23, I first saw Tom of Finland's lifeguards, their huge bulging cocks stretching out their (I imagined latex) briefs, I real zed that my attraction to rubber was so far twisted from innocent swimwear fash on that it was in fact fetish. Tom was drawing what I was living. Life imitates life.

My own Dad helped me along the rubber brick road. He was a mechanic running his own ship in the dauble garage behind our house. His fatherly nightly kiss smelled of internal combustion, exhaust, grease, oil, gasoline, Camels, and the rubber of inner tubes and tires.

"Hug me again, Daddy.

And he did. What "Sick Click of trick rubber-loving there was those nights was in me only, not in him. He had no idea in his head what was in my charning little brain pan. Funny, isn't it? He was the innocent. I was the burgeoning pervert. He had no idea that I loved him not only as a Dad but as a blue-collar subber man who changed tires to make a living for us.

DADDY MADE ME RUBBERMAN

On Halloween, the year I was 11, I announced I wanted to go trick-or-treating dressed up I ke the comic book character Rubber Man. My Dad, swear to God, helped me out. He took tire inner tubes, cutting and gluing them into shape to fit around my legs.

They have to be tighter, Dod (Even when you're a little pervert fetishist, you want

everything exactly right.)

"Tight you want, tight you get," he said,

He re-cut the tubes for my legs. He sliced up one of my old bicycle inner tubes to lengths that fit my arms. My mother hee-howed and said t looked like the black rubber garden hose, but she too was game for what they thought was a gag, and, using my swim trunks as a pattern, sewed up a pair of black rubber briefs that fit me like a glove, in fact, like the black rubber gloves my Dad took from his garage and slipped on my hands. They were so big he had to tie them an around my wrists with black rubber bungee cords wrapped around my arms about six wonderful times.

My sister, who later turned out to be the best fag-hag a brother could ever want, made fun of me, saying the bike inner tubes on my arms made me look like Hildegard, the cafe chanteuse whose trademark, she said, were black gloves that rose all the way up her arms to



FETISH CLOTHES MAKE

her biceps.

Fuck Hildegard. I was Rubber Man.

So good old sis came up with the idea of making me a rubber vest as a kind of shirt for my naked torso. It's great when a family can get behind a kid's fantosy costume for Halloween. My older brother, whose cock was the first cock I ever sucked, dragged out a black gas mask to cover up what he said was my ugly face. (As the perfect older brother, he later on introduced me to my first Trojan rubber, rolling it down my always-erect teenaged dick

himself. God! I love fraternal sex education!)

Anyway, that Halloween, my brother was pretty rough putting the gas mask on me. He nearly tore off my ears and nose, and when he cinched down the straps, he pulled them fast and clicked them tight. The rubber shock to my simmering pervert brain was instant the moment the gas mask locked tight around my face and my only breath came whistling through the masks's hose dangling in front of my mouth like a long black rubber dick. Then my brother got the bright idea that I wear his black rubber fishing waders on my feet. I had rather fancied wearing my black swim fins, but he convinced me I could cover more houses and get more candy because I could travel faster in waders than in flippers.

My mother thought I'd be too hot with the waders on over the inner-tube leggings my dad had made me. Mothers are always right. I was sweating up a drench, but I liked it, so Mom lost out when everyone voted I looked every inch like Rubber Man with my brother's waders turned down and tied off with more black rubber bungee cords circling around my thighs.

I was in Rubber Heaven.

THE MAN Maybe all us guys like Halloween so much because as kids we could get away in public with our first beginning approaches to our incubating fetishes. Without a blush.

At the age of 11, for one brief shining night, under the full moon, I became Rubber Man, heroic, strong, invincible, armored in tight black, steaming rubber. Actually, at least three housewives, just like the housewives in TV soap commercials who sniff their husbands' shirts and gag and reach for the TIDE, tossed my candy at me, making me stand back from their

door because, they nagged, I smelled dirty like gasoline.

Ah! The secret of male fetish gear was blooming into my boyhood understanding like a rounchy night flower. This was male power: making women stay away from me. (Don't get me wrong. They're okay as people.) But Female Repellant! I liked it. I wanted to bottle it. After all, what repels the female attracts the male to the male! That's the secret of butch homosexuality.

Now that I am a man, I have not, repeat, have not, put away the things of a child I m one of those last boys straight out of Peter Pan. I want to keep on playing. And I do.

RUBBER:

CLOSET Leather, I love, and rubber, the next fetish step beyond leather, I worship. When I was editor BONDAGE of Drummer, a model who was engaged for a rubber bondage shoot failed to show. That was bad, because we were tight on our deadline. The camera man and the Rubber Bondage Top grew impatient. I had intended to direct the still photo shoot as a fourth party, but, what the held

"I guess I'll have to play the rubber victim," I said. "But you're a Top," the Rubber Bondage Top said.

"If you, my man, are a good Top you can top a Top," I said What an asshale, I thought, every Top's a Bottom. Fuck top and bottom. Versatility is where it's at. Tops need topping too.

[Editor's note: The results of that shoot you can see in Drummer 24.]

THE ART OF

HIGH-TECH Currently, a rubber freak doesn't have to cut up inner tubes to become Rubber Man. The new LATEX sophisticated advances in high tech latex have made tight, form fitting full body rubber suits, hoods, and codpieces de rigueur for lovers of the rubber gum tree. Witness the exquisitely elegant rubber photography of Robert Mapplethorpe in the 1978 annual Son of Drummer and his 'Biker Cigar' gracing the cover of the aforementioned Drummer 24, Witness some of the great rubber artists like Martin of Holland, Domino, and the incomparable REX.

Martin's scatalogical European drawings integrate rubber gear as breath-control and force-feeding tubes for sewage flow. Martin is not for the garden variety van Ilo fairy. His rubber sexploitation plumbs the depth of the rubber fetish whose radical roots like in bondage, submission, and the warm womb waters where we once al. floated amniot cally in

Our own piss and shift

Domino's sleazoid New York vis on of greasy sweaty men in rubber work gear runs the gamut: f y" fisherman in waders, pissing, rubber shrouded firemen, and c'gar-chomping sewer workers (force fucking face with big uncut dicks , sitting, swathed in rubber jackets and boots, in open manhores. Domino's drawing, Hunting Party, features three burly rednecks in rubber booted hunting gear piss-raping a bound, naked, cocksucking young hiker with a

double-barreled shotgum aimed hard as a cock at his bouncing balls

The fasc nation of REX with rubber gear is recurrent subtext of his drawings loc role jerk of seven fully geared firemen shooting their loads, handsome men with long tongues sucking out used rubbers; full rubber suited, rubber-helmeted studs, who look as at nome in their rubber as the fab ed SEALS of the USN look in their scuba gear on rubber rafts; Nazi torturers in high rubber boots and open rubber raincoats exposing massive dripping, hard cocks, tough dam builders, standing calf deep in water wearing rubber bib overalls drenched in piss. REX dares venture even into the world of medical rubber ig oves, surgical gowns, restraints, rubber catheters, rubber ether masks used by mad doctors who know that man is the ultimate experimental animal!

RUBBER

COMPLEMENTS While leather has been somewhat devalued by its trendy 'fash on lova ability, as well as by LEATHER the theft of its mystique from the true leather community by spiked naired punks of both sexes, rubber and latex have become the latest hal mark of the sexual, sensual soph sticate, Fortunately, rubber/tatex gear is much more pricey than leather, so it's not I kely to be co-opted by the unimaginative mass consumers who so often imitate our hard driven style. Unfortunately, rubber/ atex doesn't last forever. There is not a rubber man alive who doesn't keep a b cycle patch kit in his game room. Every rubber of cionado has his current gear plus old gear worn out by heavy sexual mileage.

THE NIGHT

MY RUBBER SUIT My full body one-piece rubber suit that covers a man from toes to the top of the head—the EXPLODED attached helmet having on y two breathing holes --came one day to an explosive sad end After clipping a fuck-buddy's toenals, and then covering the still sharp little buggers with wool sacks, I baby-powdered him completely and had him step into the suit feet first. Very carefully. His dick was immediately at fullstaff. Next I inserted his arms into the sleeves and began to saw y zip up the suit sanly opening, a zipper that ran up from the small of the back to the top of the head. I faced him toward a large mirror, so that he could see his white fresh transmagnified into an abstract black rubber form of his bodyshape.

For several minutes, I let the hood hang down on his chest. I wanted him to drink in the mirrored vis on before pulling the eyeless hood over his head and zipping it up tight to the crown. He was crazy with the new-found rubber definition of his body. As I began to work the

hood's noseholes over his face, he suddenly dropped in lust to his knees

He wanted to suck my cock!

What a jerk!

The scene wasn't about sexual cocksucking. It was about sensual, complete body rubber

encasement. Some guys just don't get it!

Anyway, my fr end—I should say, my former friend—was a bit of a parker. As he dropped like a black-rubber mummy to his knees to suck my hord dick, his plump, no, his fat thighs split the rubber suit in a tear from the knee 24 inches up to his bubble butt. The sudden flash of white skin appearing through the jagged tear of black rubber looked like lightning splitting a dark night sky. At that moment, I cau d'have gotten into nonconsensuai S&MI But gentleman that I am, I d dn t. Gentleman that he wasn't, not only didn't he apo og ze, he d dn't even offer to help repair the \$350 unit, which turned out to be unrepairable

So goes life when you're burning rubber in the fast lane!

What is it about some of these unevoived guys who don't understand that some trips, especially fetish trips, just aren't about cocksucking? Go figure!

RUBBER:

FUTURE SEX. The possibilities of black rubber latex are endless.

If leather is our heritage from the Brando Fifties, black rubber is Future Sex.

A man hasn't lived until he's been tied up with an inflatable rubber hood over his head, the hood fitted with at least seven gaskets that inflate rubber pads tight over his ears, both his eyes up his nostrils, and back into his throat. The double skinned hood's internal rubber skin presses against the head and face tighter as the hood's outer skin expands when air is pumped into the cavity between the two skins. The exotic feel of one shead, isolated, sealed in pressurized bondage is incredible. The sense deprivation is profound, no sight, no sound, only the smell and feel of black rubber ballooning out around the head and squeezing ever tighter across the face.

24 HOURS BODY BAG

IN A The world's greatest rubber gear is available custom-made and mail order from England SKINTIGHT and is distributed on a limited bas s in specialty stores in the US. The only rubber device that

RUBBER can top the inflatable hood is the inflatable black-rubber body bag.

Imagine a zipped sleeping bag that lets your head stick out. Then visualize the sealed latex body bag, laid out on the floor like a flat rectangle with a rounded helmet at one end for enshrouding your head. The only opening is at the foot. The Top drops the foot of the two ply rectangle like an inner-tube over your powdered head and works it down your shoulders and torso and legs, form fitting you ali the way, until he inserts your head inside the soft darkness of the latex helmet. A hard rubber breathing tube forces your I ps apart and is your only connection to the outer world.

Lying flat so enshrouded, with your arms tight at your sides, you hear a motorized airpump switch on. Air begins to inflate the double rubber bag around your body. The pressure builds with the sensually slow inflation. The inside skin of rubber molds to your body. The air outside that skin is itself trapped inside the outer skin of rubber which is inflating like a large rectangular balloon. The more oir pumped in the tighter you are squeezed by the inner skin, until your arms and legs and whole torso and head are virtually crushed together immobile by the air bag surrounding you on both sides and top and bottom

You float, free of gravity, inside a skintight rubber sheath, inside a layer of dense air

pressure, inside an outer casement of industrial strength rubber latex.

There is no quick way out.

The rubber body bag takes half as long to deflate for your escape as it took to inflate for your encasement. This trip to the moon on gossamer wings is not for the novice, but for the man wishing to probe his deep inner space where there is no time but the beating thump of his own heart-clock, the rubber body bag is the epitome of rubber bondage, whether used for sensuality or for punishment.

Ground Control to Major Tom!

A finger, outside the bag, pressed over the breathing tube can take total control of your I fe. You know exactly where you are in the universe. A wisp of popper lets you know exactly where you are in the cosmos.

STRETCHES If I weren't gay, I'd be pissed. We seem to have more fun than anybody. No wonder straights EROTICISM regard us the way they do They don't hate us They rejust jealous. And we're fools if we don't continue to press on, pushing out the envelope of safe-sexual sensuality. When a homosexual becomes a homosensual, he reaches beyond suck/fuck to total body orgasm. Rubber is the new frontier It's positively California Cosmic, man!

> As many writers do, I ve recently crossed genres, moving into video, trying to capture visually on tape some of the fetishes I've tried to celebrate in words. Most all filmmakers start out as writers. A vision is a vision on a page or on a screen.

> Under the intent anal pun-name of Palm Drive Video, dramatizing, among other fetishes, c gars, muscles, beards, and sexy athletic gear, I fell in, without benefit of a casting couch,

with a B A-D rubber companion. His name: Keith Ardent

Keith, hung with 9 long, thick, veined inches, stretches a hairy 6.2" and weighs in at a muscular 185. He's a real piece of work! Actually, he s the First Major Erotic Star of the 90's, He's appeared with the outrageous video master, Christopher Rage, and with the bondage-and muscle dedicated ZEUS studios. Because all his video starring roles had been in films with casts of thousands, I figured to shoot Keith solo to king nasty to the viewer and flounting his big dick and engarging his steet radial 2 inch nipples with a dual tit pump vacuum machine. Talk about high-tech Industrial Sex! Keith is more versatile than a turnstyle. Not anly goodlooking, he is twisted sexually, and sensually, very nicely, thank you. As a matter of fact, Keith Ardent, one of the world's great Sexual Stunt Men, is a one-man E-ticket Sexual Theme park.





THE SMELL

OF THE RUBBER, The point of this? Ta-DA! The world's first rubber fetish video. Following in the rubber-boot THE ROAR art steps of Martin of Holland, Domino, and REX, the video, 9-Inch Pec Stud in Black Rubber, is OF THE RUBBER a nasty 90 minutes of spit, piss, verbal abuse, and rubber gear a full length black-rubber BEAST police raincoat, rubber hipboots, gas masks, rubber tanktop, rubber pec harness, and rubber ballwrap stretchers.

When two fetishists get together, things go glimmering

Keith pulled his rubber gear from his bag piece by piece while I pulled from my footlocker rubber that would make my Dad proud-except, of course, for the full rubber suit that exploded. Our rubber gear combined perfectly; everything that rises must converge. The sight and scent and sound and feel of rubber and oil turned Keith into the complete video Rubber Man who was the dream invention of my boyhood, and spun him even further into a rooring Rubber Beast Manimal exhibiting his world-class rubber tits!

WHEN YOU WISH

UPON A STAR You have to be careful what you wish for in your fantasies when you jerk off, because, sooner or later you'll conjure up that fantasy in reality!

DIAL

800-R-U-B-B-E-R When I collided with the ardent Mr. Ardent, our rubber fetish scene wasn't just one more great time that happens between sickoid guys and then evaporates. The video camera caught it all. If you don't own at least a Camcorder, you owe it to yourself to get one now. You deserve it! Years from now, when you're more wrinkled than a new Goodyear tire, you can relive your most memorable scenes—your very own Performance Art—with your hot palm driving your hard cock while you watch yourself and your fuckbuddy on your 40-inch screen. The video camera is the devil s own tool and you'll have a hell of a good time whether you shoot for your own private pleasure or, as Ke thidid, to share his sexual madness with men too numerous for him to ever meet personally.

> Kodak photos and Polaroids are perhaps a bit passe. They catch only one click of reality. Video is a million "clicks" per hour. You can run clicks in slo-mo; you can fastforward; you can find the one frame that kills you and freeze it on screen until you cum. (You can even buy a gizmo for your VCR that will print out on instant snapshot of any given frame on your video.

tape.)

You can see change occur. You can see fetish passion gain momentum. You can see your

Super-ego become your ld.

Keith in the Palm Drive Black Rubber video starts out as Keith and then changes before your very eyes, like Jekyll and Hyde, into Keith, the living, spitting, hip-boated, harnessed, gas-masked Rubber Man pumping his enormous Rubber Beast cock with both fists, roaring that he's become a "fucking human rubber dildo, man!" All the while, the dual tit pumps are suctioning his tits out ready for the rubber bands he rolls down tight around their meaty 2-inch base: twin dials of ecstasy with an 800 number for Alpha Centauri.

Keith Ardent in Pec Stud in Black Rubber is called out here not so much for a Carson Show plug, but rather as an announcement of (1) a rip-roaring Documentary Video of rubber passion, (2) an erotic Performance Art Video for men who worship rubber already, and, perhaps, (3) even as a Training Video for men curious about bonding into the rubber

mystraue.

Keith Ardent's solo rubberaticism video is a world's first!

Forgive me waxing on. Writing is a lonely profession. You do it by yourself for hours, days, IS A weeks, months, years at a time. Shooting video includes at least one other person in the LONELY HUNTER creative process and the socialization on a sexual-esthetic level is exhibitanting.

> Men who already know the joys of sweating man-skin in tight black rubber, understand the psychology behind the physical applications of the fetish gear detailed here. You don't need to be employed by Sigmund Freud to talk of womb experiences, toilet training, bondage, pain, pleasure, and the high quality of homosensuality.

Ah, RUBBER! Thy name is Lust!

Latex is a one-way trip. It's like heroin. It's so good, don't even try it once, unless you mean to join Sergeant Pepper's Rubber Band. Once a man takes a rubber ride, he evolves onward sensually, incorporating all the aspects of latex which is so totally adaptable to heightening all the other pleasures of cocks, balls, tits, fists, bondage, and the mondo way beyondo!

Men who have yet to Go for It, to experience the transcendent move from leather, which one never leaves behind, to the joys of rubber, are in for greater tricks-and-treats than I ever got that first Halloween night when my sweet, innocent Dad turned me forever, heading down the home stretch, into Rubber Man!



THE HARD-ON

RUBBER CARE 101

by Vulcan Jones

Here are some tips for keeping your latex gear in good shape and looking great.

CLEANING:

This is important if you want to look your rubbery best! Often during play, gooey stuff of all sorts gets on your rubber—KY, cum, lubricants—all can and will stick to your stuff and dry there it will need to be washed off unless, of course you are into the sleazy rubber look. There are also good health reasons for cleaning cum off your rubber these days. So...

If you don't get goo on it, don't wash it, just add a new layer of polish before you wear it again. This means that you must look it over some before you take it

off to see if it needs washing or not

(1) When needed, wash your item by hand in warm water with a mild detergent (a little dish soap is fine). Wash inside too. This takes about as much time as it takes to wash your hands. Rinse completely and allow to air dry. We let

ours dry overnight so there is no trace of moisture

(2) If the tubber/latex is worn on the body (shirts, pants, gloves, chaps, underwear, etc.), it will be much easier to put on your body if the inside is first covered with a fine layer of powder such as baby powder or unscented to cumpowder. The item should be powdered before treatment with any shiners or polishers you might want to use later. Shake excess powder off. Wipe any powder that has gotten on the outside surface off with a dry rag before applying any other treatments.

(3) Polishes and treatments are usually easier to apply while the garment is being worn—it stretches the rubber out smoother if there are places you can t

reach with the garment on, treat them before putting it on

AFTER IT'S ON:

Rubber folk have been using a number of products to keep their rubber wear shiny; here is what's available that we know about

Probably the ole standby has been ARMORALL. It must be applied to clean dry surfaces in even coats, and be allowed to dry some between applications it can produce a good shine if you work carefully with it for a while it also helps protect the rubber.

More recently, CLEAR GUARD has been available, mostly in the outo care products section of larger auto parts stores. Follow the directions on the bottle, but remember not to use coth that will leave lint on the surface or the Int will be lacquered right onto the surface of your garment. Something like a white sock is usually just fine.

EXPECTATIONS cames a sucone spray tubricant that is sprayed directly on the surface on the item, but it leaves it feeling oily, it smudges, and will rub off on anything it touches. The province of the surface of the

anything it touches—like your car upholstery or someone's wo paper

The best product we have found is something new called BLACK BEAUTY LATEX POLISH. It is available in kinky stores and by mail order (we hear that Sandmutopia will have it soon). It comes with good directions and is easier to use than the others. It won't smudge or stain. We have learned that this product makes the article more shiny with each successive application, but that the item must ary completely between applications. Nicel

WARNING: DO NOT USE ANY POLISHERS ON ANYTHING THAT YOU PUT INTO SOMEONE'S BODY—THESE POLISHERS HAVE CHEMICALS THAT COULD BE TOXIC IF ABSORBED THROUGH MUCUS MEMBRANES!

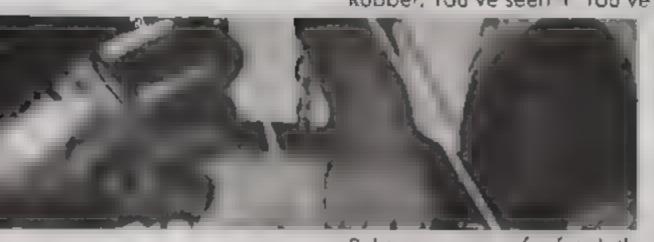
Oll BASED PRODUCTS WILL DESTROY YOUR BEAUTIFUL LATEX! Expect trouble from mineral oil, vaseline, Crisco, any of the white "lube" products, motor oil, suntan oil, etc. If you should get oil on it, wash thoroughly as soon as possible.

USE WATER BASED LUBRICANT, ELBOW GREASE GEL, KY, FOREPLAY ETC.

THEFTISH OF RUBBER

Story and Photos by Steve Patten

Rubber, You've seen it You've thought about it You've read about it in stories like this



and seen it referred to in ads. You've seen it worn in your local bar. If you're lucky, you have a friend, or have been with someone, who has some rubber gear. Better still, you have some for your own enjoyment. The object of this article is to better acquaint those of you with this interest, the fetish of rubber, the similarities and differences with leather, the different forms this fetish con take, the types of rubber, where to get the gear, and how to meet others into the fetish.

Rubber is more of a fetish than a scene It is a statement about one's sensualities and

state of mind. Where one is coming from and where one wants to go. It can be an attraction to anything from a rubberized raincoat, to hipboots, to a complete body covering. And, yes, it can and often is incorporated into other scenes, like bondage and wet scenes.

When you are around rubber your senses are tanta ized. You become sharply aware that there is a lot more to this material than you may have at first thought. You see the rubber as a smooth material stretched over the body. A material with continuums and continuity. It flows and directs the visual to all aspects of the surface. This becomes more acutely true with the body-hugging thin latex gear. Before you even get close enough to feel the rubber, your sense of smeil has been tinged with a unique aroma. Rubber has a very distinct smell that can range from slightly sweet to a most acrid sinus-opening invasion of the olfactory bulbs. All types of rubber can vary in smell depending upon the use it is put to. Industrial rubber protective wear used in the oil refineries and fisheries takes on the pungent smells of those occupations. When mixed with the odor of rubber, these create a whole new smell sensation. There is nothing quite like walking into a room that is crammed full of rubber gear, rubber boots, raincoats, diving gear.

Before you get to touch this interesting material, again close your eyes and I sten, because rubber gear also has a special noise. It can sound like most anything from a peculiar squeaking sound as it moves across itself, to that familiar sound of feet sloshing in rubber boots just in from a storm. It can even have an interesting thump kind of sound as you hit the material

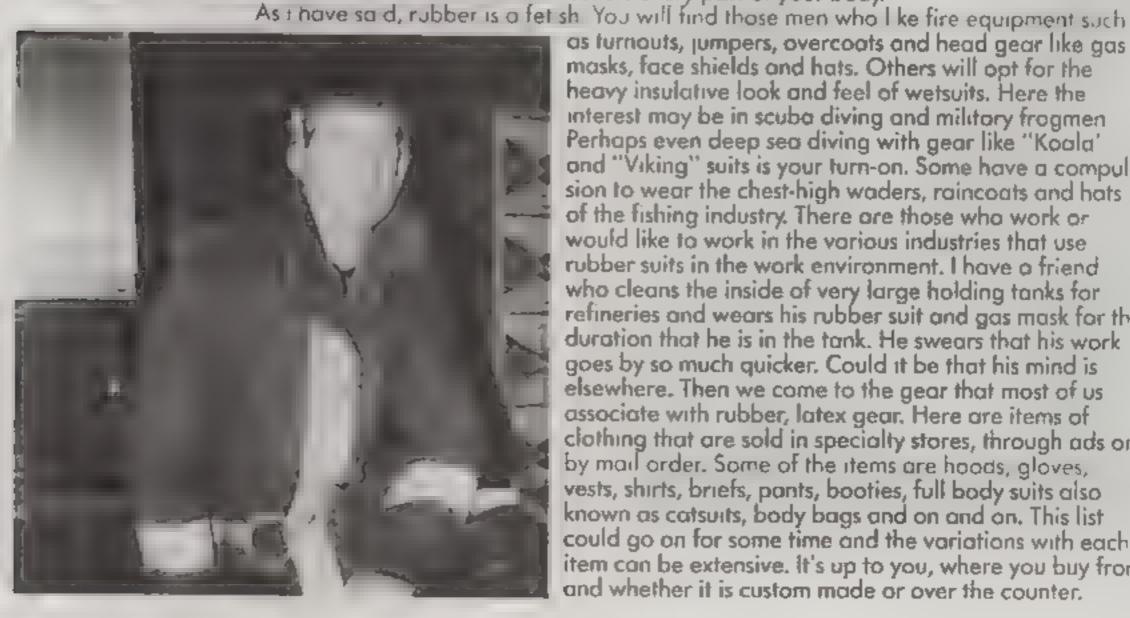
Open your eyes and go up and touch the rubber. Feels strange, doesn't it? It is smooth,

but with the lighter latex gear it also clings and stretches, while it's quite stiff in the heavier gear such as with hipboots. With most items of rubber, the sensation of touch is directly transmitted to the skin of the wearer This is also true with variations in temperature, you can feel heat and cold more readily than with other materials, I know what question is on your lips. Yes, indeed rubber has a distinct taste of its own, it may be a mila flavor like that of a condom, all the way to the strong taste of rubber used in an industrial environment, Some may not have any taste at all.

Although rubber is similar to leather in its o factory attract veness, it is most definitely



very different from leather in all other properties. One of the most frequently heard comments is "That's rubber, it's not leather. The sexual qualities of rubber are d fferent and possibly better to some degree. You are able to extend the erogenous zones of the body by the use of latex and other rubber items. If your interest is more in heavier rubber, it can be more restrictive and will insulate you more from the environment. However, the lightweight latex items such as shirts, briefs, tights, and catsuits, will transmit even the slightest touch. It is more stretchy and conforms to every slight contour of the body, becoming a second skin. Latex, like some items of leather, can provide a feeling of anonymity as it covers every part of your body.



as turnouts, jumpers, overcoats and head gear like gas masks, face shields and hats. Others will opt for the heavy insulative look and feel of wetsuits. Here the interest may be in scuba diving and military fragmen Perhaps even deep sea diving with gear like "Koala" and "Viking" suits is your turn-on. Some have a compulsion to wear the chest-high waders, raincoats and hats of the fishing industry. There are those who work or would like to work in the various industries that use rubber suits in the work environment. I have a friend who cleans the inside of very large holding tanks for refineries and wears his rubber suit and gas mask for the duration that he is in the tank. He swears that his work goes by so much quicker. Could it be that his mind is elsewhere. Then we come to the gear that most of us associate with rubber, latex gear. Here are items of clothing that are sold in specialty stores, through ads or by mail order. Some of the items are hoods, gloves, vests, shirts, briefs, ponts, booties, full body suits also known as catsuits, body bags and on and on. This list could go on for some time and the variations with each item can be extensive. It's up to you, where you buy from and whether it is custom made or over the counter.

Probably the majority of those into rubber are most attracted by the feel and look of



the rubber. This is something that can either be experienced entirely by yourself or shared with others that have this common interest. Many like to associate with others that have rubber gear, to touch, rub, cuddle, smell, taste, and just see each other covered in this eratic material. Such a group of rubber enthusiasts are not necessarily into any other scene than the eroticism of rubber. Not all are turned on only to being around rubber, many like to combine this with other action. Just by the very nature of rubber, it's a natural for wet scenes. It's waterproof and washable. Besides the obvious water sports scenes, there could be scuba diving, going out in the rain, even just using the garden hase or washing the car. A trip to the nearby lake or to your friend's swimming pool. Also, don't forget your own both tub or shower, or better still your hot tub. Another outdoor scene could include mud, try it, you'll be in for an interesting experience. Even scat becomes more acceptable when combined with rubber. Remember, rubber is waterproof and provides a good barrier between you and whatever.

Rubber very naturally combines with bondage and immobilization also. It is in itself



both restrictive and somewhat yielding at the same time. But only just enough to frustrate the bottom who is bound by it. I find that immobilization can take on a whole new meaning with rubber. But be very aware of the need to avoid cutting off the blood flow, it's even easier with rubber than with other bondage. Utilizing latex gear such as blow-up hoods or inflatable body bags effectively restricts movement with minimal chance of restricting blood flow. Such items also provide great sensory deprivation, insulating you from the environment. You no longer feel, hear or see anything, you can't move hand or foot, you just can turn into your own mind and trip. In this sense rubber can act somewhat like the isolation tanks used in research facilities. Rubber can also be used as a form of self-bondage. Wearing latex which totally covers your body, you feel a slight restriction of movement and confinement, just sufficient to keep you constantly aware of your latex second skin. Are you interested in medical scenes? Then again rubberize yourself. Rubber is most effective here. Lay out a latex sheet, pull on some latex gloves, insert a latex catheter and give your patient the exam of his life. To really get into the operating room mood, put a respirator or a gas mask on your patient for some controlled breathing,

Another material needs a mention at this time. This is plastic and this can be associated



with rubber to some extent. Common everyday items such as saran wrap, plastic bags, plastic tape and plastic sheeting can be utilized. These can in some cases give almost a similar sensation to rubber and are certainly cheaper and more available. Plastic works very well for confinement and controlled breathing. It can be a tremendous trip to be under a plastic sheet, like a painter's dropcloth, with a couple of other guys in rubber and to let the oxygen/carbon dioxide levels change. A real head trip here, but do watch the safety aspect and don't overdo it. Because plastic is cheap, you can just throw it away after you've had your enjoyment with it. While still on the subject of plastic, one point worth mention is that the cheaper varieties of plastic wraps cling better than the more expensive Saran Wrap and some other freezer wraps,

I hope that by now you are intrigued with this new medium. How do you acquire the



gear that's out there? As mentioned, plastic wraps, etc. are the easiest to find. Your local grocery store or paint or hardware store are your most likely sources. For hip boots, wetsuits, fire fighting gear you need to find a specialty store that caters to those interests. Don't forget garage sales, flea markets, swapmeets and surplus stores. I have found a surprising assortment of gear at these places. It may be more difficult to track down latex. gear and special items for medical and bondage scenes. There are several good companies that you can order through and they also supply many local reather stores. Ask at your leather store and create the interest. If you want something custom made or altered, you have little choice than to go through the mail order houses. Another alternative is to take a trip to wherever the particular manufacturer is located

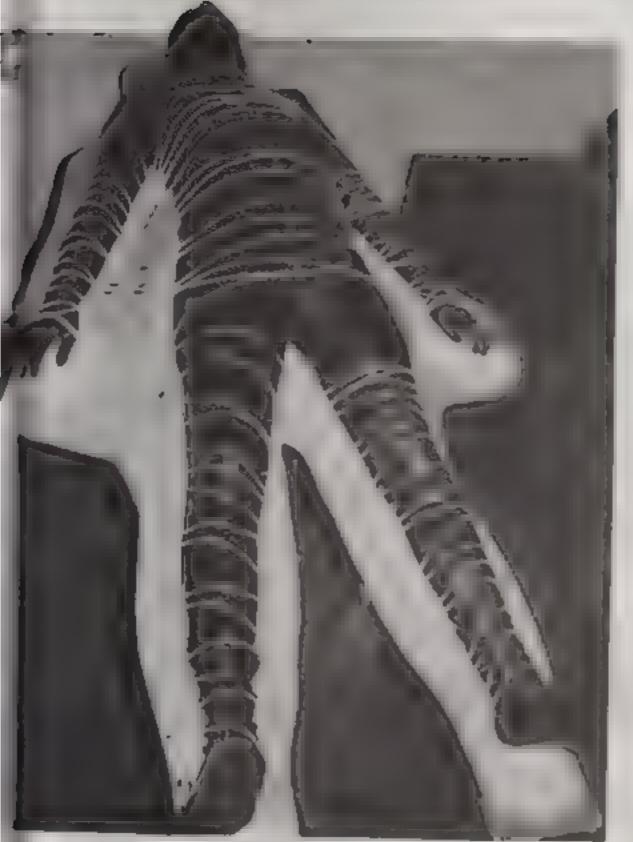


It will be entirely up to you how and who you meet who shares an interest in this fetish. There are contact clubs catering to this interest. You can place on ad in this or other publications or even your local press. Wear some of your gear out to your favorite bar. See how it is noticed and how it brings out those into this scene. One of the leading groups catering to this interest and to which I belong is the New World Rubber Men. It's largely through this group that I've had the opportunity to experience new areas of this exciting tetish. •

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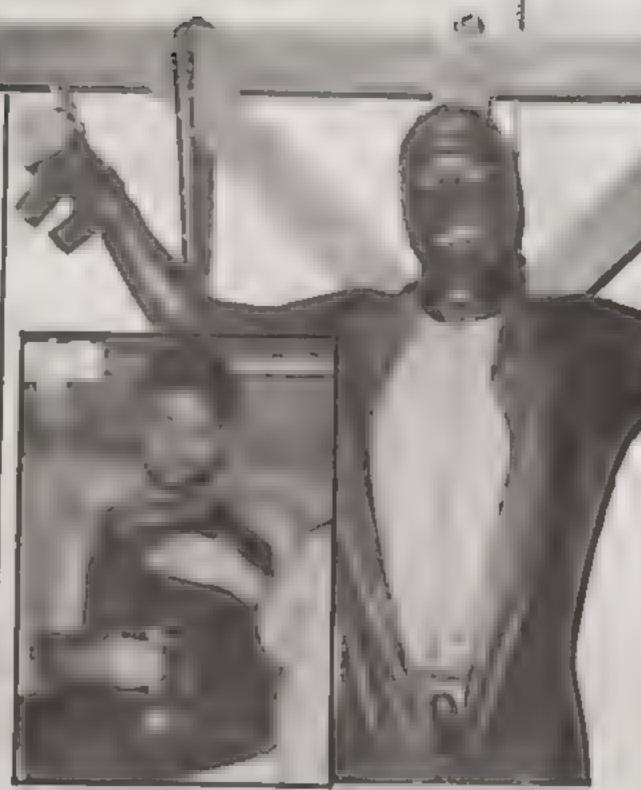
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ONCE IS NEVER ENOUGH

Greetings from the Great White North, in spite of the best efforts of the Canadian government, we survive (indeed thrive) beyond the great northern frontier of your lower 48. Enclosed is my subscription renewal. That, in itself, should communicate my sentiments concerning your great publication, while also voicing my opinions on Canadian censorship raws. I intend to read (nay, generally indulge) of whatever materials I deem appropriate (and can get across the border). Drummer definitely fits the bill, so keep up the excellent work!

Now down to business, Where oh where has all the great fiction gone? I am still of the opinion that "Cockwalk" and "Fly" by Don Perry are two of the best pieces ever to appear in Drummer. Why nothing by this writer since? "Bound for Glory" by Mason and the artwork by The Hun that preceded each installment certainly Adolf and "Studball Ride" by Will Thomas also shook the foundations. Don't get me wrong, for I enjoy the obscure, mildly tumescent pieces as well. But let's face it, I subscribe to Drummer for the ball-bursting fiction that literally leaps off the page.

I particularly enjoy the pieces that explore man's limits of endurance. Most vanilla sex encounters, whether in fiction or on video, provide for 1 orgasm apiece by each participant. Since when is once ever enough? Maybe Gonar's encounter with the High Priest in Part 3 of "Bound for Glory" (Drummer 93) came closest to the sexual fulfillment I'm trying to describe, where man's physiological limits are met. You can describe all the men torture sessions you want, but the most satisfying cross between pain and pleasure has to be continually being brought to orgasm by increasing lishes, I would like to point out to you whatever stimuli are required to accomplish this. No, I'm not describing supermen or the physiologically impossible. Experience has taught me that any man is capable of surprising himself as to what can be accomplished. There is something about the helplessness of fatigue, the complete lack of ability to raise an arm to pre-

vent something from continuing, that enhances orgasm dramatically. Sexual tatigue is a kind of bondage in itself, and to have a man feel his drained balls searching deep within themselves for one last orgasm has to be the ultimate sexual experience.

I hope I've communicated my overall satisfaction with your continuing efforts at Drummer, I will be in San Francisco June 11 through 18, Maybe you'll get lucky and I'll help you explore your limits!

BjB/Toronto

PS. I've also ticked off the box for a subscription to Mach

BIKES-AND-BIKERS

How about doing another Boot fetish issue? The one you did was only fair but should have been much better, given the interest in boots on the part of your readers. And how about an issue on motorcycles? Bikes are a fetish or at least an integral part of the boot and leather fetish scene for some of us bikers. You know there are gay bike clubs and a club specifically for gay Harley owners

BT/New York City, NY

Issue #111 on tattooing was great! Sure, it could have used more photos of tattooed men. If I'd known about it Powell also hit a lot of the right notes, in time I would have sent you photos I'm an Easy Rider-type—gay biker who is very heavily tattooed. And PR of helped set the mood, "The Trough" by Bridgeport CT can go hang himself in his closet: he's out of his mind | attend straight bike club events and I've never had a single problem although everyone knows I'm gay and they can all see my tattoos because I wear them proudly. I'm also bearded and enjoyed your issue #113 on hair and shaving-GREAT!-I wish that you would do an issue on beards. I love to keep a man's balls in my beard as I suck him off and my beard (which is very long) likes to fuck ass, You can't miss me when I'm in San Francisco. Look for the heavily tattooed bearded nose-ringed little heavy man—he will be me. And you'll always find me in leather. I live in it! I don't play at it. Give us more, Drummer, of what we need—MEN—good real

Tattoo Bear/Rootstown, OH.

As a follow-up to your series on fetthat you have overlooked a most important one: motorcycles...and specifically Harleys!

There is a national club of gay Harley owners and a similar group in San Francisco. They are not the usual "bike. clubs" where motorcycles are secondary and often rare. A registration/ certification for a Harley is a must. And,

of course, most of us are into leather in a big way.

So how about an article on this scene? Hot men in action on Harleys! PD/South Carolina

We will definitely consider a Bikesand-Bikers feature. Contributions to the fetish features have been less than we hoped and anticipated. To make a Bikes-and-Bikers feature happen, all it will take is for you who are into the scene to send us photos, letters. Why is it important to you? What about it turns you on. What do you like to see and do? Tell us, and we'll publish.

-AFD

COMPLAINTS-AND-PRAISE: BOOTFUCKED

Whenever there's a company takeover or merger, it seems reasonable to assume that the parent company will extert all effort to-improve. For me, BOOTS issue #113 would have been a real turn-on but the pictures in my copy were so gray it was almost impossible to tell skin from leather. If Drummer is to be a leather rag, let's return to the feel, aroma and appearance of wellworn leathers your competition continues to display

Duanae M. Smith/St. Louis, MO

CIGARS IN BOSTON

While I don't have the latest issue of Drummer in front of me, I did glance at it last night, and was sorry to see the letter about cigar smoking at 119 Merrimack. I consider this bar to be the triendliest leather bar in Boston, although it is listed as a Country/Western, Perhaps the doorman had just received a lot of comments about the "heavy" smoke"—or perhaps the "smokeeaters" weren't working that night. I don't know. But I apologize for the inconvenience. I'm sorry, too, that the management did not have the common courtesy of responding to your letter to them. What can I say, I am just another "patron" and have nothing to do with "policy," As a "native Bostonian," however, I am upset that visitors get the wrong impression. We can be a friendly crowd of people¹

JFM/Boston, MA

MESA DE AMODOS ZAL PUBLICATION!

What a preasant surprise to pick up my first copy of The Sandmutopia Guardian & Dungeon journal! I have never before seen an 5/M sex magazine that caters to ALL sexual orientations, gay male, lesbian, and straight. This type of format has been a long time in the coming.

When I attended the National SiM

Leather Conference in Washington, DC in conjunction with the March on Washington this past October, I fol lowed with some interest the suggestion that a national S/M "clearinghouse" organization be formed. It was at that meeting that I was first exposed to the organization, People Exchanging Power PEP), Although PEP welcomes all interested persons, it appears to be aimed particularly at the straight community. My thought at the time was how "right on" it was to have the input of a straight organization at our conference

Though I am exclusively gay myself, I think it is important within the context of an informative publication like The Sandmutopia Guardian and Dungeon Journal to be inclusive in scope. The gay/lesbian and straight/bi S/M communities really need to join together for the exchange of information (and to overcome society's stereotypes). I have a few straight friends who enjoy S/M sex, but find little or no organizational support to help them explore their favorite fantasy worlds. Working together through publications like yours, they hopefully will be able to grow in their sexuality. The Sandmutopia Cuardian and Dungeon Journal gives me, as a gay male, an unprecedented opportunity to share information and support with my straight friends that was never before possible. We can now turn to gu dance from the same source

Jeff Schmidt/San Francisco, CA

We're glad you enjoyed our new creative baby. The second issue of Desmodus' Guardian is now out and features: Bizarre Bazaar (surprises from the supermarket), Party Ethics (basic 5M party guide), Rope That Works by Fledermaus, and other articles covering everything from the political to the humorous.

MUDFUCK!

I picked up your magazine for the first time today and what should I see but an upcoming article on my favorite retish-MUD! When will this issue be published? It seems impossible to find anything on muddy men. Real men love to get down and dirty! My favorite play is rolling around and jacking off in the mud. I hope that you'll have lots of great pictures.

John Reed/Memphis, TN

Our Mud, Oil, Grease, and Grunge issue (#120) will be forthcoming in a couple of months. Participate! Send us those pics now!

—TPB

MORE BOXERS

I just had to write a line or two to express my gratitude and my enjoyment, appreciation, and love of the boxers pictured in issue #115. Even though there were only six pictures of boxers I enjoyed each and every one of them very much. But, of course, there was one picture that put me in "climax more often than the others (page 41) the boxing stance is perfect!

M.A.A./Montreal, Canada

SEVEN/SEVEN!

Your issue #114 has one of the hottest men that I have ever seen and I want to see more of him. He is on page 91 left hand side wearing the leather vest, white jock, black boots and a tag with the number seven on it. I sure would like to meet that dude. What is his name and where does he live? I enjoy your magazine and will continue to buy it especially if you print more photos of that guy in that picture. Keep up the good work

Clift North/San Francisco, CA

This is the fourth letter we've received on this man. He obviously struck a chord—or something—with a lot of you! We'll do our best to track him down and show you more of him in Drummer.

-AFD

SHAVEFUCK

First, since this is my first letter to your magazine, I would like to compliment Drummer on being the best gay magazine around for our kind. Second I want to thank you for the article that appeared in 114 on hair and shaving, h was a big turn-on.

However, there were some points expressed by Mr. X that I would like to disagree with. Dry shaving may be the way he likes shaving the can see the skin appear quickly), but in my opinion wet shaves are better, Mr. X also likes his men (and himself) smooth (the human body should not be hidden by hair). He is a Top and that is his prerogative. As for myself, being versatile. enough to be either a Top or a bottom.

, it just doesn't matter, I can be harry or smooth; so can my lover, I don't think a person has to be "A Greek God" to be into shaving. I wish you'd do an issue on watersports

Rocky Herbert/New Orleans, LA

Unfortunately censorship has now pushed watersports into publishing's forbidden zone. We'll probably even get complaints from distributors about the photo of the Cadillac Kid pissing in issue 117! When "morality" becomes less virulent, we'll be happy to present lots of wet photos.

-AFD

MORE SPANKING!

I thoroughly enjoyed issue 110. The spanking issue. As one who has as his goal not only to freely give spankings to the entire white homosexual population but heterosexual and bisexual populations as well, I found this issue to be a long-awaited treasure. Boy, would I like to get my hands on coverman Ronnie Le Beau's buns! I do have one question: I'm wondering if your fiction is really fiction or do these stories really happen. DS/Philadelphia, PA

Our fiction is proudly just thatfiction—the twisted result of some very strange and somewhat deliciously deranged imaginations. I get a lot of cum-stained manuscripts. And none of our fiction is true. These things could never happen. And if you believe that, Desmodus has a bridge for sale that you might give some serious thought to purchasing. It's near Brooklyn.

--TPB

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DRUMMER 118

by ELRIC MARS

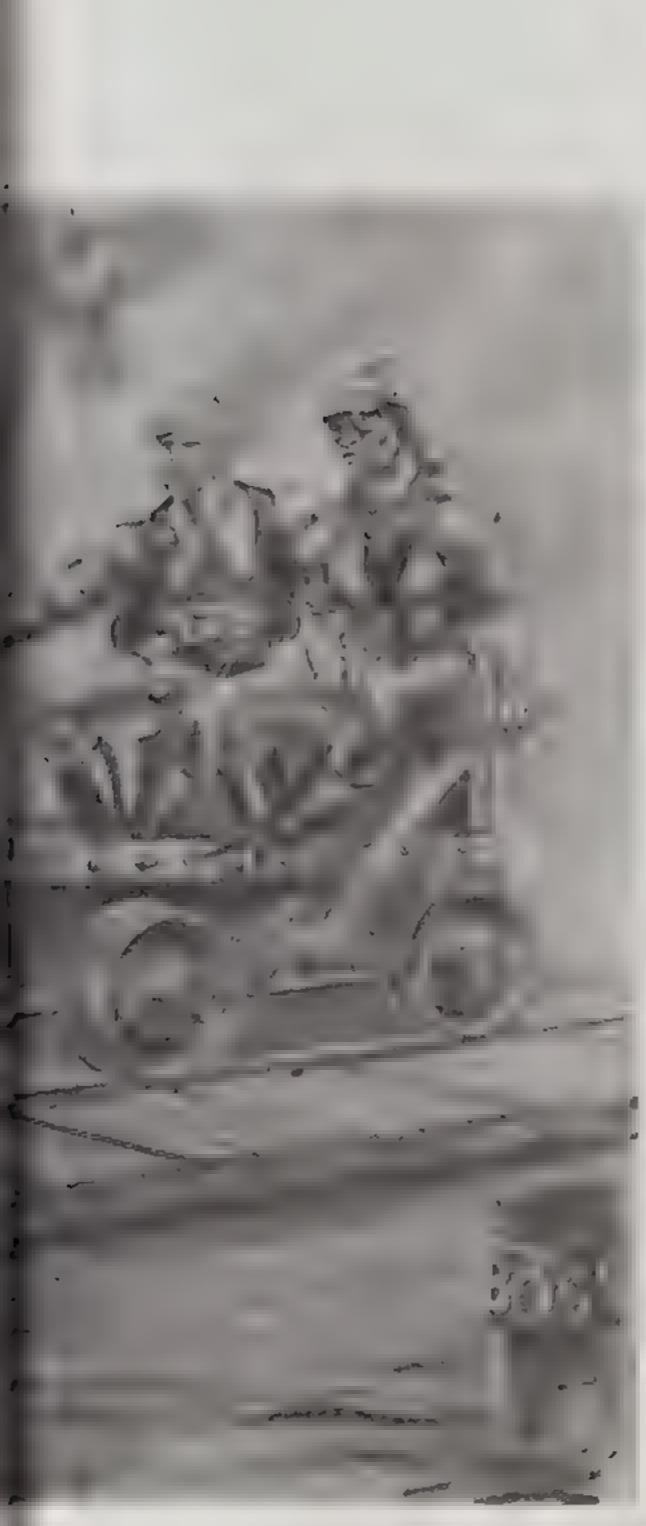
he musk of the young man's sweat had filled the small cabin quickly, and lingered in a dense mist throughout the nightlong session. The orange glow of the single lantern highlighted the ridges of muscle down Cooper's long back and across his outstretched arms and shoulders. He wore only a singlet around his hips, and that was soaked through, clinging tightly to his buttocks. My whip—I call it Falcon for the way it whistles and dives—had flicked all parts of his torso firmly but not hard. His wide slab looked like creamy granite streaked with fine red lines.

HMS Sevem swung slowly in the current to give me a view through the porthole of Raker's Cove, where I would be landing when the pilot boat came for me in an hour So this had been a farewell party, kindly provided by Captain Hobbs as a gesture of appreciation. I had administered punishment to his crewmembers on several occasions during the three-month voyage from Spithead. He had pointed out the handsome dark-haired foretopman, Cooper, long before, but I had declined. Yet I thought of no other while I was laying Falcon across spreadeagled bare backs at the gratings. My eelskin uniform pants could not conceal the bulge in my groin, but only Hobbs knew the subject of my thoughts during those ceremonies.

Cooper had been insolent and uncooperative when he came to my cabin, but after the first dozen clawed his back, he showed marked respect.

He took the next set of lashes so well I unbound his wrists from the overhead beam and brined his welts. Instead of begging me to stop, he asked for more, more on the back but also across his high, proud chest, I obliged him. The jacket of throbbing welts he wore roused us both. "Stand steady!" I ordered as if I were his captain. He took the position, I leaned over his bent back and licked along the stripes I had crossed it with. My hands went under his wet armpits to find the jutting nipples on each side of his hard chest. When I pinched them, he demanded "Harder!" without saying "Sir." I gave him the hardest thing I had, holding his corded belly with my left hand while unbuttoning my fly with my right, Ripping away the singlet from his hips, I aimed my cock as I had aimed Falcon at the bare backs of his mates. Seaman Cooper responded with quiet dignity; Lieutenant Taut of His Majesty William IV's Corps of Floggers behaved like a mad dog.

Shouts from on deck told us that the boat had come for me My sailor begged to ashore as my bodyservant, but I said "No." As I remember now what kind of life awaited me on the island, I wish I had said "Yes." Layard's Camp was the most notorious of the penal colonies in Van Diemen's Land, as Tasmania was then called. Fifty years later the memory of it has been conveniently erased. That is why I am writing this account and sending it to the state archives. I am not ashamed of my part in that Hell. I am as proud of it as the day I received the letter from Admiral Flood. He recalled my record as Master of Punishments on the hulks at Spithead, and my four years of service as Head Overseer on the sugar plantation of Senor Castir in Sao Paolo. "Your skills are better applied," his letter assured me, "to the penal colonies in Van Diemen's land. Your philosophy that the whip should be used to strengthen men's endurance and



fortitude—not destroy them—is quite in keeping with His Majesty's purpose of rehabilitating these criminals." He went onto tell me briefly of the island settlement commanded by Vernon Layard, once captain in the Royal Hussars and veteran of Waterioo. "As his friend," Flood concluded, "I can assure you that no man will appreciate your skills as he will."

"Weicome, Lieutenant Taut," Corporal Jetfries shouted as the boat brought me to the wharf at Raker's Cove, "Commandant Layard sent me to bring you to the camp." Although I judged the man several years younger than me, his face showed the effects of a harsh life, more severe than those of the two convicts that stood at brace several steps behind him. They were clad in the regulation piss-yellow coarse cloth marked with the King's broad arrow, but Jeffries wore a uniform that was certainly not regulation dress. His Jacket and trousers were black, and the high cap on his head of stringy hair bore the nsignia of George III, dead these sixteen years. The two lags put my trunk in the back of a one-horse cart and I climbed in beside the corporal. We were soon traversing the Bush, dry, hot, dusty, hardly shaded by the thin-leafed trees called Gums. From some of them, a bird laughed hysterically, and another whistled like Faicon, but there was no crack of rawhide on flesh at the end of the call. My face was attacked by clouds of flies that seemed indifferent to slaps, "Manealers, we call 'em," Jeffries said, looking over at me, then to the figures of the two cons trotting alongside the cart. I used his words to open a conversation, "Why are you not in regulation uniform, Corporal?" His eyes shifted back to the horse track through the Bush. "You'll have to ask the Commandant, sir," he said su lenly,

I shifted the subject to one that I thought would elicit warmer response from him. "Are those examples of the charges in Layard's Camp?"

Jeffries' glower turned to a twisted smile. "Damme, sir beggin' yer pardon, no sir. Those scum have been here even before Layard bought it"

I noticed that "bought" but said nothing, "They aren't much to look at any more, I admit. The only love they get is the kiss of the lash or each other's mashin"." My groin warmed in anticipation, "I will give them a kiss, Corporal," I said quietly

He understood at once. "Peel!"
he shouted over at the running
cons. Without slowing, they both
pulled their shirts over
their heads and tied the arms
around their waists.
Across their meaty backs a network
of fresh welts came down
in even spaced rows, jumping as
their muscles rolled.

"They already ate two dozen of 'em for bein' late with the cart this morning," he chuckled. I took Falcon out of my portmanteau and uncoiled it. Jeffries glanced over and stared at it, licking his ps. When the lash flashed out and tore across the cons' bare backs with one swipe, they grunted "Tankee, sir!" and the corporal grunted, "Cheesisgawd!"

"You seem to have high standards of discipline, Corporal," I said as I coiled the whip and put it back in the bag. He nodded. His face was stolid but there was pain in his eyes. "Aye, sir, Layard demands it of all of us."

I reached over and grabbed the half-hard lump at his groin. "You too, Corporal?" I said through gritted teeth

In answer, he tied the reins to the seat board and peeled back his black uniform jacket. My mouth dried instantly at the sight of the lattice of welts covering his tightly muscled back. "I shared the lags" punishment," he said in a low voice. "They was my responsibility, you see, sir"

I said, "Discipline for all, Corporal?" He jerked his head and looked over at me defiantly, "You too, sir."

I was about to admonish Jeffries for his insolence, but the cart horse suddenly slowed at the top of a hilly rise. "Trail goes down to the landing, sir," he said quickly as if reading my thought. Only then did I notice what a well-groomed animal the cart horse was and remarked on it. "Ah, yes," he showed the twisted smile again. "Commandant sees to it that his stable is well cared for, sir." He looked over at the sweat-slicked backs of the cons running alongside. "Special punishments for neglectin' the horses, sir." My cock jerked at those words. In blind response I took out falcon again and blasted its tip over the cons' backs, "Uggh! Tankee, sir!" they grunted, sultenly this time. Then the trail began to decline in a series of switchbacks down the face of a cliff; the flat blue sea stretched unbroken to the horizon.

"How far, Corporal?" I said, as I replaced my whip in the bag. "An hour's pull to the island, sir," he said. Down below I saw the figures of six men standing around a longboat on the strand. It would be their "pull"—and my pleasure to watch them.

By the time we came in sight of the island, the convicts who had been heaving at the oars of the boat were well marked by Jettnes' "colt"—a piece of knotted rope he wielded with full force across their naked, muscled backs. Although the tightness in my groin belied my words, I ordered him to go easy.

fust before we arrived at the wharf, we passed a coral reef jutting out from the island headland. There was a gang of convicts working on it, cutting out blocks of the stone and loading them on a barge secured to the lee side. Even at a distance I could see that they were huge men and that their bodies were naked except for black boots. They were chains attached to cuffs on each man's right ankle and head-size iron balls at the end of each chain. Each time they had to move a few paces in any direction, they bent and litted the balls. They also had to bend their bodies to helt and drop the heavy sledges gripped in their big hands. The bent-over position made them vulnerable to the goad whip of the only dressed figure on the coral strip. "That's Burke, sir," Jeffried told me as we were rowed around the tip of the reef. "He's a con, too, but Commandant promoted him to whipman. You'll see why, sir,"

The overseer was much younger than his charges, and not as heavily muscled. His black uniform must have made an aggravating heat to endure, and produced the scowl on his handsome face. Booming surf and shrieking gulls overhead drowned out the words he was shouting at the work gang, but I knew what they might be. The chained men suddenly froze, stood at brace, and saluted us in unison. Then Burke stepped behind the one at the right end of the line and flatled his whip turtously across the broad back of that worker. I counted twelve blows delivered in a span of a minute or two. Burke's mouth moved again, and the convict turned his back to us, showing the tresh grid of livid lines down his muscled slab. "Burke's welcome to us, sit," the corporal explained drily.

Both Jeffries and I looked down at the long bulge in my tight trousers as we disembarked. He grinned and nooded at it but said nothing. The stiffness remained when we came to a platform set on four iron wheels and a track of rails. Four convicts stood by as we climbed on it and sat in a crude seat. The "horses" then moved us down the track at a good gallop. Although their bare

backs showed many old scars, there were no recent welts visible. "This duty is reward, sir," Jeffries said. "They've worked a month without punishments." A short time later, we arrived at a platform, got down, and were escorted by two black-uniformed, red-capped guards to a gateway in the stone wait that domed furty feet high and several hundred feet long in both directions. I heard the familiar sound of rawhide cracking on flesh and the gate rose slowly. As we walked inside to a courtyard, I looked to the left to savor the sight of six half-naked convicts straining to hold the chains that operated the gate. Behind them, a guard as powerfully built as they cracked his goad whip in the air and the conslowered the gate after us. When it was down, they snapped to brace position and saluted.

"Another reward duty for that lot," Jeffries told me 1 wondered what kind of labor was assigned as punishment if these tasks were rewards.

From the courtyard we entered a well-designed, beautifully landscaped main building that would have graced the grounds of any English country house. Once inside, though, I recognized the atmosphere of His Majesty's prisons. The stifling air stank of a hundred bodies, an odor that I must admit had become perfume to my nostrils. Metal grated on metal beyond the barred doors of every corridor, and that din was punctuated by sounds like pistol-shots and the cries of seagulfs. More music to my ears,

We passed big men wearing convict garb but holding muskets across their wide chests. When we reached the top of a staircase, Jeffries stopped and knocked at a heavy door. The sounds of human anguish came from behind it, but stopped when the knocking ended. The door opened and we were assaulted by a bellowing voice

"Damme, Corporal, you have interrupted me!"

I saw the bright red face of a man in his sixties, a man dressed in a glittering white and scarlet uniform and gilded cap. My years at the military school in Devon had made me familiar with the dress of army units. This man wore a uniform that had been discontinued after the fall of Napoleon!

"What is the punishment for that offense, Corporal?" the man asked through a rictus-like smile Jeffries strifened his body and replied, "Sit, punishment for interrupting is a dozen well laid on, sit!"

"Then you will report for it at 2000 this evening," the officer said quietly. He looked over at me and the smale relaxed into a genuine one. "Lieutenant Taut, I have been expecting you. Come in and sit down."

I did so. He went over to a long desk but remained standing. On the wall behind him were maps and a rack of instruments used in chambers of torment. Only then did I glance to the opposite side of the large, high-raftered room and see the trame made of thick wooden beams and the man stretched up over it.

age by the slim, smooth-skinned, half-naked body. My professional eye quickly calculated that he had taken two dozen lashes from a single-thonged whip—not the regulation cat-o-nine-tails. Nothing about Layard's Camp seemed to be in keeping with Army regulations.

As if reading my mind, the Commandant spoke: "First off, Lieutenant, I must tell you that I believe all that my old friend, Admiral Flood, tells me about you in his letter." He pointed to a paper on his desk. "You and I share the view that men who have been—through various circumstances—condemned to hard labor, forced labor, should be disciplined but not destroyed by that discipline." Without looking over at the convict hanging from the Punishment Frame, he jerked his right thumb in that direction. "Indeed, I may go too lightly on

my charges." I took another side glance at the youth; it may have been just a single thong, but the whip used on him had been laid on with sufficient force to tear the skin open. I said nothing.

The Commandant walked around his desk and stood in front of me. I instinctively jumped to my feet and held my torso in a brace position. Layard was not a tall man; I towered a good foot over him. Up close, his face showed refined features now lined by age. But his hair and jaw whiskers, and the sweeping mustache that had been de ngueur for Hussars riding with Wellington, showed few white hairs through the thatch of dark red bristles. He was sizing up my appearance at the same moment. "By gawd, sir," he blurted, "you are a specimen. Second only to horses, I like men. As you may have noticed on your way here, I have only the most powerfully built of men in my charge." I blushed properly and said, "Thank you, sir,"

Suddenly he slapped his right hand across my face. "One of my regulations, Lieutenant, is this: no man speaks to me without obtaining permission first."



I gulped and nodded. Sweat sprang out behind the rough cloth of my uniform jacket and trousers. I could smell it at once, and by the twitch of Layard's thin nostriis I knew he smelled it too

He looked over at Jeffries and nodded I saw the corporal walk over to the rack behind the desk and take down a short whip. "I will examine that large torso of yours, Lieutenant," Layard growled at me

I quickly pulled off my jacket and strutted my muscles. He raised a hand and rubbed it roughly down my chest and belly. Walking around behind me, he rubbed hard down my back. "Humm. Do you know the feel of the whips you use, Lieutenant?" I nearly bellowed my reply: "Yessir, in the Corps of Floggers we take stripes from our mates, sir, as part of the training!" Then I realized I had again violated the regulation of Layard's Camp. Before I could apologize, I felt the hot streak of Jeffries' whip across my back

Layard's face reddened with anger. "You see that bar overhead, Lieutenant? Take hold of it." Hooked up, and jumped to grab the wrist-thick iron rod that crossed the apex of the chamber, "Wide!" Layard barked sharply, I regripped the metal

so that my arms were fully stretched on each side. "As the corporal here knows, I make little distinction among the men in my camp. All take discipline. Just last week, Jeffries enjoyed administering punishment to Sergeant Collins, his own superior, hey Corporal?"

Behind me I heard a chuckle. "Ohh, aye sir. But he ain't got

the slab this'n's got!"

I telt my face and torso flush with indignation to learn that this little Napoleon was violating regulations further by letting lower ranks touch superiors in such a way. "An' this'n has earned somethin' by questionin' our uniforms and such, sir!" i glanced down and saw Layard's angry face spasm. "Then proceed with his discipline, Corporal," he said quietly.

For the next few minutes I knew what the young convict at the frame across the room had felt. The whip that streaked across my back was a short thong, but it was laid on with the power of a strong—and skilled—arm. I silently counted ten blows before Layard stopped it with a nod at the flogger. My back muscles screamed by tightening and flexing, and I could teel the flesh rioging up into welts. The sight of them brought a grunt of appreciation from Jeffries. I looked down again and saw Layard staring at my crotch. He raised his right hand and rubbed the hard bulge beneath my trousers. "Good. You have the proper responses for your assignment, Lieutenant. Dismount!" Het go my shaking grip on the iron rod and dropped to the floor, then strutted into brace.

Layard's angry countenance had smoothed out and he smiled gently at me. "Understand, Lieutenant. This is not one of King George's prison settlements." I noted the reference to the long-dead monarch but did not dare say anything. "I purt hased this island some years ago, long after I retired from His Majesty's mounted regiment. I make the regulations; I say how

they will be enforced."

I nodded and said, "Permission to speak, sir!" He fairly beamed and nodded back. My words were slow to come, and spaced by the need to draw in breath as the pain of the welts continued to seep into my flesh. "Sir, I am trained as a flogger; I act only as my superiors order. I am an officer, though, and will not rest easy if any man from the ranks is permitted to touch me

with a whip!"

I heard Jeffnes' grunt of surprise behind me and saw Layard's eyes go wide. "If you were not so well recommended by my friend, Flood, I would send you packing right now for such insolence! But I like courage and expect it in all my charges. And you took the kiss of the whip well, Lieutenant. Now I must see you demonstrate your skills with the lash. If you do well, I will make an exception for you from my policy of treating all men the same."

The Commandant's lips twisted up into the rictus of a grin that I had marked when we entered the chamber, "Corporal Jeffries," he said sternly, "You have assaulted an officer! What is the punishment for that?"

Jetfries stammered in reply, "Ughhh, siir, iit, it is three dozen

lashes well laid on, sir."

Layard did not try to stifle his laugh of delight with his own ruse. "Well then, Corporal, you will take down Foster here," pointing to the youth still hanging from the Punishment Frame, "and take his place."

I watched Jeffries do as commanded. Layard turned to me,

eyes glittering, "Proceed, Lieutenant."

I felt my cock jerk as I barked the traditional orders: "Prisoner will strip to the waist!" Jeffries pulled off his jacket.
His torso was stocky but
thickly muscled. I saw that the
copper-color nipples
at the sides of his chest plates
were already as hard as pebbles.
His trousers were tented
by what was surely an enormous
cock. He was eagerly
anticipating his punishment.

"Bind or not?" I asked

"Not, sir!" he shouted back with a defiant look at me.

"Assume position!"

Jeffries stepped around the prone figure of the young convict he had taken down from the wooden frame and stretched his body between its four corners.

"Who counts?"

When Jeffries said, "I do, sir!" I heard Layard murmur a hissing "Yesss!" I looked over at the rack of instruments behind the Commandant's desk. "Permission to use my own whip, sir," I said. As Layard spoke in agreement, Jeffries exclaimed "Ohhgawdd!"

"The prisoner will remain silent except for the count," I

barked

I retrieved my portmanteau and took out Falcon. Layard eyed it appreciatively as I uncoiled its seven-foot length. My bodyslave on the Brazilian sugar plantation had made it for me from the hide of the best of that country called a tapir. Its three strips were braided tightly and cured in a brewed solution that roughened their surface. Young Raul had implanted short barbs along the last foot of its length so that even a flicking touch would tear the flesh.

The Commandant spoke loudly, impatiently I thought.

"Commence punishment!"

The measured style of flogging I developed at the Corps had earned the densive criticism of my superios there. They taught that discipline should be administered quickly, forcibly, and mercilessly. Seeing a man's muscled backslab well striped always sent a surge of pleasure through my body and raised my cock to readiness. But there was, in my view, far more pleasure for me, and more ritual to impress all on-lookers, in using a slow, graduated force with each stroke. And I am not now nor was then a vicious man. If the prisoner showed courage and endurance during punishment, I shortened the sentence or rewarded him in some other way. Thus, my flogging of Jeffries was a demonstration of my professional philosophy.

Falcon flew forth from my right fist, whistling in the large chamber, to claw the tops of Jeffries' thick shoulders, it sliced across the middle of his back and then the bulge of skin just above his trousers. He did not move anything but his mouth as he gave me the count. I knew he must still be feeling the pain of his punishment that morning when he shared the convicts' dole at the stables. So I was doubly impressed and further

inspired in my work.

The first dozen strokes filled in the spaces between those three marks. As he called out the numbers for the second dozen, I put more force behind my arm. When I saw Falcon was opening up many of the early welts, however, I reconsidered my technique. For the last half dozen, I flicked its tip lightly over the corporal's shoulders. He jerked his torso back when the barbs scratched his chest plate, but hissed, "Thankee sir"

because I was letting up on his back slab.

"Are you going easy on him, Lieutenant?" Layard bellowed behind me. I turned and looked back. The Commandant had removed his own jacket and cap, revealing a torso that was well muscled in spite of his age. His right hand clutched his bulging groin while the left fingered his nipple. "Lay on, damme, lay on!" he blurted

I did not dare disobey, especially since this was a test of whether I would remain or be sent back to await a ship from the mainland. His words, I admit, roused my own blood lust. My head rang and I felt the familiar dizziness I had first experienced when I enrolled in the Corps of Floggers seven years before. Not caring whether I had permission or not, I pulled open my fly and took out the now empurpled flesh sword.

I looked over to Jeffries. His broad bare back was beautifully striped from thick neck to slim waist, from flaring side to side. A slime of sweat covered the expanse of it. I looked down to see that my own chest and belly glistened with the same liquid. The smell of us filled the room with an acrid odor unlike the sweet musk of sailor Cooper. At the back of my reeling brain, I remembered that last night session, and my rigid cock strained further into the cool air around it. The flattened mounds of Jeffries' assignivered as I blasted the whip across them. The rough black fabric was torn away in strips so that just five blows left him as barebottomed as a baby.

His count stopped, "What is the count, prisoner?" (

His head lifted and turned to the right. "It is" he panted, "it is thirty-one, sir . . . Not my ass, sir," he cried out, "not my ass again, sir!"

I held Falcon and looked back at the Commandant, then turned so that he could see the state of my cock, "Request permission to cancel the final six strokes, sir!" I said as evenly as my excitement permitted

Layard's voice was deep and he spoke as if he had been running a far distance. "Do you permit any man to tell tales on you, Lieutenant?" I knew he referred to Jeffries' tattle about my questions concerning regulations

"No, sir!" I said.

"Then you must instruct the corporal on that matter."

I grinned for the first time during that long morning of torment. Turning, I dropped Falcon and stepped up behind Jeffries.

I reached around and raked my fingernails across the bunched sinews of the man's bare belly. "You are not as young as Cooper," I hissed in his right ear, "but you are here and now, Corporal!"

With both hands I pulled apart his flattened ass cheeks and thrust my sword into the hot wet cleft. He bucked back and grunted

I began pumping as slowly as I had laid on my whips—and for the same reasons.

Each thrust took the sensitive rim of my glans deeper into him.

"Gawwdd!" he moaned. That plea turned to bursting cries of "Criess! Chriss!" when I leaned down and bit into his lacerated right shoulder. But I elicited a full-throated scream from the corporal when I slid my mouth down to the welts at the top of his back and pulled strips of flesh from their crest

Suddenly, I was staring into the face of the Commandant. Layard had come around in front of Jeffries. His eyes were glazed and his mouth fixed in that same rictus. "Again, Lieutenant, make him scream again!" he burbled, spraying flecks of spit.

I made Corporal Jetfries scream five more times, each louder and more shrilly than the last. Then it was my scream that all of us heard. I usually shoot my slime for some time, but I remember this as the most prolonged spasm of the countless times. I fucked the men. I had just flogged. Layard's face disappeared from my clouded vision.

When I stepped back and wiped by flesh sword with the tatters of Jeffries' trousers, I heard the Commandant's voice. He spoke coolly, evenly, as he had when he explained his regulations to me. "You show satisfactory skills, Lieutenant, I will retain your services as Head Overseer here for a trial period of a month,"

I turned and saluted. His eyes flashed as they flicked down

my physique to my sopping crotch.

"Corporal Jeffries, front and center!" he barked With stumbling steps, the man came around me and pulled his torso into brace, slowly. When I saw the patch of blood above his halt-hard cock, I knew that it had not been my chewing across his welted back that had drawn the screams from him. The thatch of public hair that any man has in that spot was gone. The gruesome condition of the skin there showed that Layard had



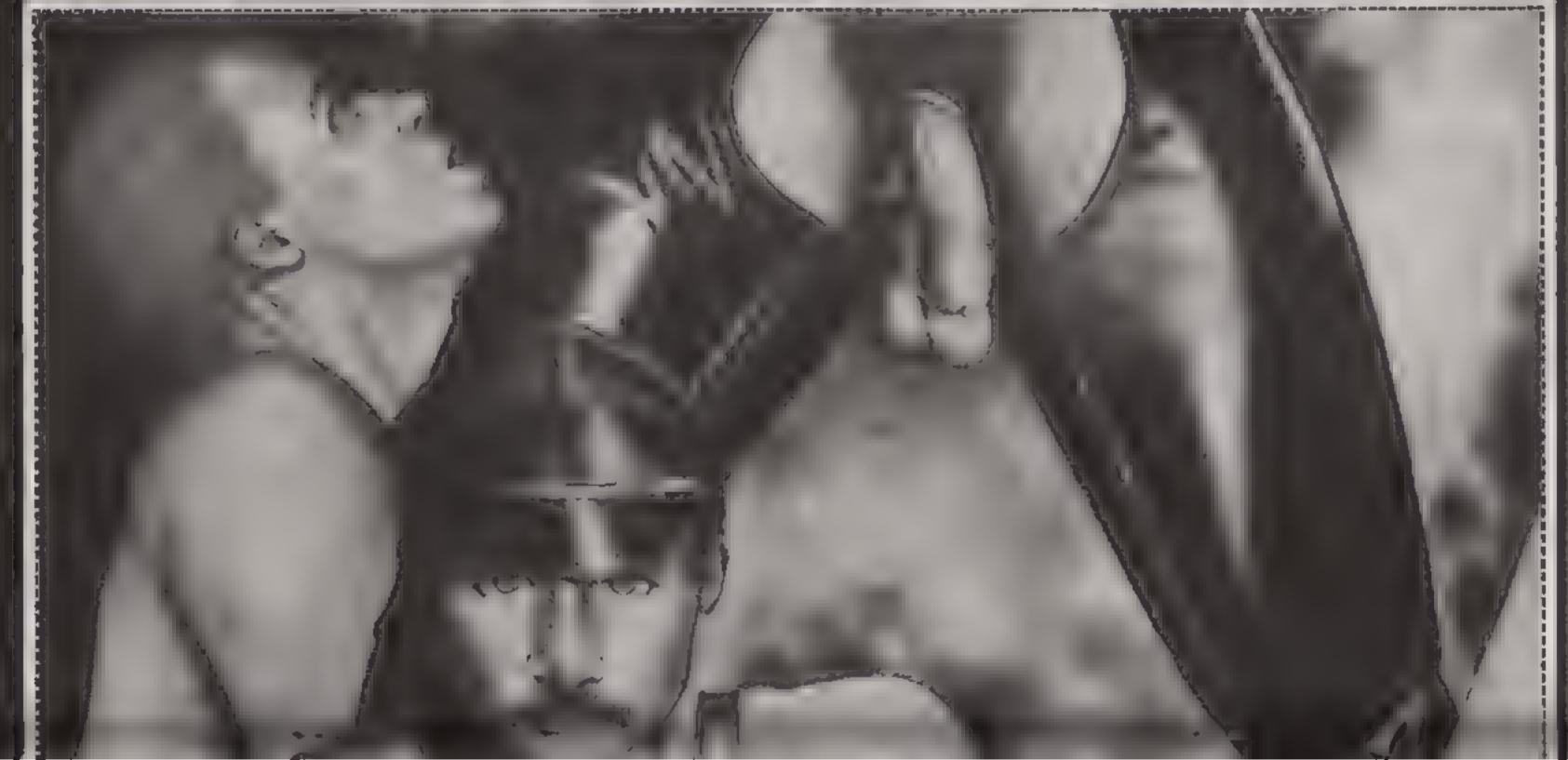
viciously torn the hair away in one lust-powered pull

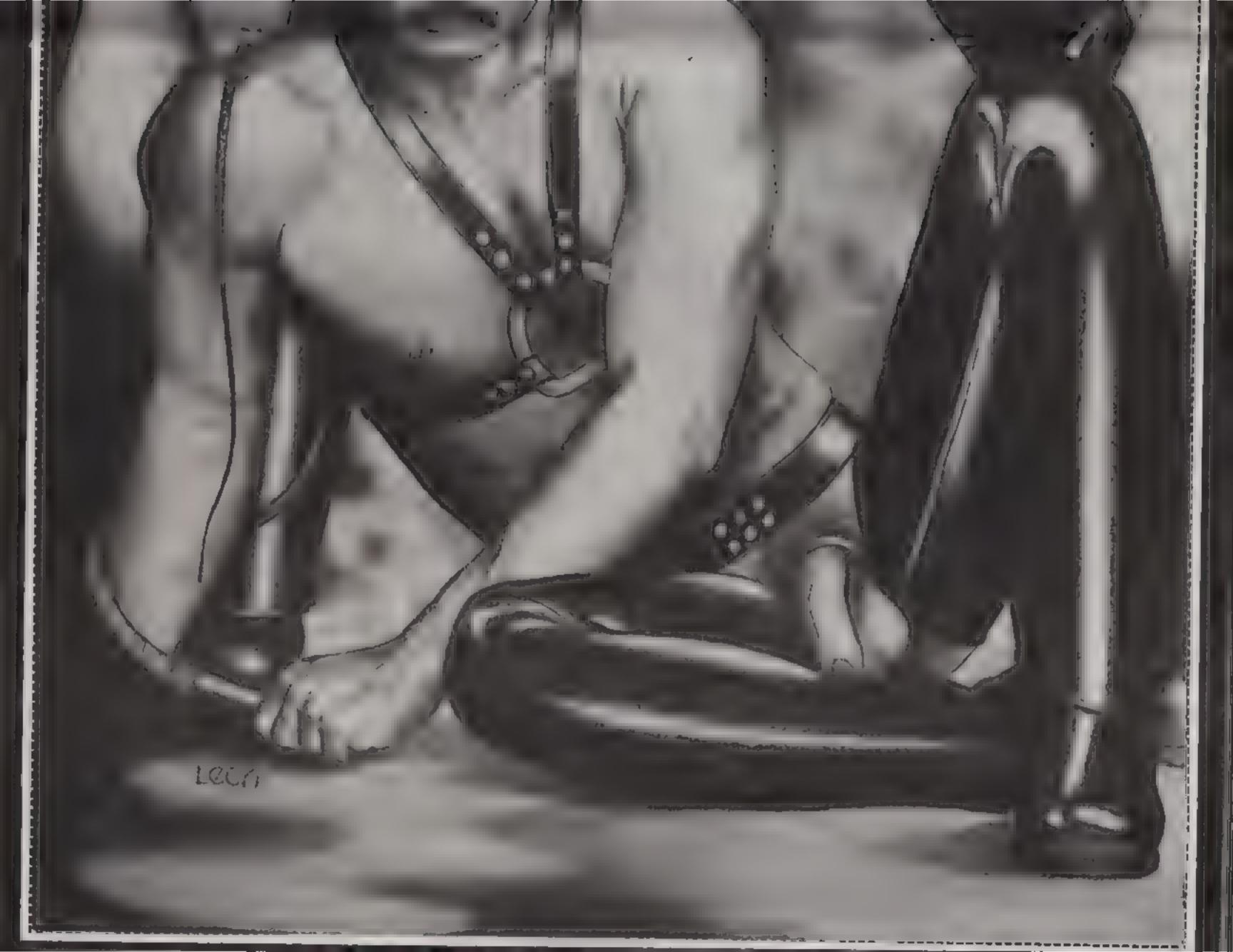
The Commandant kept his eyes on the corporal's face as he spoke. "Wash and oil yourself, and you need not report for duty until tomorrow. Rest!" Looking over at me, his face now as tranquil as I would ever see it, he added, "And you rest too, Lieutenant. You have had a long trip, and a tiring task to perform so early in your stay. There is much to be done here, but it can wait a few hours." And he dismissed both of us.

There was much more to be done, and I did it, not for a month but for five years. That veteran of Waterloo had me turn back the clock of his Camp's life twenty years, had me administer the brutal discipline of the armies and navies of an era before the sobbing reformers brought an end to the flogging of Englishmen. For those five years in a Hell of my own making, I stripped the flesh from hard muscled, haked backs bending in heavy labor, and stretched from punishment frames. Should I write of those years? Or should I confine this memoir to just the first few hours of that bloody age? Though wizened now, my flesh sword moves as if urging me to continue my task, I wonder whether anyone in the future will find as much pleasure in reading my memoir as I have had in setting it down on paper.



is an exciting artistic Drummer contributor who has designed/constructed a series of six individual evolish works which when put together piece by piece form one masculine collage of intense sexual imagery. Drummer will feature each section of this work in upcoming issues







Dear Mr. Townsend,

I am 37, a bottom, and have been interested in leathersex since my early teens. While I have had some lengthy 6 month) involvements with Tops over the years, I have never been able to torge any kind of long-term relationship. which combines the qualities of affection and an "equal partnership" in areas outside the sexual arena, with a leathersex component. Leither find mysed a third with an already established couple, or (more commonly) Ind that my partner only wants an anonymous "fuck buddy." What is it that keeps people from combining aflection into a scene? Or is it just me? I have seen other people seeming to enjoy the type of relationship I really crave, but there is no way for me to know if everything is really as it appears on the surface—to me, as an outsider

Dear David,

As I have maintained from the time of my earliest writings on the subject of SM relationships, there is no way to predict one person's or couple's behavior on the are simply too different. Because you have been unable to establish the type of relationship you really want, does not necessarily mean that such relationships do not exist. By your own account, you apparently found one or more that lasted for six months. In some ways, I think the most fortunate thing that can happen to a "relationship-seeking" bottom is for him to be taken in hand early on and trained by an experienced Top. This way, he comes to accept the real-life standards of his first Master, and in doing so he finds a fulfillment that he probably would not have found later on, when his fantasies have had time to conjure up an impossibly perfect situation. In other words, you have to reach a point where you stop seeking an unrealistically idyllic relationship, and settle for something that

really exists. As for affection—sure, affection is very much a part of any long-term relationship (or should be). But by its very nature, an SM relationship calls for affection to be displayed differently from the standards we are taught to expect as we grow up. We are weared on "love Hollywood style," which but I answered an advertisement a few provides a wonderful blackboard on which people can sketch their sexual/ emotional fantasies. Yet these are often as unrealistic for anyone else as they are is so high, and why you are certainly not alone in your quest for Mr. Right. If you really want a long-term relationship, you. He said he would reach across the are probably going to be forced to accept something that is not quite as perfect as your fantasies.

Dear Larry,

In some of your past commentaries you have advised guys not to wear cockrings and ball stretchers when they go to bed to sleep. I wear a leather cockring all the time, taking it off only when I shower. After years of doing this, I can't see that it has had any adverse effects. Comment?

Ralph, Detroit MI

Dear Ralph,

My advice about not wearing stretchers to bed was merely to avoid the possibility of someone hurting himself by having his circulation curtailed when he was not awake and able to do something about it. A regular cockring does not pose the same danger, especially if it is well fitted and not too tight. In fact, it can sometimes produce some wonderful David, Toronto, Canada dreams.

Dear Larry,

I have always enjoyed amyl, or "poppers," when I have leathersex, or even when I just jack off (which is about all) one dares to do these days). Unfortubasis of somebody else's behavior. People mately, one place after the other has made establish our right to our own bars, baths, them illegal, and now I can't find anywhere to buy them. When my present supply runs out, I've had it unless you can suggest an alternative. Will someone mail them to me from someplace? Also, how harmful do you think they really are?

Dear P.H.,

I can't help you buy the stuff, because I don't know where it may still be legal to sell it. As to the dangers, this has remained a bit nebulous. I think that heavy usage in a situation where one or both of the partners might be an AIDS carrier could heighten the risk. Using it at home when you do a solo JO session is, of course, not putting you at immediate risk of infection. However, some

health experts feel that even this can be dangerous, because prolongued use may cause permanent damage to your red blood cells.

Dear Larry,

I am sorry to write you such a letter, months ago. The man said he was a Master and when I answered from Denmark, he wrote back from New Jersey and said he would accept me as a for us. Maybe that's why our divorce rate "slave by mail." I said I would like that, and then he started sending me these letters that got more and more awful ocean and punish me if I did not obey. He told me to do some terrible painful things, like wrapping my balls in rope and pulling it off fast to make them spin. He mailed me a big plastic butt plug and told me to wear it all day when I was at work. He said his friends would come and get me on their motorbikes if I did not do it. I think he is very dangerous, but I don't know what to do about it. I wish I had never written to him.

K, Copenhagen, Denmark

Dear K.

I think you have simply run into a man with a lot of imagination, who is enjoying himself by expressing his fantasies in his letters. You know he isn't really going to do anything to you. He's playing the game he probably thought you wanted him to play.

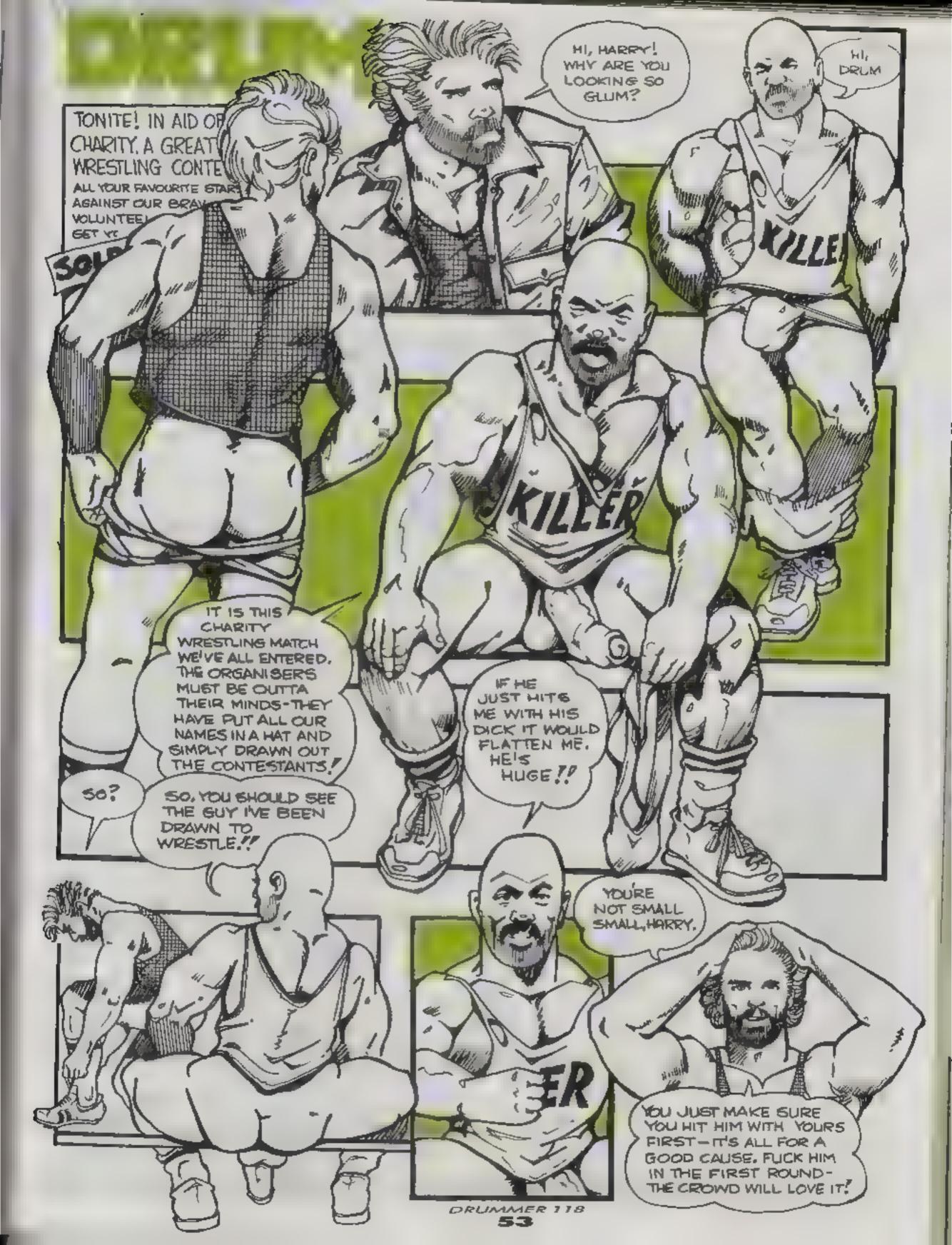
Dear Larry,

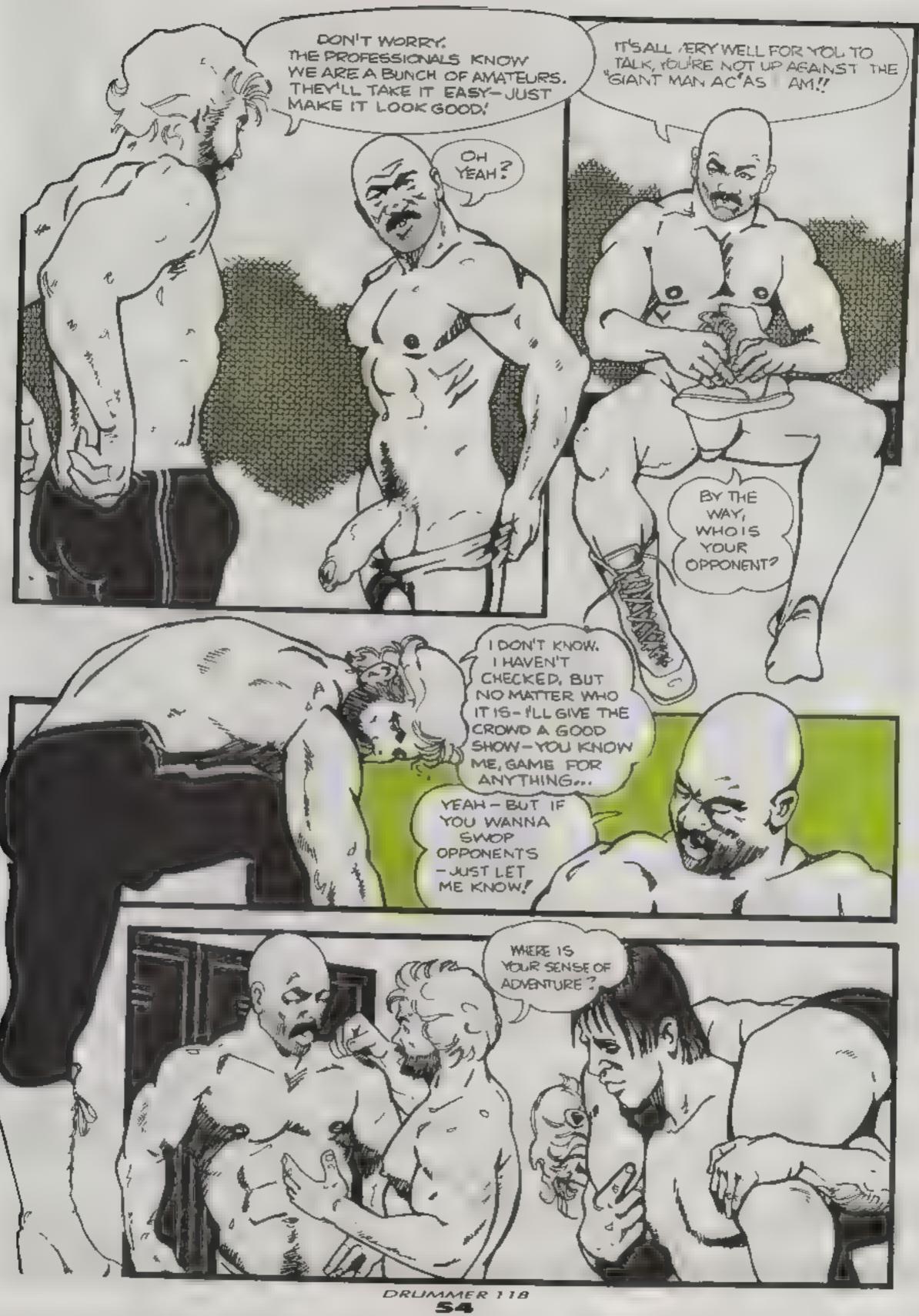
As we gradually see every bathhouse in the United States being closed, I wonder what you—as a liberation activist in addition to an expert in SM what do you think about the situation? Lars, Miami FL

Dear Lars,

As one who worked for years to help and other businesses, it upsets me greatly to see the authorities closing down the bathhouses. On the other hand, it upsets me even more to think of the number of guys who have literally fucked themselves to death on those premises. I don't buy the argument that "they'll just go PH., Atlanta GA somewhere else." There isn't anyplace else where a man can lie on his belly and get fucked by a dozen men a night. I think the bathhouses should close until this crisis is over, but they should close because we all have sense enough not to patronize them.

> If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o Leather Notebook, Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.







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LOVER/MASTER WANTED

GWM 35. 5.10°, 165 lbs., brown hair/blue eyes, healthy masculine ex-farm-boy bottom-man seeks harry-chested healthy masculine dominant natural top-man for monogamous relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers but will answer all. I can relocate Please send photo and detailed tetter Sincere only Box 5907LF.

HARD BLACK MASTERS NEEDED Grovaling white slave boy, 35 5"1" 190 lbs. needs to serve rough, powerful black masters. This slave is Greek passive, French active, and very submissive for ass licking, piss, shit and spit Need to be whipped and used as a toriet by black Masters. Please Sir Box 5899

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEURI

m licensed to massage and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot buits stretched out on my massage lable Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula siltring up your insides making your bowels explode loads of paydir! So all you naughty business types laborers, rocks, etc. pick up the phone or write. John Rose (212) 889 5477

GRAPPLIN DAD

Tough, 45. 6'1" 225 healthy Dad likes to remind his muscular son who a boss with some ressin, titwork, verbal abuse humillation. If son's gotten good enough to take the oldman, Dad can respect that Let's test each other now-that you've grown up. Travel a tol. Send photo, your scene and we'll have a hot, sale reunion. Box 5985

GLOVES/UNIFORMS/CIGARS

Hot dude looking for others into skintight black leather gloves, police, Nazi uniforms. Mariboros & cigars. Shirty black leather boots uniform trousers, black police shirt, Sam Browne belt black fis, armband, hat, and skintight black leather gloves holding Mariboro or cigar All answered, photos returned. Box 6171

GERMAN LEATHER BIKER SON

6° 180, bl/bl. 25, good-toology college stud. Ionking to serve Master. Take care of your boots, leather, tits, and cock. Serve Daddy under 35, tall, big. to expand, explore my limits, turn me into your obedient son. I'm motivated, straight acting and enjoy motorcycles, leathers, guidoors and sen. Box 6173LF

ROPES, CUFFS, RESTRAINTS

Want to show some all more to a German eatherman? Dungeon/playroom big 6 2", 185 lbs., in the U.S. later this year. Send photo letter to Hans. 1000 Berkn 42. Post-lach 420515 West Germany. Thank you Sir

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hol. tan, W. M. save animat, 34, 5.9", 172 lbs. bland, seeks demanding, innovalive, muscular hung Black Master for workbuts, S. M. CBT, paddles, micross, toys, wax, heavy Greek/French, B/G just about anything, uniforms, lantasy action, Master may write to Zack, PO Sox 14630, Phoenix, AZ 85035 Letter phone, photo, instructions, please (LF6408).

SEEKING RELATIONSHIP

Sharning, shaving, bondage beatings and lots of affection I'll give you. Seek permanent expense-sharing. Me: G. A. F. P. Eunuchs welcome. Box 6402

S S LINE

When you were a kid, did you and your friends ever have 86-gun lights? Want to correspond only with guys who we experienced or seen a 86-gun light. This specific scene only please no gun nuts or prisoners. Box 6399

EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42, seeks exceptional younger man. I'm 5 10" 160 lbs., black bair, brown eyes, good build and tooks, very masculine, dynamic, stable, successful, intense and caring, it you're very good-looking, well-built, intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance, submission, send letter with photo to Mitch. PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, A2 85252. Box 888808.

DIAPER DISCIPLINE!

Chicago, 32. Boot liciting pess-parts in soaking diapers/plasticparts need diaper training, purishment, humination, Spanlung, enemas, mild S. M. B. D. W. S. Box 6393

HOT COUPLE SEEKS DADDY

Boys are white, 5'9", 3t and 6'3" 28; butch, tattooed and pierced Looking for hot daddy to help us relocate to Western United States Boys are hardworking professionals. Love teather, heavy hipple and fit work coch sucking, discipline and toys. We will not disappoint the right daddy. Box 6377LF

GERMAN LEATHERMAN VISITING

the States in October Interested in meeting Tops/bottoms for action, fun, and friendship. Send milos, details, requests, photos for H.T.L. Post-fach 620472 100 Bernn 62 West Germany

BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

Must be muscular, butch, submissive interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no-builshit relationship. Me unusual WM. 37 5 11", 175 lbs. dark moustache and beard, loner masculare muscular hairy Successful, confident, in charge Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark, 227 H. Federal Highway, Danie, Ft. 33004

URSUS HORRIBILIS

GWM 40, 6'2", 230%, black hair, beard, moustacke hairy nonsmoker, biker hung cut Lookin' for an equal for puttin and partyin' into biters, cops, truckers, bears, construction workers, etc., especially heiry, hung, whout. Not into top/bottom, master stave, builstill games. Non-tobacco users only LF6440.

HOT DADDY IS ON HIS KNEES

Dad's a strong, amart, successful, goodlooking man, 43, 5 10", 160 lbs., thinning
black hair, brown eyes, swimmer's build, very
masculine and intense You're the object of his
worship, a young man with very good looks,
body and mind who know what he wants
Letter and photo to Bob, PO Box 45355
Phoenix AZ 85064

WAESTLING

5 10", 160 ibs., good-looking, 30, muscular looking for challenges. NHB wresting leading to rough sex, humilation. Photo/letter to Tozo. PO 80x 6193, Station "A," Toronto. Canada M5W 1P6

SLICK AND SLIMY PURSUITS

Rubber-coated novice trash bucket, white, 36, handsome, 168, 6.3" br/bt, awaiting orders, training from intelligent, skin, younger scatmaster/spitshooter/snotboy with a wild imagination. Photo-phone if possible. Reply PO Box 981 Portland DR 97207

ONE YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

By 6 1", 195 lbs., master, 38. ex-football player Handsome, hot You must be 18-24, obedient, submissive with correct attitude Write only if you can provide photo and phone High Schoot athletes with big asses given preference At, PO 8ox 20004 London Terrace Station, New York NY 10011

DAD SEEKS B B SON

Successful W/M, 36, S'10" 155 fbs., will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son Possible live-in or your own place. GW, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502

HOGTIED, HOLE-THROBBING, STIFF-NIPPLED NAKED DADDY

Spread-eagled for not-wax & hot-tube & ready for love and the S&M needs of the condom-capped study invading above, finally staring up at the cocks t had pleasured on the boys in the back, as they empty themselves on my tits. face & crack, Bob. Miami, (305) 274-4773, 1 AM noon. Trave, everywhere, Box 65091 F.

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

This middle-agad former is looking for an upbeat, appressive partner into motorcycles leathers, boots, light butts, muscles, hard work, awasty armpits, sensitive lits, and REAL bondage (top or bottom) as a daily way of life. My specs: Scandinavian, hard physique, HiV-negative. Relocation possible. Write Box 33. Riner VA 24149

ASSUME THE POSITION

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a pood workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds, Prefer bluecoller, military or construction types. One of the area's best-equipped slave rooms. Request application from PO Box 28852. St. Louis. MO 63123

DADDY'S BOY 1988

Submissive country boy seeks dominant coach to provide ducipline and respect Outet sky boy (30, 5'9' 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and moustache) looking for experienced muscular Dad (35-45) for BB training and leather sex, into Levi, leather uniforms, and cowboys. Will relocate, Box 6232. F

SENSITIVE TOP

seaks sincere bottom for father/son relationship Should be 18-35, average weight inter eats in all safe aspects of S. M. bondage, daily spankings. Will help right son, Relocation necessary Am 39 6'2", 175 lbs., brown-blue. Send picture, defended letter to Dave PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039 (LF6231,

LEATHERMAN

WM, 5 6", 135 lbs., 35 yrs. old, S-P hair, hzl eyes, 64" cut, goales, cooking for leatherman who has lested Hfv-pos and not afreid to continue with his life. Can be kinky, depends on partner, open-minded, ceatherman should be about the same, Facial hair a must Con't be shy, Call Terry (612) 422-3766 Daddy-Son

LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TI, W/S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo, descriptive letter and phone to this 30-year old 88, 5 8" 165 lbs. Top. LF4883

BALLS IN MY COURT

5'7" top, young 40s, hot mind, body, hung, seeks submissive low-hangers and receptive mouth on non-fat, healthy trame for mild theavy abuse. Ball-stretchers, weights, fat, fucking. Detailed applications considered from masculine, cut only 80x 6505

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Bearded WM. 5 8" 135, 46, likes hard reclaim, poppers, fireplaces, rain, wet dirty Lee teather, boots, seeks stender GM, black at 46+ or into mutual WS, shif, SM, 60, top bottom, anagpies, ready for monog, relation ship lover, friend, willing to relocate to NY 80x 523615

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN OLD ISSUE OF DRUMMER

BOTTOM'SON? CALL DAD NOW

Chicago Daddy/Inp seeks son bottom for Intense physical/mental relationship. Must be in shape, masculine manboy who needs to be controlled by taller (6.4") map, into spanking, lucking, getting sucked, jocks, and creative play. Want a long term relationship with Dad? Proud to be a boy? Serious? Call John. (312). 682 4558 after 6.30 PM Chicago time.

BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED!

Dominant European guy 38 6'1", 160 lbs., frim hairy, masculine, dark hairreyes, reliable. seeks submissive professional retired dad over 55 for infetime relationship. Leather is great so are business suits. Want to worship. Dad but also dominate him. All scenes considered Will relocate Photo a must Box 6308LF

SON/SLAVE

You are any ago, not fem or fat obedient, energetic heading direction capable of giving and receiving love lovally, permanency, Dad is in perfect health, 57, 6'1", 180 lbs., 6" cut baid, glasses into constant but lessurely traves by van. budity, massage, wrestling, 8D, SM barned affection. Latter photo, phone to Dad on the road; I may be near you now Box

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live in box Others for week/ wee kend training. Be in good shape or be ready to work out together to get there. Master is 36. 5 11" 210 lbs., blue-blond, demandingleather Levis, boots, whips, bondage pain. service, suffering and servitude. Hank (612) 690-4167 (LF6457)

DESERT MANEUVERS

USMC/SEAL, BB, footballer, wrestler, cop other hot well-built WMs sought by Italian too. 35. Especially big men who need mutual pleasure to serve, or be used, abused. Almost any scene, especially pec/TI, sweat, L/L, kinley Gcc., PO Box 319, Henderson, NV

SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ/PA

Handsome, experienced, muscular, trim wellbuilt master 36, 6'1", 150, seeks slavemasochist-lover, permanent, temporary, weekend, who is inm, onder 35, well built Limitation accepted, but will expand. Novice walcome. Wall designed and aguipped dungeon. Write with picture to PO Box 135, New Hope, PA 16938 (LF6453)

WICCAN MASTER AND HIS SLAVE are interested in networking with similarminded men. Absolutely no Satanists, please. Also wants to locate man to do quality processing of 35mm b/w 8/or color film. Write Pastman, PO Box 80053, Mpls., MN 55408

BELLY BUTTON FETISHIII

Please tell me about your belly button. Does an explic body part turn you on? Let's trade hot fanlasies, up-close photos. Maybe more? Box 6494

ULTIMATE SLAVE

For your ultimate fantasy: W-M 26 58, 125 ibs, brin/grn smooth, citt shive, 7", U/C 28 w. to Latin, looking for that special Master who is educated in the arts of slavery. Professional people are given special trealment/ (415) 337 2008 Eves, San Francisco, CA or write to Drummer Box 5875LF

SEE PAGE 82 TO COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION

TH BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W W 42 5 9 150 lbs beard planted seeks in-shape bracks and others into pain forture. verba humination heavy til bai pulling fwisting pinching sketching Beer drinkers sale raunch soil W S Safe Sex Interested in Salanism Work 3-11 PM. Call or write Kar-836 Wheeler St., Woodslock, E. 6009B (815) 338-9137 (LF6508)

LIFETIME MASTER DADDY

Committed deminant Daddy seeks younger healthy submissive son for dedicated relationship Sane experimentation into all safe phases of 58M Baianced by a long term monogemous, loving Oad/son relationship Are you man and boy enough? Write with photo to Box 61, Arkington, VA 22210 (LF5270)

WALT WHITMAN TYPE

(artist) awarts volunteer model top for new wave paintings and drawings, 25-55. Some bondage: safe, physical inhmacy, Modest room and board, no wage. Lifetime or longterm relationship possible. Senous-minded suit-wearer a plus. 47 6', 175lbs, employed tell, drak, and GO handsome Homosexuals poly Bax 6270LF

SEEK DOMINANT SON

Executive, 57-year-old, 5'11", 172 tbs., silver moustache, 7" uncut, seeks 18 to 38 to 5 9" masculine, boyish, horny jock ass stud, commanding body worship, rimming, watersports This hol built Dad craves verbal abuse, mild ase beating, shaving, piss, enemas, sucking Gall (415) 929-7124 (LF6242)

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES Master, 36, Itali, well-built, construction worker's body hairy clean-out, successful, educated seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, pwimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to golde your life. HS and college jocks a plus. , will develop your mind. and mold your body to perfection. | am a protective and caring Master Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedsence and superior physiques. Work/school as I determine is best for you. HIV NEGATIVE ONLY. Relocation for top-quality applicant Physique photos latter with biographical information fantasies qualifications, telephone to Master Box 45189 Massachusetts Ave. Boston, MA 02115. (617) 437-1821. (LF5304)

ISSUE 1 .

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

(32, 5'10", 180, hairy, bearded, versatile) seeks buddles into leather, Levis, boots, uniforms, SAM, B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes (chikann auf Dautsch, Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolla Avenue, Chicago, IL 60640.

ARROGANT MASTER WANTED

GWM 27 5 11", 140, black/hazel Need Master to totally control me, mentally and physically. My last decision will be to become YOUR Mave permanently, Brainwashing, S&M, B&D, CBT/T, whipping Anything YOU desire. No limits. Please send photo and phone with YOUR orders. Box 6239LF

BOOTS LEATHER BONDAGE

Seek mature muscular top interested in boots bondage boods on jocks biking tollball weights rigid service shaving C&B work hot lube. (312) 274 5479 Box 6260LF

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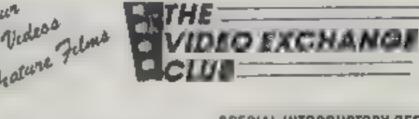
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DOMINANT SADISTIC MASTER

wants totally submissive, young, slim, low-limit, masochiatic slave for new heights, needed release. Novices must want fantasies turned into safe, sane, rough reality. Travel visit Miami weekly, Live in NYC Master 6, 175, 45. Apply/letter phone, photos. Suite 769, 263 A. Wast 19th Street NYC, 10011 (LF6017).

HUNGRY CUM GUZZLER

Hunky expert cockstoker craves thick, creamy mouthfuls of jism from hot, healthy, well-hung, in-shape Tops. Uncut with cheese a plus. Also into hairy, sweaty armpits, deep rimming, and recycled beer. Any race, 20 to 56. Fantastic oral worship only. No Greek, pain or scat. Box 6078LF.

BATAN WORSHIP

Altractive, healthy, W/M, 28, 5 (1", 150, seeks discrete masculine guy for serious Sal, its relationship. Send details, description, photo if possible. Will consider relocating. Can travel, into feather and most econes Prefer being top, but extremely versatile Others into Satanism please write. Box 6102LF

COCK SLAVE

Looking for ambitious, straight-appearing, tean Top, with hot mind, body and cock wanting/deserving service, I'm 5.8", 138 smooth honest hard-working interests outdoors, exercising travel, rural living long sessions Let me be your partner internate make and train me to be your cock slave. No cigarattes, fams, PO Box 1044, Westerly, RI 02891,

CONTROL

WM. Top. 5-11", 37 steks bottoms same size or smaller for exploration via mental and physical torture. You will be verbally and physically abused to the point where you will beg for more to the point where you are controlled. Call (714) 957-2642, 7-11 PM for appointment/discussion or write Box 6094. F

BODYBUILDER SLAVES

5.8°, 210-ib., extremely muscular Master requires 88 slaves for exhibition training. You will be laught proper attitude to carry this body. You will mold as I see lif. A description of self with picture is required with application. Pictures returned if I determine you not yet ready for the challenge. Box 6237LF.

DIAPER DISCIPLINE

Novice slave/son 31, 6' 200 lbs., masculine steks disper discipline, infantifiem, humiliation, punishment, light bondage, light spanking, watersports, tollet training, shaving, verbal abuse, and fetishes. Photo. Southeast Drummer Box 6442

SAM LIFESTYLE

Master with hairless stave, health considus, into no-limit S&M monogamous relationship. Would like to correspond with and meet other couples/devotees to share experiences and good times as peers and friends. Midwest and beyond. Box 6135LF

HOT LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 38, 5 11", 185, brown/blue, moustache, aseks other hot Tops/bottoms to 43. This man has help pees w/hard nipples that demand mutual heavy play. Dig heavy, sweaty JO workouts, jockstraps, chaps, uniforms uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. Am stable, educated, healthy, professional. Potential big brother/Dad for right man, into photography, 88, hiking. No Tems/drugs. Reply w/hot photo, phone to Box 4675_F

HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

Bitch/baby's hot writing male cunt/pussy desires harsh man-handling to make me gasp with pleasure/pain. Command this whore on perveried ways to service you. Shaved gash/twat welcomes your dork or fist with lubricated, extruded lips. Write kinky intentions your picture gets mine. Box 63761F

ASIAN SM BONDAGE MASTER

Or smooth hispanic of white man wanted by good-hoking blond. 5'7", 138 lbs. smooth body in good shape. Ropes, chairs, leather restraints, wax. clamps, suspension, tit conture, etc. Travel regularly throughout USA including NYC, SF DC, Colorado, Photo appreciated PO Box 691303, West Hollywood, CA 90069 (£F5051)

WANTED: YOUNG TRUCK SLAVE

45-year-old trucker wants young slave to learn trucking from the bottom up. Permanent only. Will supply what I think you need. Call weekends or send letter with picture. Box 6057cF (619) 723-848:

WANTED-YOUNG SAM BLAVE

Training, discipline, bondage, C&ST, TT, face stapped, hair putied, spankings and rough orders by two Masters, 18 and 48 You become whatever turns us on No permanent damage, timits increased. Send photo including face. Mr. Jones and Mr. Heim, PO Box 33336. Coon Rapids, MN 55433

HOT & HUNKY

Excaptionally serve hot, young, virile stud tooking for someone to fuck, to stap around and to such me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a photo-to prove it, or forget it. Box 5128

BONDAGE AND SLOW TORTURE

W/M. 36, lean, muscular, mesculine, imaginative, easy going, discrete, versatile, seeks similar in shape buddy for capture bondage forture games indian Roman Inquisition other classic scenes possible in hot sweaty, erolic, but safe, same fashion. Permanent relationship, relocation possible Let's not get old wishing we had! Box 6129LF

TRUCKERS/TRAVELERS 1-95

Handsome officer seals truckers and other rugged masculine travelers on 1-95 through Southeast Georgia. Let's drop our drawers and spread our legs for a full-croich longuebath at my place or your motel. Well-built masculine types ONLY. Send photo for rapk; I'm mid-30s, well built/endowed. Box 5724, Savannah. GA 31414

TRAVELING SON

30s, 5'10", 150 bs., am into Fr. Gr hot ass/buns, FF spanking, light S/M, recycled beer shower and 3-ways. Top only for FF prefer bottom for the rest. Travel trequently from Chicago to Chalt. The Des Moines to Cleveland; Miami and Dallas. Write with photo and phone so we can get a hot nonstop evening going. Box 5296LF

NAKED SEXSLAVE/HOUSEMAN

24-45. masculine, healthy, wanted for Master and partner, stable dynamic, sex-crazed, versatile grey-haired/bearded motorcycle men, both 54. Duties: Master's bitte buddy cocksucking, asspray, WS, TT, C&BT, wax, whip/paddle. BD, cooking, housework, Good service, loyalty, more. Master Les, Box 511265, SLC, UT B4151-1265. (LF4733)

I'M NOT A SLAVE

Only a real master stands a chance at making me one, if you're lough enough to command my respect and obedience; up to training someone who's not sure he wants to be; and oilo prolonged bondage, send orders. Surle 22, 1530 Locust, Philadelphia, PA 19102

TROOPER ROBY

Please call me collect, I want to know the truth about the island. A better ridge needs to be lound soon. Love. David

LEATHERED BOOTED MASTER

Tail tough cop needed with equipment and toys for intense control bondage verbal physical abuse of submissive leathered booted man visit friendship. Box 6523

PRISON FANTASIES

Prison race, bondage in electric chair, gas chambers, head and body shaving, leather rubber CBAT, TT Box 6521

READY FOR COMMITMENT?

Young sadistic master (25), seeks serious slave for immediate permanent commitment Expect total surrender and complete slavery. No buttshit. To apply, letter, photo and phone 8ox 6519

SLAVE SEEKS OWNER

GWM. 30, 5'11", 165, born to serve, seeking a master to surrander himself to. Need a selous experienced master to serve as his live in stave. Will relocate anywhere. Box 65 8.

TOP CRAVES TOPPING

Sutch, four-mouthed, hung thick, muscular jockstrap dude (30, 5 10", 160, always top) needs the right stud to break and pump my cherry butthole and tight throat, tise your best techniques to open me up. Will travel for total male. Write blunt letter and show it. Box 6516

NEEDED BUSINESSMAN/LL DAD

White main 23 5.4 138 NO EXPERIENCE 1 need to be there for your 80x 6513

CASTRATION

Wish to hear from males who have been voluntarily or involuntarily castrated Box 6511

MILITARY RECRUIT

Sta YES SIR. Recruit seeks CO for military training and discipline Boot Camp/Brip situations coupled with medical kinks Sir Recruit is GWM. 29 6', 160 fbs. In NYC but can travel nationwide. Recruit was in service. Please send orders to CompuServe 73270,312 or Box 6573

PLOW MY THROAT

Butch, hot hairy, muscular weight trained big dicked, moustached, 35 yr old, 6', 175 lb needs to link up with one or more leather daddy types for evenings or weekends of using my throat as their fuckfule I'm together, secure, handsome, healthy and can travel at my own expense to service you, into VA, TT, CBT, WS, light bondage, weed, poppers and long hard sesions of despthroating your cockringed horsedick. Let me swallow your load sir¹ PO Box \$409 Artington, VA 22205

TOTAL OBEDIENCE DEMANDED

by Master (47) and his stave (35), both 5'10', 170#, seeking permanent full-time masochistic stave. Attitude more important than looks, if senous, write Bill Freda, Suite 190, 245 East Foothill Bivd., Lipland, CA 91785 and we will send more information.

BOOTS BOOTS BOOTS

Serve mine, or let me do yours, Lace-up varieties especially, Goodlooking, 34, Br/gr 165, S 10" Also into leather, VA. BAO, 305 426-8067 NI 11 PM EDT. Phone JO OK

GOOD BOY NEEDED BY DAD

Seeking Hispanic or white mase under-35 stave boy. Must be mature honest, healthy, sincere and willing to make serious commitment to relationship. Prefer under 5.9" and uncut but attitude and willingness to explore limits and fantasies is more important. Dad is white mase., 6.8", 170. all the above plus sane and experienced. Send detailed letter to TD, POB 11402. Reno, NV 89510

ASS WHIPPINGS SPANKINGS

Wanted by white 5'5' 125-pound novice Determine limits expand same. Can travel 80x 8574

RAUNCH AND MUCK

European 49, 5'9', 170 into wearing filthy workcloth, rubber (boots), dung and plas seeks farm opportunity. Will occasionally help out in barn, stable or field in turn for stomping in the muck Seeking for that brawny buddy with farm, age and looks unimportant. Travel MY, NJ, PA and New England. Obscretton and response to all qualenteed. Write Roll Armand, PO Box 689 Brooklyn NY 11202

FAT WRESTLING VILLAIN

Love Gladiators? GWM. 38, 5 5" 200 hairy cheal, clean shaven, uncut, wants to share your holtest, darkest combat acenes No "real" wrestling, but our struggle can be as eroic brolat as you want it You musculific, under 50 any lace into he talk tits salesex good body, batter mind. Photo/challenge to TJ, Box 112 EXECUTIVE SUITE 330 W 42nd NYC NY 10036. Midtown Manhattan, dayinght

WHITEBOY WANTS BLACK COPS

and other big muscled, aggressive arrogant black, uniformed, verbally abusive regroes to punish his preity pink control th and horsefuck his tight shaved hole in their warm stinking socks. Me? 'm 26 yrs old, blonde & blue-eyed, 165% 5'10" and clean. You be over 6' and under 40 hrs blacks only No whites, please! Call Donnio at (714) 543-5989 anytime Will travel. J/O calls weiguin

1 2 1 2 1 2 1

Hot bottom 32 6, 180 lbs., seeks hot topmen into heavy assplay, TI, FF, teather toys, lite S. M. B/D, shaving spanking, 3-ways, more write PO Box 1245, Indianapolis, N 46206

PHONE J/Q

Masculine male wants harsh rough raunchy action/verbal abuse from tough masculine men. (816) 478-3775. Frank

LAS VEGAS COCKSUCKER

Skinny, white, 25-year-old seeks very masculine topman, 702-735-2417. No phone sex

HUNKY FOOT MAN

Tattooed weightlifter is noting out Foot Meninto Feetsoxgymshoesthicktoedswestodors jackscrewcutsroughpunchesdomination orderstrainingleatherbootstoughsubmission 80x 3338LF

COWBOY BONDAGE/WRESTLING

31, GWM, 155 lbs., 5 10" hairy, good physique seeks sane nonsmoker masculine, well-built man, 30s-40s, into bondage, wrestling. Reply w/photo. PO Box 755, Tuelatin, OR \$10002

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SHARE SOME SWEAT WITH UP TO 8 OTHER MEN

LEATHER + B&D + S&M
UNIFORMS + BIKERS
MASTERS + \$LAVES
TRUCKERS
BADDYS
FETISH
RAUNCH

415 976-7500

OF PLAS TOLL IF ANY

ATLANTA COUPLE

would like to exchange photos of leathermen who enjoy bondage. Photos of you gets photos of us. Photos of hoods, gags and hard-bound muscles a plus. PG Box 55125. Attanta, GA 30308

SM LEATHER LIFESTYLE

WM, 40, 5'11", 195, brn, hair and eyes, seeks others for mutual pain and pleasure. S&M. 8&D, TT, piercing, shaving, watersports, ene mas, hoods, gaps, toys, aroma, smoke turn you on??? Primarily bottom but have had training and can switch for the right person of that's what you want... Let's trade photos and phone numbers. All letters acknowledged Set your leather ready!!! Box 55'41.

HOUSTON TOP PIERCED TITS

6'6" bearded, 36. Into Titwork, plercings, shawing spanking, butt toys, enemas, and burrs. Saaks true bottom preferably younger Box 6429

RUBBER/RAUNCH/CIGARS

Cigar-smoking, fourmouthed rubber raunch pig WM, 43, 5'10', 160, beard, ancut, seeks other uninhibited raunch pigs, especially in the Boston, MA area. Uninhibited raunch including piss, shit, fun drugs, booze, leather uniforms, lots of smoke & rubber, CBT/T, anamas, catheterization, Salanism, etc. Box 6438LF.

EXOTIC BIRD BREEDER

who is also boltom into FF, dildoes & leather would like to hear from any other AFA, NGS or one persons. Looking to increase knowledge & limits. Washington state. Box 61161.F

MOTORCYCLE/MOUNTED COPS

Looking for dominant guys who are intomotorcycle cop uniforms, spurred black boots and aquipment for cop on cop(s) fantasy scenes. You should be into boots, teather uniforms, bondage and cop workovers Need into on how to get genuine police motorcycle heimets. Box 8204 Richmond, VA 23226 (LF6366)

BE DADDY'S MUSCLE BOY

Eastwood daddy, 42, mean and hung, suditioning healthy obedient slaveboy 68, 18-30, enxious to please and train for 88 compellition for daddy's pleasure and public display if not smooth, will be shaved. Send interesting photo and imaginative letter of application 80x 6356.F

MASTER

White male, 47, does not fit usual leather scene moid, 5', 190 lbs., wears glasses, beer gut, out of shape, smokes, drinks, reader book collector Requires live-in slave. Demands total submission/obedience. Expect to be exad. Live in ...A. Plea to Box 5349LF

PROPERTY

Trained mature houseboy, body servant, 5'11", 160, secure, healthy, railely used for SM Would be honored to again serve a MASTER(S) whose interests would include total mental physical domination and complete retraining resulting in a piece of exemplary stave property existing solely for its MASTER'S pleasure, well-being and lifestyle. Box 6369LF

TRANSFORMATION

Hot man, 30, 6' 180, hairy, hung, masculine, wants hot daddy/doctor to turn me into a woman. Fantasy or reality. Hormones, Make this hot man a hot women. Animals, Steve 1064 Myra Ave. #5 Los Angeles, CA 90029

BASEBALL PLAYER

White male, 5.9°, 132, 150 seeks pro or semi-pro baseball player, 32+ who needs a buddy or assistant in his life. He must be strict when needed but more important a trusted friend. Will also consider a coach or manager of the same age range, I am very discreet and understanding of the situation you are in. Box 6589.

REDHEADED BOY WANTED

WM. 39. 5'10", 155, Leatherman, wants a redheaded son who will get into 88. submission, obedience, mental physical domination, hoods, sweat, deprayed assigning—the right attitude a must. Openminded Boys—write—Seattle's Mot! Box 6571

YOUNG LEATHER DUDE

24, 5 6", 140, HOTI seeks other wild rugged young dudes and leather jacketed punks into leather heavy bondage, leather gloves, hetry bools, hoods, gags, whips, chains, cutts, face n ass fucion, gangrape, ganghangs, long hair, heavymetal, ROCKSTARS, Biters and LEATHER GODS are a big plus. Hey dudes, let's wrestle 1 on 5. S on 1 or 5 on 5, the more LEATHER the better Loser gets lied up and used, I can take CAN YOU? No fats, fems, or over 28 Photo and phone a must, also get rune. POB 95172, Las Vegas, NV 89199-9998

REQUIRED: SLAVE HOUSEBOY

Master 32. 6', 175, requires stave under 32 for full time monogamous service. Seek loyal hardworking stave unling to make a commitment. Will serve as stave and houseboy, will experience bondage, discipline, burnhabon, other scenes but safe sex only. Will serve time in basement jall when required. Include photo Box 6563

CROSS-COUNTRY TRUCKER

Looking for one special man to build file together I'm honest, hardworking, responsible, strong, successful, understanding, masculing, 35, goodlooking, serious bodybuilder Background: college, Air Force, construction, crane/heavy equipment operator, trucking Enjoy working out, riding motorcycles, being outdoors, raising/fraining horses/dogs, wearing leather, good thends, Box 6550, F

ATTN: DUNGEON MASTERS

WM. 5'10", 145 bs. 30s, looking to spend 3-5 days of summer vacation in your fully equipped playroom as your prisoner Keep me nature, chained, and ready Create lengthy bondage, suspension, and hot torture sessions. Respond to Dave with returnable photos—your playroom. Prefer southwest states, Hurryl Summer's almost here

FOOT-DADDY WANTED

Goodlooking masculine bland bue-eyed German man, 29, 6' 160, not living in the States but very often in the Bay Area, needs a dominant Daddy footmaster who knows where a good boot belongs. Daddy lites also talking and laughing, leather uniforms—and perhaps me. Answer with photo/phone gets mine. Box 5526

TRAINING & GUIDANCE

First the blue hankie right, then the sed hankle right, now gloves and more than one hand Keys on the right and a ring in my right fit. Ball stretchers, ball weights on the sling, is it time for the black hankie and slave collar? Training and gludance sought. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033

AGING HOUSEBOY

is ideal (sincere, conscientious, masochistic) drudge/victim for young, busy, demanding Master(s). Especially a cleancut, educated. adorably sadistic Superior/Dwner/Daddy into high poished boots, black jock straps, black slumbght gloves. Slavehoy is a clean, displayable, worshiping cocksucher-white, 57, 6'9' 160, shaved, buxom body, nice ass, hol, developed tits. Expects and desires to be naked, collared, whipped, spanked, slapped tortured (St. C&B), humiliated abused Please Sr(s) I'll beg and grovel, he year pussyboy. hek and shine your boots, suck your cock and ass, show you the respect, obedience, involvement that you expect and deserve. Permaneni, restrictive stavery in a secure, discreet caring environment is essential for total commilment, submission. Slaveboy has photos, reletences, income. With travel, relocate. Staveboy (213) 437-0467 PS.T. or write Box 6544. Thank you Sir(s)

STRAIGHT BUT SUBMISSIVE

European male, 46, now reluctantly admits need to be broken and trained as cockulave to a well-hung Master who would enjoy putting a genume wirgin into strict bondage and ruth-lessly enforcing prolonged French and Graek servitude. I am territed of heavy pain but accept Master's right to apply without mercy any physical persuasion necessary to ensure my total submission to the cock. Age/race immaterial. Based NYC but will travel the process.

DADDY GIVES HARD SPANKING

To young white executive type to 40. Me—very attractive Bik, big hands, big u/c cock 6 170 its., 34, love leaving marks on white asses with targe lickable feet and manly smets—you know what I mean. Telephone after 10 pm (212) 589-3737

DADDY NEEDS SON

Daddy 39 needs novice son 18 to 25 for training in spanking, shaving, etc. Son must worship his Daddy. Son must be willing to relocate Write with Photo. Box 6525 or call (716) 232-5868

MASTER SEEKS MUSCULAR SLAVES

Master, 36 tall, well-built, construction worker a body, hairy, clean-cut, successful, educated seeks staves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders needing a demanding man to guide your life. HS and college tocks a plus. I will develop your mend and mold your body to perfection 1 am a protective and caring Master. Will train mexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Work school as a determine is best for you HIV NEGATIVE ONLY Relocation for top-quality applicant Physique photos letter with biographical information fantasies, qualifications. telephone to Master Suite 296, 105 Charles St. Boston MA 02114 (617 437 1821, (LF5304,

> TFT TOATURE POB 4622, SF 94101

GERMAN LEATHERMNAN

Hot German leatherman, blond, beard, 40s. 6"/170 ancut, visits western US Oct.-Hox 88 Like to meet leatherment into TI, WS, Gr/p, Fr/a. Bot big ripples! The smell, feel and taste of leather makes me hot. Please write with photo to Bex 57558LF.

MANHOLE SPECIALIST

Long beach, FFT, white, 47, good-looking, 5.9", 155 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, seeks white 21.40, good-looking, masculine inshape, FFB, for long, safe butt sessions. Will be traveling North America in 1989 so also seek response from FFB Nationwide PO Box 3912, Long Beach, CA 90803, or call (213) 438-0917. Married & bisex.

MARIE

Handsorie, muscular, trim, well-built 48, 5 9", 145 ibs. seeks slave-masochist-lover permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. AR scenes, into being face-fucked, follet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF WS, scat, CABT, hot wax, electrotoriure, piercing, 880, branding, straighing, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pier sure. Box 4240LF

QUIET MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easygoing but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for special son/slave for muliual satisfaction. I am dominant in light S&M being Greek active, bendage, spanking shaving, and other lantasies. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling. Son/slave should be a nonsmoker, nor or light drinker, no drugs and nontern. Located in NY but travel around the country. Photo/letter to Box 4711LF

MR. MID-ATLANTIC DRUMMER '88
Be a part of one of the Holtest weekends this summer and one of the most talked about DRUMMER confests in the country. The MEN, The BDYS, The Confest, The Partying, The weekend where memories are made See AD in this issue for details

HOT, BUTCH, BEARDED TOP, 43 611", 193 lb. bodybuilder needs expert crotch service from shorter, solid, musquiar hairy bottoms around 5.8", 165 lbs. Photo. PO8 8008, FDR Sta., NYC 10150

PRIME MASTERI

Sadmi, Master handsome bodybuilder with big chest and arms requires slaves for perverted sax. An expert in whipping and fishing, sex is my creative outlet and years of experience in DC and NY have made me a master of my arts. My instincts will bring out your hidden phantasies to the lialest pleasure of both of us. Let a see how far your body can go I pride an being your lightwactly as that will you treat me and apply devotedly including photo to: GEST, 2800 Sennett, Dearborn, Mt 48124

BLACK AND WHITE MASTERS!

Swedish siave, 28, blond, good-tooking. Slave into: bondage, hoods, gage, dildoes, big cocks, piss, whips, tit forture, electricity, slave work, being whore, outdoor action and more.

Want real Masters! Also want contact with slave camp prisoners, Nazi and satanist men. Box 6492LF (international Postage Required)

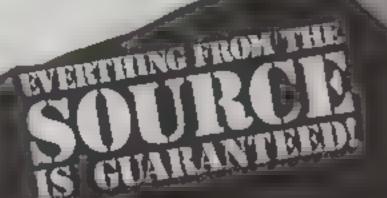
TICKLE TORTURE!!!

WM. 25, seeks hot guys to tie and tickle. Let's share original tickle stories. am ticklish too. Ah letters answered immediately. Box 6489

DISABLED DAD WANTED

by son, 32, good-looking and obedient, wheelchair, braces, crutches especially welcome. I will take care of you and serve you well. Your son is 6' 170 and ready to meet you. Write please Sir Box 6482





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DOUBLE O SHIRT

ation comes with leaves. You furnish awark. If you've gol em. flaunt 'em.' A real show

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शुक्रका कि शहर के (Without: sleeves) s/m/

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STANTON TO ME is and our an est advantage limited uann Junimited of Old Whot too man SEPTEMBER OF SHITTEN 1495

> ADD A BUCK (THAT'S \$1) FOR POSTAGE PER ITEM!

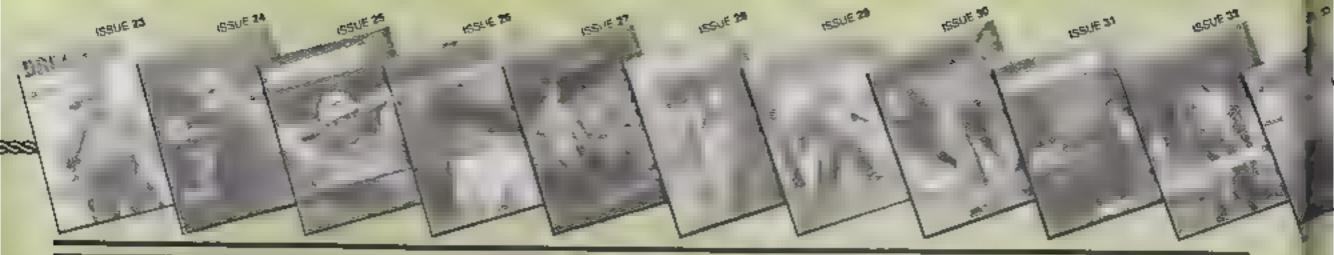
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HUGE-HANDED BUDDIES

wanted for heavy-duty punchfucking sessions 8ox 6460

COWBOYS, TRUCKERS, CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

Passing thru Connecticul, stop and meet two guys for a hot but sale time. One 5.9" 165 WM, 40s. Second, 6"1" 185 WM, 50. Located near 1-96. Stop to explore your desires. It interested drop a note so we can send you a phone number. Box 62251F

SMOKER'S COCKSUCKER

to service macho bikers, truckers & rednecks Smoke Mariboro. Camels or cigars while this cute little cum/piss boy does his job. A manneeds a cocksucker to dump a load into Poppers, been piss, sweat, tatloos. VA. & lineups, foulmouths, hung dicks, beards Bring me to my knees full time for groups of bikers, truckers or one on one. You'll cum Buddy! Box 6347

TOUGH COCK/STRONG BALLS

Intense phone sex, painful rabid cock and ballwork top or bottoms, but especially mutual workbuts, getting off on each other's hard-hitting sensations. Odd hours fine. Jackson 415-974-5990

PLACE YOUR AND HE WAS SITTED

-ALABAMA

BONDAGE TOP

Blond, blue, beard, hairy, 29, wants bottoms with bondage fantasies wanting to become realities. If you're a W M 21-40, fall skim or studies and a detailed letter with fantasy, photo address, and phone. I'm hot, horny and waiting, Contral Alabama (Montgomery), Box 6107_f

COMPLETE YOUR TOY COLLECTION: SHOP

0.00

LEATHER, BONDAGE & RUBBER

Experienced GWM 44, 58", 185, seeks men into leather bondage, rubber, light-medium SM CBT TT, WS and raunch Versatile Healthy sex only, Huntsville, AL, Send detailed information, photo, phone, Box 6430LF

ALASKA

FULL BODY MASSAGE

am a licensed masseur who enjoys promoting a sense of well-being by means of massage improve mental and physical health A quiel, comfortable atmosphere is provided Will treat you like a king! (907) 272 9045

ARIZONA#

BOOT LOVING BOTTOM

29-year-old kinky boot and leather lover secks leatherclad or booted men for lun and fantasy, in person or via mail. Wet, with, and raunchy times are a big turn-on for this bootkelini. Phoenix area slave. Replies with pics appreciated to PO Box 60245, Phoenix. AZ 85082-0245 (LF6204).

CALIFORNIA

BODYBUILDER TOP

W M, 5 11", 46"c, 34 w, 17"a, 24" thighs moustache, bald, oversexed, into light S&M some bondage, light torture, face-focking, fucking, rimming, hot sweaty action) interests animal workouts, Sci-F) movies, ethnic foods. You: VERSATILE, non-pushy, moustache, 30°, trim. PO Box \$233. San Francisco. CA 94101 No drugs, FFA. Retailonship possi-Bit

60-YR,-OLD DOMINANT GRANDAD

seeks submissive sons, grandsons, contemporaries of all ages! All fantasies considered, but you must be submissive! Box 5943...F

METERODIANO

Tough, black and love to luck, come and get some of this butthole. I'm talking Carl Weathers, not Whitney Houston, Jermaine Jackson, not Don King. Whitsboy cocksucker wants to shoot some in your direction. I'm looking for sex: Please don't send me brochures for your mail order business. Box 5951

MENNESON MICH.

Good-looking, well-built all-American type (5'6", 145, 31) craves hot dominant top for bondage/submission scenes from the more basic (restraint gags, hoods, shaving) to the more esoteric (long-term confinement, public display, group servicing, forced substance intake, etc.) Open to expanding limits to accommodate your needs. Photo, orders to Box 5902_F.

SEEKING MASOCHIST

Experienced SF sadist with iots of toys seeks one pain-craving Lavi-boot masochist who knows what he wants and can take it Fantasy-seeking JDera and imp-wristed fairies who wimp out quickly in a scene need not respond. Sadist is into whipping, gut wrenching CBT, TT, paddling and whatever other poisons the M wishes to pick. S is tall, early 40s, cut, nonsmoker neg, intell, health and salety conscious M must be neg, nonsmoker, cut 30-45, good cocksucker, and relationship-oriented Not into FF, scal, damage. Box \$100.

STUDIO 40 congratulates The Backstreet (the world's only surviving strict rubber and leather bar) on its Third Anniversary

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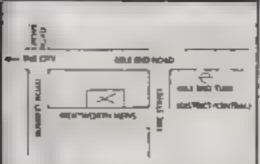
Visa & Access welcome

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There is only one club to go to for Leather and Rubber, THE BACKSTREET, the hottest men only club in town. And there is only one place to get the gear, STUDIO 40, the store with the selection and prices you'll love.

BACKSTREET Wentworth Mews, E3

Wentworth Mews, E3 01-980 8557 |club times| 01-981 5812 (other times)







TOILET BUDDY

very hot-looking Latin, 30s, muscular, well defined likes mutual shit scenes and steaming pass. Get off on wetching turds, gaping assholes, recycled beer, shit amearing, dirty jocky shorts and lots of grunting action, Looking for littiny minded, hot hunky and hung sluts to get our sweat holes going. Box 6056LF

ACTION-KINK

GWM mature but with slaming and drive for intense, wild extended but sale scenes Looking for playmate of any legal age. I prefer bottom role but also go top, intelests very varied, inclined to sensual & retired play, like bondage, all toys, electrical needles, rubber alc. guarantee reply to all. send short note with phone number to PO Box 31782. Sen Francisco, CA 94131, Let's meet and explore.

RUSSIAN RIVER

Oaddy seeks son for permanen) relationship Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45. Ilke home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer has been into 5. M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk Box 5461

BIG BEAR HUNTING IN THE AFTERNOON

Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar (white) bears. Big. tall hairy bears with thick. Int, long dicks. Belies a+ but not a must. I'm 5'10', brown hair and eyes, average build, and not into SM, just good old fashioned roll-in-the hay sex. Send photo to Box 5'5'.

SADIST NEEDED

Must be knowledgeable and have proper equipment for full maximum levels of pain, but safe only, I anjoy a variety of torture, starting allowly and gradually building up to a very intense level, I'm a WM, 43, 5'10', 170 lbs. Letter with photo & phone & address. Eric Adams, PO Box 14212, Santa Rosa, CA 95402

DRUMMER DADDY

seeking tall frim, muscular slave. You will be stripped, chained, & led to my dungeon Relationship possible for intelligent, professionally employed man capable of stepping out of the slave role and serving as companion. Drummer Daddy is in his 40s, brown hair bearded, 6 1", 170 lbs., nonsmoker. Nude photo, phone, letter to 80x 4988LF

COLD NIGHT? FUND A HOT MAN IN DEAR SIR!

SLIM, SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING WM. 30. looking for hot big-dicked top/dec/buddy. Too independent for slave, but want to experience reather Especially like harry, uncut. Prefer 33-45, honest, sane, aware 1'm 5'6 140, brn, grn, more than curious, and ready.

TOPGUNS

So go ahead, write w/photo. Box 6209LF

Two hot, horny, uniformed digar-chompin lawmen (29 & 40) looking for a punk that needs to get used and abused. Into just about everything as long as it's kinky and safe. Looking for buddles into outdoor sex, hunting and hot workouts on the range. Box 6316LF.

JUDGE JURY/EXECUTIONER

wanted by 23 year-old blond, 6'0 fall, 160 lbs. blue-eyed digar-smoking college boy whose cock hardens at the sight of a noose into cops, digars, execution prison scenes, military, bondage leather VA hoods, gags String me up Sir! All scenes, people considered. Box 6310LF

BACK IN LEATHER

GWM douple top 35 5 6 170 blond hazel Bottom 35 6 2 165 brown blue Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather FF, diddes, CB&T, catheters, Jums, hoods and especially long assiplay. Lover is into leather. FF, diddes and is an animal lover. Let's get tweaked out and do a leather anal invasion (209) 576 2260 (LF6319)

GET IT OUT

Hot-looking horny stud. 30 wants solid masculine aggressive fucker for raunch and more Box 6 43cf.

HEAVYSET TOP

is looking for a trainable bottom. Top is WM 408, husky intelligent, affectionate professional Bottom should be eager to please willing to have his limits explored and expanded. Trust, and respect important. Not into leather or motorcycles. Novice older or bottoms OK Reply with candid letter photo. Box 6328.

SPIT ON MY FACE while I suck your dich. Box 8250

ALAMEDA ASSHOLE SNIFFER

Straight appearing man early fitties wants to small your brown hole and lick you cheesy cock and pissed stained shorts. Finger my hole and drive me wild; I get off on playing and smelling a responsive guy a holl shithole. Mutual rimming and 3/0, spanking too. Cumpitant Letter and phone if to Stan, Box 63/70LF.

RUBBERMEN HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA...

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

wanted by retired GWM. 63. You're 18-40 5 9" or under siender smooth, submissive drug/smoke-free, honest, enjoy cats, cooking, the arts. Accept shaving, nuclty, complete supervision, safe sex, being owned, affection light bondage, no rough stuff. White, Oriental preferred. Serious only, no cons. Full letter phone, choig, Box 6123LF.

DIABLES TERRORISME

An association of leathermen into hot, safe, deviate sex. Offering contact roster, newsieller sex parties, 24-hour playroom with toys, equipment and poin libraries. Service area is Alameda. Contra Costa and Solano counties, but city men are welcome for details SASE to: DV8's, PD Box 27672, Concord, CA 94527 7672.

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Harry WM. \$1, 6., \$60, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy HD, heavy VA and humidation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while leasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 37114.F

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Golkg W M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seal and urinal. Fast up my nose, shift into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke DK. No pain or humiliation, Write. Sill S., #237, 2215-R Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114.



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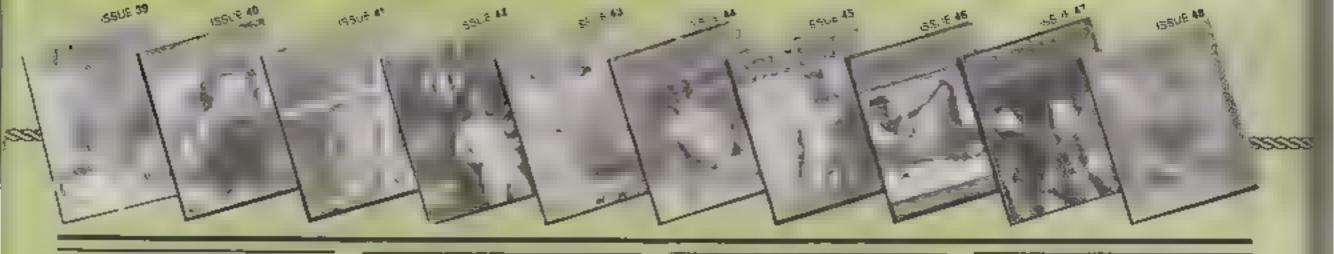
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Signature

DR



WANTED/SLAVE BOY & HOMEBODY TYPE BUDDY

Horny East Bay GWM Couple—1st Dominant Daddy Top ONLY Leatherman, 36, 61", 200-16s Cut thick 7" 2nd versatile Levi Type 43, 516" Cut 6W", 150 lba. Looking for versatile boy man with small ass & waist (small or medium frame) who is always horny and mostly hung—Age21-29 into: Leather, Levis, Jockstraps, Gym Gear Speedos for Safe & Sans Light 8&D, Titwork, Toys, Teasing Tongue Baths, Great Massages, J/D & Oral & Asspisy! Box 6408LF

FUCK MY BUDDY

Handsome WM. 6 2", 190 lbs., 38 wants you to fuck his handsome buddy BM, 6 1", 175 lbs., 39 We're masculine, muscular, healthy and athietic. Seeking good-looking, bung, welf-built, imaginative, versalite guys for S&M, TT, shaving, prolonged assplay. Sale & same Photo, phone Box 5959LF

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town, 5.6", 135 tbs., 32 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" capped, oversexed, lattooed seeks to submit to bossman for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage both at home and in the Starras. Humiliation, shaving, ass beating, piss, TT. All available to Master who needs to dominate a together stud & turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you can rope me, you can hump me, if you can cage me you can leap me (Hairy preferred.) Mark. PO Box 992. Cloyis, CA 93613. (LF5439)

RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented, 36, 5 10", 150, smelly bodies turn me on Sharing each other's clothes, odors, play shill pulse etc. Love out of doors, remantic Want similar types. Beards a must PO Box 680647, San Francisco, CA 94188 0647 (LF6425)

SANTA CRUZ LEATHERMAN

Young student, fascinated by other virue man fucking around in leather harnesses, cost rings ball stretchers and other instruments of delight, would like to meet with same. Send photo. Jantasies to Aichard, PO Box 7190. Santa Gruz, CA 95061

CIGARETTES, DUCK TAILS

Leather jackets, beer, 21-30 only, no drugst Jack M. Suite 284, 2040 Polk Street San Francisco, CA 94109

OVER DADDY S KNEE

Little boy looking for hig Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy, likes his ass beat with paddles, and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble built. Bearded Daddles only. "m. 30, 5'5", 120 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486...F.

ABUSE THIS PUSSY DAODY

Cunt bottom needs to serve horny, arrogant stud Top—red assed! Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humilitation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs, please 80x 6477

MUSCULAR BONDAGE BUDDIES

sought by horny white male bodybuilder, 26, 6'1" 195, blond/blue, Let's 6e each other up & have some painful fun. Nude photo/phone Bex 6447

CHARIOTEERS, MANBACK RIDERS

Man the reins of attractive blond 5: 10" 140 lbs., 32 years old. Go to the whip or spurs to keep your beer gut from slowing your ride. Exchange (antasies, or schedule last drive (send photo). Box 6444

SEEKING S.F LEATHER MASTER

Masculine white, 30-year-old S.F leatherman seeks training by experienced levelheaded top(s). My interests are heavy bondage and sale S&M. but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped playroom, need to be firmly secured in leather restaints during training. I take my punishment like a man, but am sale sex oriented into fluid blood. FF) Skilled Tops planning to be in area invited to write ahead to assure memorable visit Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF.

GLOVES CIGARS MARL BOROS

Fuckin SKINTIGHT black leather gloves cuppin a stogie or Mariboro get my dick hard Also into fuckin hot redneck verbal shit and UNIFORMS Jum (415) 673-1284

HAYWARD TO LIVERMORE

and vicinity Wanted saxy Irim bottom for repeat encounters. Submit to orders, leather harness, bondage paddle and more thexperience Okay I m W. M. 165 tos. 35 handsome, with dark features, logather safe, and imaginative. Send photo (preferred), self-description, and your ideas, 80x 656 LF.

NOVICE SLAVE

Ondos, fishing ass licking, watersports. You name it. Slim hot bodybuilding 6-foot blends needs big Master 8 inches+ only Photos get reply 80x 6539.

MISS DADDY'S DISCIPLINE?

GWM will discipline "son," 18-26 (only). Are you very goodlooking, smooth, boyish, not overweight—maybe have "preppy" look? Daddy will order you to drop em "Continued disobedrance will result in introduction to Canadian actions strap, punishment enemas, other humikations. I'm 44 (look younger), former headmaster to England when CP was allowed. Latins and Asians especially wolcome to reply J.D. 537 Jones St. #3905. San Francisco. CA 94102

LOOKING

Was S.O.M. Into FF WS. GP FR A/P leather fantasies, "Imps. older rugged men, the Stot Hothouse, toys, playroom creativity, sensuality, new things. And shit ami but willing to play carefully. Need partner into above to learn, grow with & survive with—WM 5.6", 155 brn/brn, encut 6" hairy & molivated to live again, tim professional stable, into positics, volunteer service, trip music 80x 6554LF.

AIM TO PLEASE MACHO MAN

Need faul mouth arrogant boss man for heavy V.A. & pleasure. Sweaty taltoo didde who digs a queer between his legs for kinky pleasures. Top's attitude far more important than looks. Uncut they plus Box 6532

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT

straight-appearing inexperienced black male, age 31 S'B' weight 160, looking for W M 26-42 for a discreet safe monogamous relationship Loves to watch gladiator movies. Not into S&M Box 6529

IF YOU LOVE TO SUCK DICK

and get fucked, I may be your man. W M professional, 6' 190, harry beety silver/black 42, wants your hot tips and tight cheeks. Tits tussie, much fove, steady safe sex. 25-40 gentle, smaller than me OK I have a companion. I need a sex buddy (or more). Photo phone 8ox 6527

WHAT IS A APPENDING MOTOR

by wild slave for constant belt and huge insertions stretching this wild slave to scream for more into enema and medical trips heavily bed and gagged by hairy extremely hung latteosd masters. 415 526-3047

MARKET SHEET SHEET

im \$6", 160 lbs., dark brown hair, green eyes, barry chest, 32 yrs. loto watersports non-oral). Its bondage, leather jockstraps, the play, oral sex. Your photo gets mine. Looking 30-40 yrs, into same. 80x 6370.

CONTRACTOR OF STATE OF THE

If you need sexual slimidation wa intense agonizing pleasure and gratifical on 408; 659-3040

SERPENT TATTOO

intrigued by the boyish follow with the manly attributes, longish hair, pierced tits, all-over tan and front-to-back serpent lattoo. Please contact. Occupant, 584 Castro St., Suite 630 SF CA 94114, 2588.

CALLFORNIA.

SON WANTED BY DADDY

You are an obedient boy needing love and discipline administered by affectionate businessman type Daddy with strict standards. Dad is 42 6'3", 255 lbs., baiding, hairy and loving, with high standards for your behavior. Send honest revealing letter and picture. Box 4934LF

PISS SLAVE WANTED

Good-looking too wants to meet slim and sleazy guys into weed bondage, plss fantasles, safe sex i'm 5'9" 150 lbs., brown hair blue eyes, good shape Wirte Bill, Box 6491 Pix?

MATURE BODYBUILDER-LEATHERMAN

Good-looking professional WM, 35, 5'8', 168 lbs., well built, looking for professional man over 40 who can introduce me to leather elestyle and share with the excitment of healthy body, dressed in leather and a productive professional career as well. You won't be disappointed if you are genuine. Box 6050LF

HUNG BLOND JOCK DIGS COPS

Good-looking athlete from, tan 26 boy, 6'1", 165 ibs. Huge thick cock. Looking for hot study, cops. military, to be arrested, strip searched, cutted and used. All American Boy into 80. CB/T, fantasy. Wrestle me down, bind me, gag me and rape me repeatedly. Come on. Six arrest met Box 6054LF.

WANTED EXPER. LEATHER SADIST

Muscular, tattooed Italian S has not Italian M to share Looking for hot S with attitude and endurance for long, rugged session ordering M into heavy S-M, 8D, hoods, gags & other fantasies. Detailed fetter phone to Box 585-B306 Wishire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211 (LF5906)

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21 35 Am white, 33, 5'11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body, saoist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom, into whips, belts, bondage cock & ball torture, tilt forture, full hoods & gags If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657-5327 All others send detailed letter with current picture (A ML/ST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903)

MASTERS SLAVES WANTED

by Master, 25, 5 11" 150, and his slave, 37 5 10", 160, to assist in achieving pleasure, satisfaction through SAFE and SANE SM 80, VA, CBT, mindtrips, leather/military fantasies body worship, assplay, submission obedience if senous, open-minded, and interested, whether experienced or nowice call (619' 237-0586 No phone J/O. (LF5897)

HOT DADOY PUNCHFUCKER

very not, healthy, 52-year-old 88, 6'2", 200 lbs. chipped beard, baiding will expertly punchluck your hungry hole. You be equally hot hard, creative, have a light healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used. In appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply Daddy PF Box 5888.

UNIFORMED BUST

Decidedly for ... abuse hungry. White stud sonofabitch, gung-ho to discharge duties as Convict Stave Animal Prisoner Captive to sad isto, idox ass, tall beored, uniformed Black stud 43 who demands intense disciplined workout exacting punishment furture to reinforce proper attitude and behavior Direct letter w/mandatory fole to PO Box 2524 Chino, CA 91708 (LF5987)

TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.I.P gear and uniforms with tail, hot black boots, all to be serviced by hot hung leather study any race Mike, waiting to service hot booted leather study. We are both hot, well-hung, good looking and into FF WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony (213) 777-0122 PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047 No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM.

STUD SLAVE

Very hol, hard body bottom, muscular 5-10" 175. 36 wants raunchy muscular top to put me in my place. Age (younger or older) unimportant Good bod and dominant attitude are if you want a stud slave, with spirit, write with pic to Sunteholder Suits 304, 12228 Venice Blvd. L.A. CA 90066

HOUSEMAN'SLAVE WANTED

Two dominant WM professionals (42-44) seek mature bottom as permanent houseman, servant in unique household. We will provide love, discipline, further personal development. You must totally commit mind and body to our service/satisfaction. Prefer healthy, intelligent, obedient. WM 25-45. Submit detailed letter photo to SHACK Box 6210LF.

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 47 into serious bordage mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, ass/T) scenes. Sale sex only, Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11 PM-9 AM. (818) 843-5428

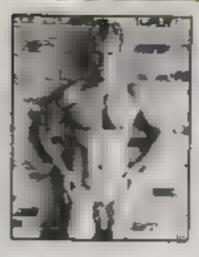
SHARE THE ADVENTURE

If you are the master of your file and want to be the master of mins. I'm 34 bottom husky and honest looking for a dominant map in his 30s to 40s, and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but "B treat you as if you are. Sammy, (714, 220-D513 (6566LF)











CASEY DONOVAN FUCKS SCOTT ANSWER IN AN ALL NEW KEY WEST MEMORY

EARLY HOUSE

"Key West has always been one of our lifestyle's fantasy playgrounds. I can remember seeing Casey Donovan there many times over the years and thinking he was one of the hottest fantasies going. So, a lot of years ago, long before any of us had ever heard about AIDS, a Key West fantasy finally came true for me . . . and his name was Casey Donovan. I can't remember which was hotter, the sizzling afternoon temperature and humidity, or the eye contact going on between Casey and me... but lust took on a whole new meaning that afternoon by the Early House pool. I promised myself one thing, the Donovan-dick-of-dynamite swelling and throbbing in his skimpy white trunks was going to go off... up my ass. As I look back, the best part was that this "legend" was not only one of the hottest... but also one of the nicest men I'd ever met. And oh, what a fuck I was determined to give that man. Casey was in Key

West this particular time on a shoot, and video equipment was being stored in his room. Even though neither of us knew much about the operation of the equipment, both of us thought it would be hot to capture the moment. And did we ever. Fucking and watching ourselves fuck-

EARLY HOUSE Casual Lodging in Paradise 507 Simonton St., Key West, FL 33040 (305) 296-0214

ing on the monitor doubled the intensity, and we ended up with two things ... a very hot dirty home movie, and a lasting friendship. There have always been only two copies of our Key West fuck ... one for Casey, and one for me. Casey's gone now, but he had sent his Donovan/Answer copy to Mikal Bales at Zeus with a note saying "Mikal... do something with this. Love, Casey." Since Mikal and I have been involved in a relationship for a number of years, we decided to do just what Casey wanted. We went back to the best guest house in Key West ... Early House ... for me to recall that long ago fuck with Casey Donovan, and for Mikal to film it After a sweaty, horny afternoon by the same pool, I went upstairs to the same room and worked my dick off hard and slow to a distant fantasy that had come true. "Early House" is a steamy, hot, tropically lush video of yours truly jacking off to the rock hard memory of Casey

Donovan's cock bludgeoning my eager ass. If you get off on two very horny blond men going at each other's bodies like lions in heat, take a VCR vacation to Key West with me and Casey. I know he'd love it. And as for me... thanks, Casey, this one's for you."

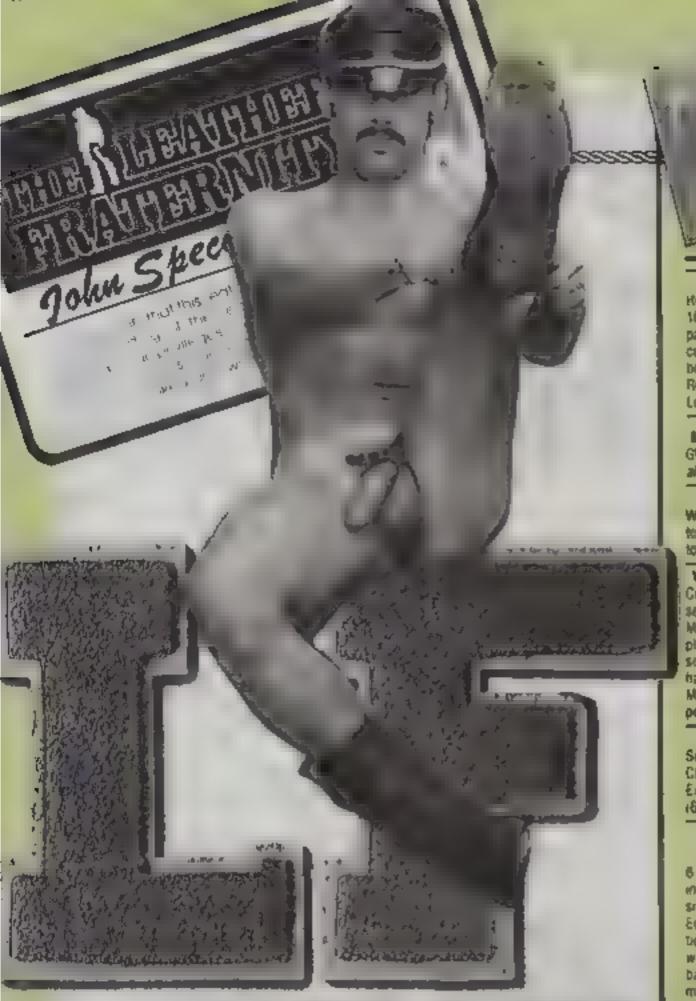
Scott Answer

EARLY HOUSE/ZV-1002\$59.00
Proceeds from the video "EARLY HOUSE" will
go to AIDS research in CASEY DONOVAN'S
name from Zeus Studios & Publications



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	flom over 21 years of age	

EAGER SMALL HANDS

tot bairy frim masculine sexy bottom, 40, 6 165, moustache, likes FFA, toys, ciolhespins, paddles, harnesses, seeks fun-toying kinky cocky safe small-handed young menroider boys who know what they like and went Returnable picture/letter gets same. Chris Lee, PO Box 39703, L.A., CA 90039. (LF6320)

MANHANDLE MY BIG COCK/BALLS GWM hung big and uncut need heavy CBT. It's all yours/PG Box 5001, E. Monte, CA 91734

ANIMALS

WM, 32, 5'10" 160 lbs, very hol, horny wants to meet experienced/novice in scene Phone up to 11 PM PST No JO calls. [213] 669-0068

WANTED: HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex slaves, to service my 9"X7" mastercock. Must be 16-30, possess a well-maintained physique, experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28, 6.5", 220 fbs., dark harreyes, mustached, harry To apply call Marcus (213) 439-5052. Live-in, full-time permanent positions in my stable available.

HOT ASS AND TONGUE

Sobmissive WM, 42 81, 160 Mutual FF TT CBT, WS, enemas, calhaters, mining Expanding limits/experience. Paim Springs, (619) 321 2819

BLOND WEIGHTLIFTER

6.3", 195 lbs. 27-year-old jock, good-looking interested in contact with a dominant appressive, inflexible topman with a mean streak anjoy extensive verbal and physical humilation. Inferested in men 35 yrs. Into well-worn leather, work boots, businessmen, badass working-class men, cops, bixers, mechanics, cigar-smokers. Sale sex only Serious Photo gets mine. PO Box 16813, San Olego, CA 92116. (LF5007)

KINKY PLAYMATES FRIENDS

Looking or kinny bo' tom or safe play Ropes, fantasies and spankings are some of my favorite things. Me cleanshaven 31 5 to 165 lbs uncut in shape top. You: height/weight proportionale 21 45 in LA-Long Beach area. Ethnics/beginners welcome. Send letter-photo (no photo/no reply) to: Box 6473LF.

BUTTBOY WANTED

by sim bland coach, 41, 5'10", strong self-made, hardworking, decent tooking. You about 28-34, under 5'11" slim to trim, sharp, working. Up for frequent spankings, work-outs, enemas boot camp training. Work play, growth & companionship, Local men Photo Jaka, 1064 Myra, 886, Los Angeles, CA 90029

YES

A young clean-cut Marine required for my 8-day. Must ge a gentleman, submissive, and withing to take orders. Should wish same to be active duty or be witing to stand inspection in full dress. Wish to exchange dog tags. Replies to Mr. R.S. Howell, 3032 Kern St., Oxnard, CA 93033 or call (605) 653-0837.

EXHIBITIONIST

33. Bi:W M. horny and sexy, hung and hot, built and beautiful. Experienced. Seeking opportunities. Any scene OK w/other hunk(s). Cue the spotlight, open the curtain, and give me S:M. B/D. W/S, imagination. Give (accept) the challenge, let's blow out minds. Greg (714) 499-4079. (No J/O calls) Box 6562

DUANT FOR ADDRESSED

with me. If you are a man who is sure about himself and master of his own life, then want to be the complement, the other half, I am in my 30s, husky, G/P F/A, financially secure and looking for a dominant man, in his 30s-40s, successful hairy would be a plus. average to well endowed and knows what to do with it, Looks are less important then attitude. You should like to explore new things, share the knowledge, play sex games, and enjoy a good ai gument once in a while to clear the air. I have a genuine commitment to offer to the man who knows how to accept real love and return if with affection. don't expect you to be perfect but you can expect that I will treat you as if you were. Give me a call so we can talk about it. Orange County area—Sam 714-220-0513 or 213 924-4833

WANTED: CHINO PRISONER

Accused White Stud, 25.35, masculine wanted for overright shackled, handcuffed incarceration Macho correction officer W M 42. 6.1, 2508, hairy, demands pleasure service from captive. On parole, convict is officer a buddy, companion Must ve Pomona-Ontario area, Details, mandatory mug shot, phone 8: Tom, 12475 Central Avenue, #154, Chino, California 91710. Sex 6560LF

SO. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include VA, bondage, boots. TT/CST, was, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at "Puppy," Box 148, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd #109. West Hollywood. CA 90046

HOT SURFER STUD

Blend bodybuilder, 28, 6' 180, extremely goodlooking, hung and experienced, wants not bottom for sweaty workouts and submission. Photo a must 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard, Apl. 644, West Hollywood 90069

HIV POS SEEKS KINKY BUDDY

Hot bearded GWM 5-10" 165 pounds, hairy, 7" cut, seeks partner for mulual kink and sale raunch scenes who is also HIV-positive into leather. SM, role playing sale scat scenes, bikes and io's more Send et ar phone and photo to PD Box 244 8721 Santa Monica Bivd., West Hollywood, CA 90069

MUSCLE FRAT HAWKS

4 Golds Gym ages, rape sluts in gang ambushin. Beaches are easy scorin grounds! Unsupervised Jr. cumsuckers everywhere. No problem baggin us an eater! Skut gets cuffs, poppers. cock and loads? More Info? 88 only. 80x 8533

SCAT AND BODY WORSHIP TOP

wanted by bottom, early 40s, overweight, ringed and lattooed. Love to worship toes, armorts, croich and asshole. Marshall—341 No. Harper Ave. 40. _A, CA 90048

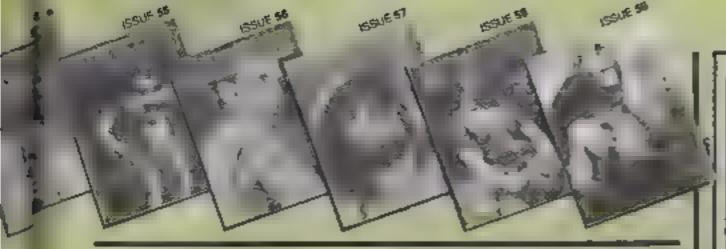
VACUUM PUMPERS/SHOWOFFS!

This hot bodybuilder suraps his long and thick Wants same. Experience. (213) 552-4004

COLUMADO

DENVER DRUMMER DADDY

25, 5'9", 160 lbs., dark hair, moustache. Seeks son for face fucking and ass plowing. Limits respected, but must be willing to expand them. Must be in shape, under 30 and willing to commit himself to my lifestyle Send detailed letter with current experience and specifications, photo and phone. Box 5967LF



MASTER NEEDED

to control WM. 23. 6 1 200 BD hoods, gags, S/M, CBT, leather etc. Sa'e sane Your scene your way. Please help me expand my wmits, skr! Box 6542

FIND A REAL MAN ON DEAR SIR

DENGLISH TREMARKANIA

Attractive white boy, 27 waiting to follow orders of black lops. White Irash needs discipline, verbal abuse, toxet duties. Box-holder, Box 5304, Loveland, CO 80538

YOUNG WHITE ASIAN

for lite bandage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 50, Top Mountain climb, run, tennis, hike travel (303) 972-4177

PDELAWARE

THE MAKING OF MEN

I'm really not a Leather Daddy—ust like boys who need to be serviced by a man Prefer young stander burs, proportionale structure. No smokers drugs, drunks or live-ins. You don't have to serve me. I'm tall, stout, white non-racist, experienced. When was your tast good service job? Will travel, photo appreciated Box 6326. F

THE PROPERTY OF THE PERSON OF

SWEATY FEET

Hot WM 29 will service your feet. Box 14023 Harrford. CT 06114.

DCMETRO4

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" wast, web built, together, loner, erolic. Lean/muscular. nonsmoker; use/abuse, whipping, salesex: Exmilliary special warfere. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of 0," "9% Weeks," "image. "Beauty" Trilogy, JM, PO Box 44029 Ft. Washington, MD 20744 (LF5030)

WM. 32, seeks tough but lander jock-wearing dad. This boy is into paddles, straps, some TT/C68, mild SM but heavy into ass play dildoes, etc. Are you my Daddy? Alten (202) 332-7017 (LF5983)

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

GWM, 40, 5 10" bi/bi, 150 lbs., mustachegoalee, seeking other men into good lunky but safe Bex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual Special turn-ons include tilwork, hair, tals. PO Box 2341 Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

DE ANDROUGH VOIAGONO

Willing to submit to Master for humiliation, discipline, S&M, ET, C&B work, whippings and whatever else Master determines for proper training. Slave is 35, 200, 5'11", blond, little body hair pierced and ringed Sir please let me serve you Box 6249LF

MY ASS-YOUR FACE

Tail, muscular lean, hung, hairy, man wants to play with your hole while I am on your face Men, boys or slaves in shape, solid or slender call Daddy (202) 667-6151

12/10/01/03/10 /5

THE THE U.D DANSEY

Sig bearded old Daddy wants young boyesh lopson for wild sex, mutual light S&M, and fantasy Nonsmokers only! Photo to Aardvark, PO Sox 7294 Ft Lauderdale Ft. 33338

DAD WANTED

YOU 30+ stable, top. ME 32, 230, black/blue, beard/stach, into FF ball stretching, B/D, verbal abuse diddes, shaving, leather poppers and uniforms. Stable self-employed healthy, HTLV-neg, beginning 88. Heeds prolonged workbuts. Send letter and photo to Betir. PO 80x 3166. Venice, FL 34293. Same will be sent in return all 8886888.

COCK TORTURE SPECIALIST

Sought for innovative, prolonged cock bondage torture, pisshole dilation. Medical techniques i.e. numbing calheters, other devices a plus Challenge my head with your letter and out my dick in your hands. Will travel to genuine pro Ex-elect marine medic, do not freak easily (Miamit) Box 6217LF

2. 海生(C. 1. 1.

39 yo. WM. 5'9", 158, smooth body, 7", South Florida, expenienced assistivar looling for aweaty bluecollar types or rugged males for intersive asslicking and body worship sessions. You know who you are. You will not be disappointed. Box 6297LF

COMING TO KEY WEST?

GWM 30s 6.2 175 lbs muscular and hung, seeking dominant, big-dicted leathermaster(s) into boots, uniforms. SM BD. Whand more for hot, intense and uninhibited safe scenes. I will submit to your needs. Photo, phone, please—all answered. PO Box 893, Key West, FL 33041

NA. 11. 1977

5"10", 175, 26, 8" cut, above-average tooks, seeks holf dominant top with equipped slave room fixtures, extensive leather rubber latex gear/toys for restraint, submission, control sensory deprivation, sexual enhancement, letter exploration and, above all, achieving mutual orgasm. Safe and sane only Limits. All scenes approachable. Ft. Lauderdale area. Detailed letter, nude photo returned/mine, phone if possible 80x 6496LF.

NEW INCH

Use me abuse me. Shaved head, 47, 1758 5'10" Box 6072, Pt. Charlotte, Ft. 33949-6072

REMINISTED DISCOVERSE(TED

Orlando—27 yo., 5'10", 195 tbs., GWM chubby, bearded, shy, mexperienced but am fucking horny Looking for older chubby bearded daddy/tutor type, willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Eager to be laught most everything including leather scene. Like loys didos, rubbers and watching X-rated videos. Box 6548.F

GEORGIA

GWM, 38. 5'10", 155 lbs., moustache, attractive professional, stable malure fun-loving, anti-bar seeks singles couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and or bottom sale scenes (leather B D TT photos. S. M. etc.) inexperienced OK Visitors well-main. Mortogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125, (404) 636-1688.



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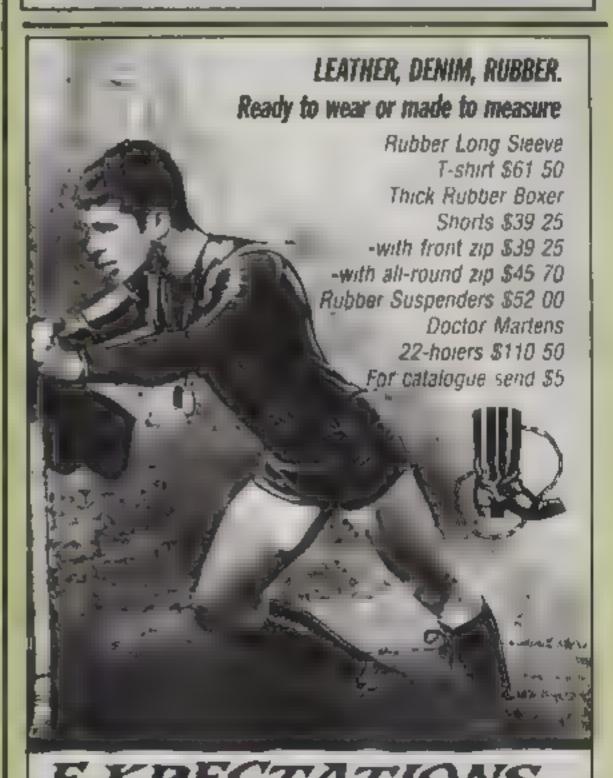
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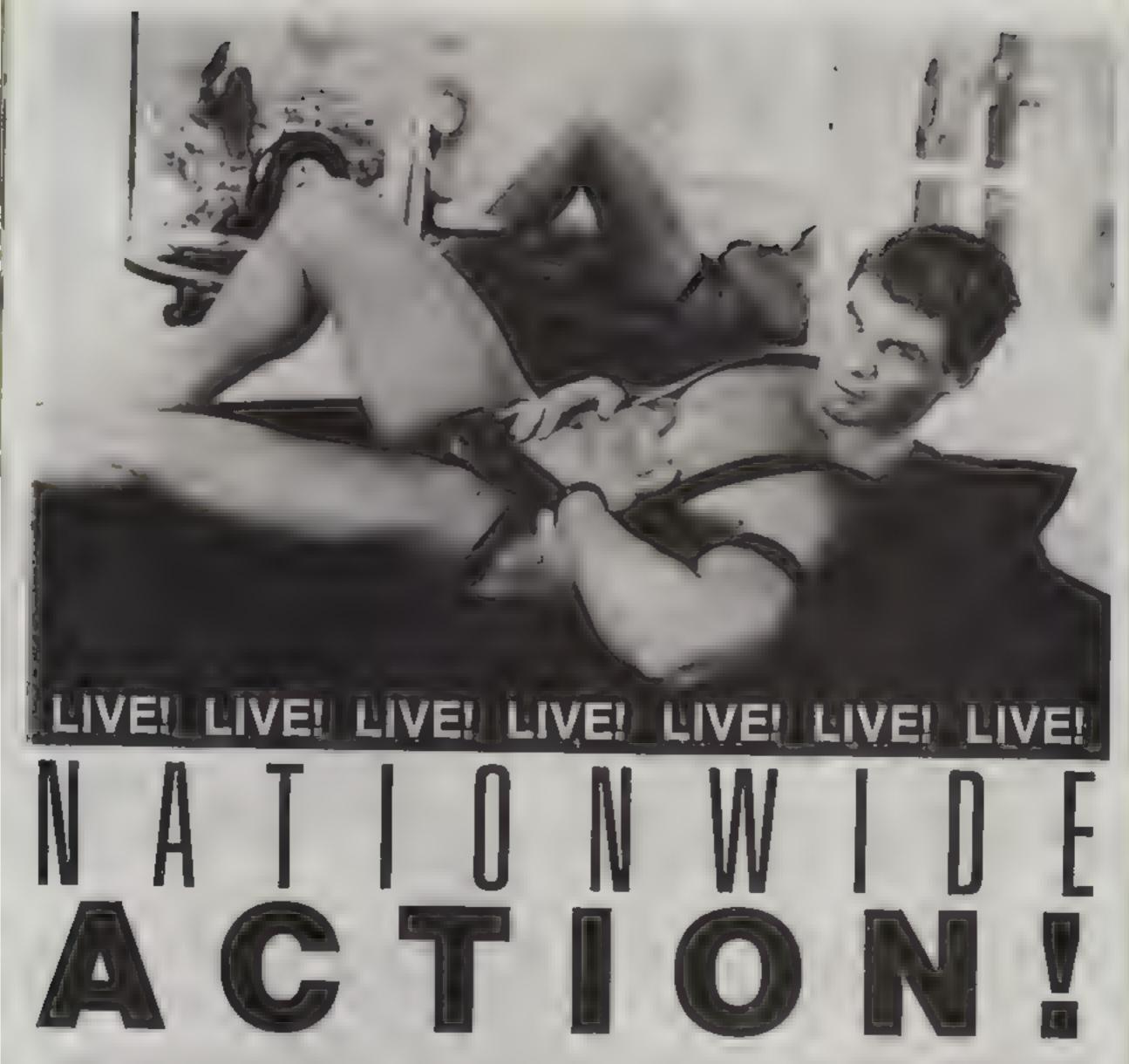
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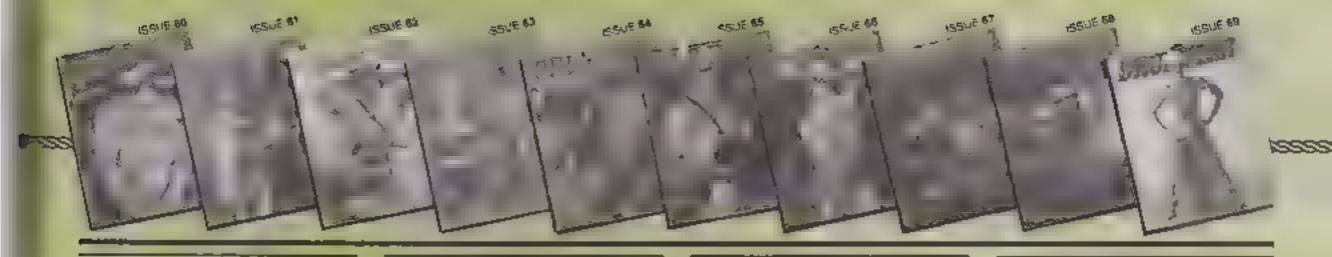
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LOS ANGELES 976-1114 \$2 FOR 2 HOURS

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ATLANTA AREA

GWM. 32. 5 11", 155 lbs. attractive, honest, responsible, has top or bottom fantasies evolving rubber, bondage diddes, etc. (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous, loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trustworthy, completely honest risen. PO Box 36022. Decator, Georgia 30032 [5774_F]

ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?

Versattle seeks same. You ideally 5'8 180 30-45, stable, intelligent, aggressive, moustache/beard Mer professional 41 5 10", 150 8+, brown S&P moustacher assertive, masculne, attribute. Not looking for love. Have playedom and lover. Looking for talented playmain Only versattle men heed reply with ret or photo, phone. Box 65721F

NEW IN TOWN

GWM. 30 5 0 165 blown blue bearded masc moving to Aliam's area in June and looking for other masc W Ms 25 50 for possible relationship. Prefer bottom role. Into spanking uniforms, wrestling, safe sex. Am open to other acertes. Also looking for work-out buddy. Mike, 157 East Bivd. Box 104. Montgomery AL 36117

HAWAIE

MUSCULAR BLACK MALE

6 foot, 160 pounds, 30, 30-inch waist 42 inch chest, Hispanio tooks, wants muscular white male to play with. Answer with photo. Mike, 2542 Date #1405, Honoluly, HI 95826

THURSDAY

ASS EATING BOTTOM

Pig bottom seeks Top or bottom with hot asshols, into all kinds of kink and raunch, W/S, hol wax, lit work, spil, snot armplts, piercing, I am HIV neg W M 30s, 5 10° bearded Need to eat your assi Call (312) 477-0763 (LF5898)

HORSE WANTED

6 1%" 205 lbs., 59-yr engineer, master wants any age, 220 lbs.+, 88 or muscular heavy-set stave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts, mutually pump from Nautilus, swim ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me Reward is my good pac lit, nipple play, kisses PO Box 1395, Metrose Park, IL 60160 (LF5901)

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny, masculine GWC 39:40, into exploring leather world seeks to meet compatible COUPLES to share our playroom (fuciong, suctorg, 69) DNLY into watching, being watched (NO contact), interests, locks, leather/Levi uniforms, Dad/son couples, Harry a plus. NO kinky, far out or heavy scenes, Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175 Chicago, IL 60641 LF6053

CHICAGO MASTER

Level-headed white daddy, 48, 6 3", 190 lbs... with well-equipped dungeon/playroom, wants bottoms/slaves for humiliation, discipline S&M, TT, C&B work, whippings, JD etc Carfulfit your desires. Novices accepted Lines respected Like to teach teachers, humiliate tooks. Asians & Latinos welcome. Bring your took, let's play. Box 6101LF

YOUNG GUY IN LONGJOHNS

Looking for young guys into union suits, longiohns and underwear 38. GWM into most underwear uniform scenes. Safe scenes including J.O., French A/P with lots of underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 608 W. Barry, Chicago, IL 60657.

PUSSY BOY

WM 28 155 lbs. Good-looking stud needs emasculation, degradation, transformation into groveling possycum. Can travel all over John Broyer, Box 43, Edwardsville 8, 62026

TNDIANA®

LET ME HELP

Discreet WM 25. 5 6", bearded, professional is interested in meeting inexperienced boys of all ages. This caring discripinarian wants to correct your bad habits. We all have limitations. I'll respect yours. Any photo, phone appropriated but not necessary All answered Write! You know you should Box 6152LF.

SEEKING MEN OF KINK

J5 (look 25), 5'B", 135, muscular Hot hille guy saeks visual mental and/or physical simulation with tops who can get down and dirty into most scenes from vanilla to make your puri flavor. Teach me the Michaest isn't really this dull Expand my horizons, please Box 6552LF

V-A ASS BEATING

Daddies: plusses—cigars, chart beerguts, filthy boots, cheese mean, filthy mouth, heavy betweezer strop, hard strokes Dick-suckers you'll crawl and your boy dick will drip from the abuse you'll suffer Slove painful assbeatings/floogings, CB/T, bondage Daddy or dicksucker write for intense painful Power sex Maie ritual Box 6233EF

IOWA:

YOUNG BB NEEDS FUCK BUDDY

6 1", 210, wants hot masculine men (log or bottom) 21-40 for safe but serious play interests bondage, shaving, CBTT, SM, spanking, massage, and ??? Special turn-ons (not required): uncut, hairy, tattooed. Long-term relationship possible with right guy. Can travel. Photo and detailed letter to Box 6071LF.

ATTN: TRUCKERS BIKERS COPS

Stave 31 6'3", 171. 8 to service Goodlocking, Well built. Well hung Truckers, Bitters or Cops while passing through Des Moines, lowa 180-135). A real dick pleaser offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass to Hot Macho Truckers, Bitters or Cops. Leather, Cigars, Bear, Piss. Sweat, Poppers. Semis. Bitters and Badges a turn-on for a gang of bitters, Truckers, or for HOT one-on-one action (safe sex unity). For information and telephone number send name, address, and a photo to Lee PO Box 7223. Grand Station Des Moines towa 50309.

NOVICE SEEKS TRAINING

Sir? This bottom deeds you, a HOT muscular TOP to expand my limits and whip me back into proper physical shape for your use. This bottom is a white male 29, 5'2" 248 ibs. and will try anything except pieroings, scat, head shaving, or permanent damage. Box 6262.F.

KANSAS-

MANUFACTURE STANDARD STANDS

Dominant Master daddy, 36, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young study with good build. The Master PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502

FROM KISSING TO SCAT

No pain, condoms for acrewing. Otherwise anything goes, WS, FF 69 scal. I'm top and bottom 33 attractive, professional and intelligent. You are under 35 honest, no substance addictions, and attractive. Prefer cleanshaven Can travel KCMO to OKC. Write soon with photo and phone to box 6458. F

KENTUCKY

KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

ceatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'9", 145 lbs beard. Versaule, openminded and slable tikes leather porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Raply with photo to Box 5515LF.

HOUISIANA.

MOTORCYCLE COP

New Orleans WM 32 8' 165, seeks WM into the smell, taste, feel of hot black leather. There is no such thing as too much black leather fall black leather boots, breaches, gloves, chaps, harnesses, jeans, jackels, caps, belts. Prefer to be bottom, but am versatile. Also into loys. My breeched ass works on a H.D. by days, and I ride Yemaha V-Mex at night in leather. Also have a Suzuki GSX-R1000 and am heavy into motorcycles and motorcycle gear. Pokee uniforms and police gear also, (mo BO, SM-- #ght to heavy scene, action only. Cigat smoket Phone JO ok Call (504) 282 0729. PD 80x 57161 New Orleans, LA 70157 No novices. If you aren't dedicated to leather, call someone 6126

MAINE

SADIST

Sane experienced gay white male master 45 seeks masochistic gay male slaves for medium to heavy S&M. 8&D. torture sessions, till torture, cock & ball torture, anal work fistfucking, whipping, shaving, hot wax endurance & most safe scenes & sex Must be trim, masculine, clean & willing, a lew limits OK Send prix Location, southern Maine Box 6431LF

TORTURE A TURN-ON

Tail, lean, obedient slave, 25, seeks creative master for mild to heavy S/M PO Box 7726 Lewiston ME 04243-7726

COMPANY NO TO

ON-CALL SLAVE & SHAVING SERVICE Wanted, GWM slave 18:40 to be on call into shaving. TT. CST. B/O Must have transportation. Send photo, limits & telephone. Most innets respected. No drinkers or drugs. Also bred of shaving your slave or do you want a shave? Write: reasonable prices. Address. letter to Size I am 174, 673. Box 6153LF.

WANTED: GOOD OL' BOY

Fm GWM, 35, 5'9", 170 the Passivel Looking for real types on lower Delmarva. This professional, HIV negative intellectual enjoys being pushed onto his knees and being told what to do Beard, muscles a plus. Beer gut OK, Box 6569 FUCK, "I'M STARVED" III

Relocated Master W/M. 29 5'8", 150# 40" chest, 30" wast, hung built seeks place ment to satisfied "hungry-man appetite"? Fotice my hunger with meal photo you) and ment (FR/a/p, Gr/p, toys, etc.) In: "RO" PD Box 2113. Columbia, Maryland 21045 Masters who share welcomed Box 6548LF

MASSACHUSETTS4

SCAT SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

Young scal stave respectfully seeking Master of shir and humbly requesting to be smeared with shir Bondage necessary Will out my own dump it Master instructs so, however forced leading may be necessary. Urinal service provided by Master's request. Masters groups mutuals please raply, 80x 8147_F.

SMALL MASCULINE MAN

into heavy physical abuse and bondage wanted by masculine, hairy, hung, sadistic 40-yo, into C/6T, body punching, whipping You be trim, in shape, and abic to endure punishment along with affection. Box 5988_F

LEAVING MARKE

Bearded, full leather Harley rider, also intelligent professional, wants buddy for friendship riding, conversation and good hard sale sex Am WM 38 \$ 10" Box 6098_F

THAIRING METERS

GWM, 50. 6 1", 195, mature and same mostly boltom. Interested to meet or correspond with mostly/totally Top men. Have experience, but need to learn or be trained. Open to suggestions, ownership to work towards, as well as open to experimentation. Seek itonesty. Repres to PO Box 811, Boston, MA 02146. (LF6140)

DAD SEEKS SON MASTER

for 48-year-old slave. 8'1" 190 lbs., white Seeks son Master for exploration via mental and physical abuse and control. PO Box 811 Boston. MA 02146

MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master 50s, sexually 40s, and slave 20s are looking for second GWM slave. Applicant should be about 8' weigh about 160 NO facial hair Master and slave are no leather HEAVY rubber bondage SM, etc. Applicant must have driver a license, be able to work partitime. Be able to relocate immediately. Call 413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST

SERVE WATTER

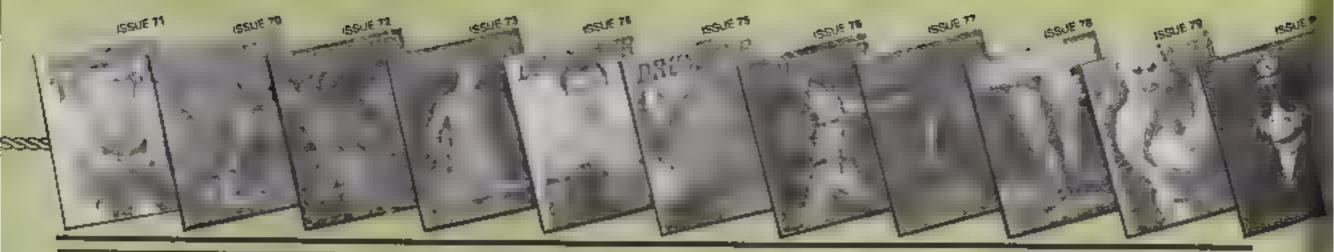
by GWM, 45-5'8", 150-slave must be into BO. CBT/T, shaving, enemas, spanking Master can be affectionate or demanding. Photo. phone to Box 6372LF

DESIGNATION AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O

Dark, bearded, Iall and strong into VA, spit boots and bondage. Seeks masculine, hairy guys who know they need it bad. Specialize in short guys, italians, cope. No smoke drugs, asslucking. Photo and phone to Box 6246.

LEATHER BIKERS

Healthy, fun-loving fit dudes, 20-40, interested in joining leather bike buddles club. Do you enjoy cruisin' in black jacket, boots, worn Levis. Gaundet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends. Framingham Metro West area Sane, straight acting guys. Not a sex ad ideas, suggestions, interests, write John. PO Box 5087. Natick, MA 01760-5087.



MASTER

Bound and gagged this 3B WM is ready to serve All fan asies, all reponses answered by ho, bottom male Box 6507

NEW ENGLAND SON

WM. 5'9' 160 bs full beard blond hair, very aftractive masculine educated in US and in Europe Seeking dominant Father Master type figure for an hones, one-on one relationship bon is professionally employed independent and intelligent heavy into Leather and obedience by capable of stepping out of the sex scene Prefer mature monogamous attitudes. This is a quality ad, photo, phone will be answelled Box 65591.

NEED SON S DISCIPLINE

How would you teach a rotten father a good lesson? Youlkful 45 yo W M dad 5.9—155 stocks a sadistic son in 20s or 30s to administer the lazor strap and other forms of corporal purpshipship w o mercy—a, your place. No sex All legues acknowledged but those w phone answered first. Absolute discretion assured Box 6520.

MICHIGAN®

витси воттом

seeks dominan leatherman into bikes if B.O Gr a c size , uncut a plus, blk or whi mustache good shape and intelligent Me 40, lattooed self surficient self-continued, dark

Institlooks, friendly and expenenced Looking for the real thing in a builshit Let's do Box 5905

DESPERATE FOR MASTER

in heavy focure S M & B D, to kidnap me for slave. Master into ueans & Leather age 21, 49. Write and call who will kidnap me Lyte Brian Leach. PO Box 665. Edwardsburg, Michigan Ask for me only 1-6, 6, 699, 5394.

HOT MASTER

has opening for ecruit Send resume and photo to Rear Admirai Mark PO 8ox 500x4 Novi, Mr 48050.

MINNESOTA

BONDAGE MASTER

Do you need to be field gagged and forfured by an experienced but sand bearded 34 year old Master? Then send me a letter including a picture and phone number. Permanent live in position possible for right boy. PO Box 22602, Minneapolis, MN 55422 (£F6093).

MISSOURI (

SLAVE TRAINEE AVAILABLE

nexperienced St. cours G eek passive needs young althorities arrogant jock to serve wor ship and submit mind and body to for training bondage and discipline verbal abuse spane.

ing and fulfillment of Master's fantasies. Would be slave is 28 year old white protessional who is 5.11 170 lps with brown hair 80x 5908

M 4 SAFE SEX

2 TOPS-HUNG-HORNY-W PIG

slave available for other Maste's Into any S M 8 D scene in our well equipped play room, with sling restraints miles and many toys. Special hot turn ons TT C8T WS VA listing dility talk asspray military 8 s, experimentation. One may bortom out for right slud. Limits respected and expanded Photo with detailed letter required. Let's get HOT PO 80x 3931. Springfield. Missouri 65808. Box 6565 LF.

LEATHERMAN

Looking for another ea herman who is into the feel smell sight and taste of hot black lea her Oressed in leather from head to loe all the time and cannot get enough of it. Send photo with reply—all answered by 6 hung. 190, 39 yo. Box 64684.

PNEW HAMPSHIRE

WHITE MOUNTAINS

Leatherman GWM 42 5 11 70 bearded seeks buddies into full leather Levis boots, talloos pieceings Halleys S&M TI CBT hard safe sex Letter and photo to Box 6252, F

NEW JERSEY

RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

800ts, armpils feet jocks, 501s, leather sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things GWM 32 61 180 versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoletic sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books etc Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational diaggies preferred. NO PHONE CALLS Write first with photo if possible returnable). TR Witemskii, 41 Bonaire Or Toms River NJ 08757

COCKSLAVE BONDAGE TRAINEE

Seeks 18+ Menudo Type boy man, stender hat less body with thick cock to transform this GWM of 41-5-8 - 145 lbs - drug, virus-free nonsmoker into cock worshiping stave. Pierced hippies, cockhead. Interests - include - cock modification piercings cock control chastity devices - urethral stretching, assiphy leather latex bondage exhibitionism/humilabor. Box 6216LF.

TATTOOED DIRTY BIKER

Blackwood Heavy (attoolog blker seeks other bikers flocat area only) who live in and worship dirty engineer boots, filthy form levis or full leather and enjoy riding together followed by a prolonged and session where we exchange each other sipiliss and comiton on our levis and boots Local bixers only. PO Box 284 Blackwood NJ 08012 Send in ter 5 photo for reply (LF6229)

CHRISTO PHER REAGE

Special to DRUMMER readers...order BEST FIST and BAD ASS before Sept. 30, 1988 and get BOTH TAPES for \$99 (plus \$4 shipping)! ABSOLUTELY NO ORDERS ACCEPTED FOR THIS SPECIAL AFTER SEPT. 30, 1988!



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A rock-solid hour of non-stop fisting from RAUNCH, MANHOLES TOILETS, FUCKED UP MY MASTERS and FORTY PLUS Extraord nary action with hot men who know their fisting!



CHRISTOPHER RAGE'S

BAD ASS

'The emphasis is on builhale expansion' and the subject could not have been botter covered. ' John W Rowberry STUDFLIX

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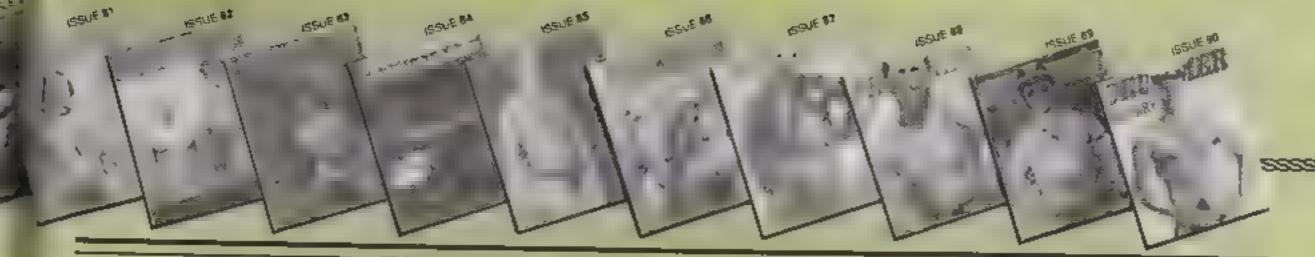
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THE ARTOR EROTICISM



LIVE-IN

GWM 18-30 son into heavy C&BT, TT, whipping and long-term bondage, desired by GWM dad into same. You will live days on Solotiex machine and in my well-equipped playroom I'm into creative scenes. Leave your age height, weight, heaviest scenes and best time. To return call. CJ—[201] 874-6909. I-78 and 287S. (LF5982)

TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Experienced sadist seeks young 18-30, well built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and forture in my extraordinarily equipped diageon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture acones than (eather sex. (201) 874-8725, after 5 PM (LF4769)

SLAVE WANTED

Northern No master seeks slave for evenings and weekend sessions. You will be properly abused and mistreated, but never harmed Formore information call George (201) 661-1138, before 11 PM EDT

BLACK FOOT MASTER WANTED

Discrete, divorced, mid-30s Wall Streeter seeks black man who needs his feet, sneakers, boots, raunchy socks constantly pampered Am offering servitude not sex, and a warm smooth body to rest your feet on as you relax. A hot tongue between your toes as you sleep Box 6480.

PUSSY-BOY SEEKS DADDY/MASTER Wm, 23. 5'3", 110 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes boyish good looks, seeks: blue collars, cops, bodybuilders, jocks and teathermen ages 35-55. 5'9"-6'5", with extremely muscular thest, arms and legs. Please, Daddy, let this hot little lad be your son slave and skill. Use and abuse me, turn me into a toy for your pleasure. I enjoy Light S.M., Mild B/D, W.S.

Verbal Abuse, Leather, Spanking, Diddes and

Bool Service Letters with photo and phone

will be answered. Write PO Box 25540,

Newark, NJ 07101

NEW YORK

WRESTLING

Take on a Brooklyn bruiser. Man-to-man action. Gall (718) 492-0940

ANIMAL SEX WANTED

By husky leather top Phone to: Bud Hughes, PO Box 20406, Columbus Circle Station, New York, NY 10023

SADIST DAD SPEKS BB SON

or Irim. Me 6, 200 lbs., attractive, 49, beard Bondage, TT, face stapping. Mind control submissive disciplined punishment. Leather fantasy torture & prisoner scenarios. No body fluids, raunch, drugs. Safe mean, monogamous. My rules obeyed gets you rough lender friend. Photo, phone, letter. Box 6116LF.

ON-CALL BOTTOM NEEDED

Looking for bottom. Must be mature, prefer under 5'8". Time to spend at the gym (not looking for 88), at the Spike. J's and time to provide services when needed I'm 45, 5.9" 180, very quiet, pensive and serious minded Most limits respected. Box 8097LF.

HOT YOUNG NYC DAD DRINKS

Handsome fag dad, 34. 6'1" 210, beard, hairy, yuppie executive offers support/worship/rim. such as grainful, obedient property of clean, muscusar healthy straight son who lets majorit off white taking a long, slow teak down my throat. Sincere, no scat Greek/SM'80 Box 18882878

ATHLETIC TOP

Oad seeks bottom (son) for senous relationship GWM. 46, 5°10°, 170. 88, masculne, aware sensitive, adventurous, into BrD. SrM. spanking, sale Gr.A. Fr/p. ass play, toys. You any race, good body, serious about committing. Phone (necessary) photo to Box 774, 263A W. 19 St. NYC. NY 10011

TOUGH BOOYBUILDER SON WANTED

by 6°, 200 th muscular top dad Son must need cock and ball torture, it work and gut punching. Dad will develop weak spots and make his big boy a real contender. Live in and serve his dad a every need Photo and phone a must. Smooth body wanted for this hairy be man. Box 4717LF

TEACH ME TO BE YOUR SHITBOY

Need WM 35+ to teach me to feed from his barry wide ass. Mer good-looking boyish WM (27, 160, br/gr 5 9") bager to learn. Prefer beard, balding, verbal, hairy w/natural body, chunky, NYC area. Box 6298_F.

PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This puesy boy has a hot well mouth, nine big this and a real light pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends, love water-sports and petting lucked. Especially love big black cocks. Rapty Lenne, Box 650, c/o DMS, 132 W. 24th St., NYC, NY 10011. (LF6389)

NEED SADISTIC SON

Looking for narcissistic, uninhibited, cleanput, innocent-looking youth (any age under 30) who can get into serious dominance & creative sadism. Obsessive need to totally serve and support such a person in an on-going relationship, I am 43, 6'2, blue eyes, brown/grey hair, athletic build, cleancut & considered pood-looking and am a true bottom. Experience not necessary, but an arrogant, controlling personality is, Serious (eplies to Tom. Box 538)

SADIST 42

to worship, photograph, have sex and/or relationship with. You are 20-50 and anything but pain and humiliation goes. Love ass/til play Your photo ensures reply and my photo Perhaps you could teach me a few things (716) 758-1842



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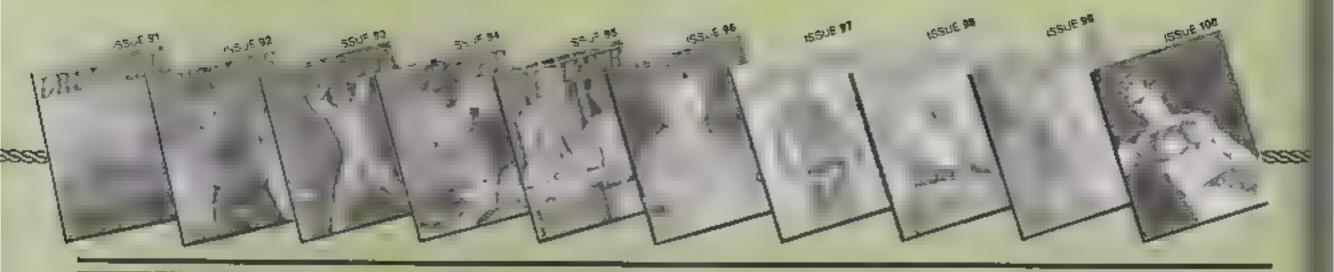
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DRUMMER 118

73



FORCED CELIBACY

Hairy, muscular slave 5.6" 160 lbs. 31 yo seeks allm smooth master who would like control over my orgasms. Chastity belts, piercing castration genital modification are all possibilities. Let's be creative and experiment. Fig., 496A Hudson St., #15F New York NY 100-4

DESCRIBITE WASTER

GWM wik grope fully dressed man '25 young 65). You give me a firm barehanded spanking as purishment for groping you. Accompanying safe sex optional. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustiers, if my piace/no parking problem, But write to Box 660, 132 W 24 S) NYC 10011

RECEIVING END UPSTATE

31, 150. 5'S" firm tight ass needs rough ride on your dondom-covered cock. Healthy, attractive submissive desires to tick your balls, service your foor and have face siapped with your big dick. Into spankings, bondage didos. VA, and some cuddling given by masculine hald, directive but warm, dominant Monoga mous relationship possible. Please include vital state, Sir Box 6361

ANGELIC OR LUCIFERIAN

this 33-year-old 5'9", 210 th. Italian, stocky, butch, healthy, JC hopeful is meres ad nexploring and offering himself as a sacrificial lamb to a cut, hung chunky master to by back in time before Earth was ever created and perform as any angel would from that time. Am very well trained and have no hang-ups Smoke poppers A-okay! Orders, phone photo to 80x 8506; F

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37 6'9' 190. seeks dog or pig into heavy heavy V A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF W S, scat. A complete piece of shift that likes to be treated like one, Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814_F

HANDSOME FAT MAN

seeks boys all sizes—36, blond/blue from beard, Call (212) 586-9846, if you're between 18-35

NOVICE BOTTOM

GWM 33, 5 10" 160 bs., alim Seeks similar type bodybuilder/featherman top. Ages 29 to 37. Need top who is patient to show me the ropes I'm into S. M. B. D. CBTT hoods leather. Safe sex/no sex. No drugs, heavy drinkers, or husblers. Relationship possible. Send letter photo to PO Box 7510. New York, NY 10118.

MUTUAL NIPPLE ABUSE

Extremely hairy hol Scorpio, 45 6 1" 180 6" Cut. Short grey hair and beard, big hippies heed my hippies pulled and twisted, will do same for you 69—deep throat and rimming. Only dildoes for assfuching. No cundoms, no blood. You must be bearded. 40+ mutual Box 6499_F.

RAUNCH DUCE

21 160 hot into mutual assplay and fun. W.S. Looking for smally partner to enjoy. Getting into each other man to man. Box 8266

CAN YOU HANDLE IT?

Novice bottom, HIV+, healthy and horny, needs training in SS from A-Z, anything that makes a hung Topman hard and ready to plow long and deep. Im GWM 46, 6' 195 lbs. UR HUNG, inlense dominant, horny and experienced Box 5949LF

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Tail, dark-haired, educated white shale, thirties, wants to hear from others who regard strict, no-nonsense discipline as a valuable and indispensable means to instill good behavior and correct errant ways. Have straps etc. for administering sound discipline, willing to take the same. Write detailed letter including experiences, photo Box 6055LF.

TOP SEEKS HOT BOTTOM

for serious relationship GWM. 46. 5'10", 170 BB. athletic. (op. masculine, sensitive, adventurous, into many scenes especially spanking (safe) Gr/A, assplay, B.D. Your any race good body, serious about a commitment. Phone (a must), photo to Box 774, 263A W. 19 St., NYC, NY 10011

UNIFORM HEADTRIPS AND

Hot dude into cop and firemen macho gear I m 38. H some 6 ft, 165, manly Guaranteed to blow your mind away into most trips. RAP to me about yours. Your fanlasy or real life scene is probably mine PO Box 421, Palm Beach Ft, 33480-8421 Travel U.S. It's dick drippin time buddy.

LEATHER BONDAGE SLAVE

seeks not Master to expand limits and fantasies leather/rubber goar, hoods, strattackets, mummification, kidnaping dungeon/hospital scenes, shaving piercing, animal-slave training, exhibitionism and sate sex. No drugs Slave good-looking GWM, 45, 5 10" 179 lbs. Box 6289LF

LEATHER SUDDY

Hol 6. 175, 40, in-shape needs real man 30-50, for imaginative scenes. Big guys leather muscles, harry chests, beards, moustaches, uniforms, piercings are furn-ons Heavy into hippies. Let's explore police bixers, workouts, etc. Be men together, act safe and let our fantasies go Box 82481F

SM REALITY

Not fanlasy Very experienced masochest, 38, 5 10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain fevel Restrain my power, clamp my % protruding lits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and expenences, phone. Travel Irequently to Catril, and librois. Box 5444

BARRE BARR

WM, 37, 5'9' asspossy needs rough assplowing and mouthstuffing rape pass, V.A. spit by cops, uniforms, frats, street gangs, rough tops. Healthy and expect same. Also into tough topman domination, armpits, foreskin. B. D. Bluecollar, hung, noisy roughfuckers a plus Defailed action, photo to Box 64271.

CAVERNOUS SKAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workquis keep my body in shape and daily tike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks molded hard. But, this healthy 41, W M Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5'7", 135 lbs. Dearded, pierced tits-cock-balls, shaved chest ass-crb into mutual heavy ass work, ass toys, ball and foot fuclung, L/L, mouth and tongue droof to extra special turn-on of feet, boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn-off to overweights, unexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them Photo phone, description to box 1440 Madison Square Station NYC, NY 16159 Experience a rear MAN LF5575

KINKY SLAVE EATS SHITS

(& serves you totally too), GWM, 33, goodlooking, seeks dom., top for very kinky multifaceted relationship. We can have reafun getting into: instant rimming any place, anylane, regular scal meals, munching, & snacks, tongue tolletpaper service, head stuck-locked down bowl at ur whim, drinking toilet bowl & tongue cleaning it on command heavyrlongterm bondage at your pleasure deather, rope, sieel, stradjackel); slockade and pillory; confinement & cages, boots & sneakers, being butt of endless practical jokes & frat-hazing, enforced chastity, uniforms & rubber public humiliation; houseboy/servant role & lifestyle: doing dishes & washing & waxing floors, extreme respect & obedience training, paddling & punching; exhibition of & discipline on my black & blue marks, barking like a dog & braying loudly like a jackass, WS: publicly pissed pants & bladder control I can de as submissive as you can be creative funky, & abusive, I have lots of toys & a fifthy original mind, too. Monogamy has kept me healthy until now 8 until the health crisis is over, it's necessary to be owned by one sadist. or a small group, but that a no barner to the unusual. I realize that some people were meant to "give shit," & some were meant to receive it. & I know for sure that I am one of the latter Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent, mature massukne, good company. Wish to find same in others Box 349 70A Greenwich Ave. New York, NY 10011 (LF6290)

BIG BEEFY WANTED

GWM, 30s. 6, handsome, smooth slim Gr/p, fr/a/p, submissive but responsive seeks fall dominant muscular guy to worship, photograph, have sex and or relationship with. You are 20-50 and anything but pain and humiliation goes. Love ass/tilt play. Your photoensures reply and my photo. Perhaps you could teach me a few things. [718] 788-1842

BLACK MASTER WANTED

by healthy servite while European slave 42 5 10", 165 lbs., 845" semi-cut I need hot and horny abuse from a demanding black master into S&M CBC 17, 80. WS, toket balning Whip me and teach me to worship and totally sevice your black body. Will travel Sure K52 496A Hudson Street New York, NY 10014

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49. 6'1" from deanshaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal purishment as a time-lested but often demed intual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior 80x 4781. F

GERMAN SAM

Visit East Coast September, master 30, 6'3", 176 lbs., slave 40, 5, 11", 174, bodybuilder into EG, spanking, 80, CBT, tits. Want to meet singles, couples or groups, interested in sexual and nonsexual meeting, information, correspondence. Write: Postiagerkarte 084532A, 5000 Koein 1, West Germany.

DADDY NEEDS DISCIPLINE

From slud-son who demands obedience from his passive Daddy Failure is punished by burnilation, verbal abuse, enforced wearing lem undies, haby parties. Letter with photo. phone Box 5454

SHIT PIG

Shit eater saeks top feeder or guy into mutual scenes for heavy duty shit/fitth action and monogamous relationship. Prefer man who likes keeping his ass raunchy and stinking between dumps, I test HIV neg., have been very careful; expect same. Am 40, 510, average build; NYC. Box 6465

STRAIGHT GUY

27 healthy, muscular, tattoded, bidecollar worker available at victim Kidnaping, interrogation, torture, confessions, humiliation, bound and gapped brutal listing, sex abuse brainwashing, Heavy Irips, Box 6464

DADDY WANTS SLAVEBOY/SON

Forget pain, foneitness, slesse. Burrender body, mind, total sex service Become: owned appreciated, joyfulty used. Get leathermaster loy, security permanence. Age, looks? Attitude a more! Experienced mexperienced? Learn new Master a way to worship. Detailed letters earn prompt phonecall, Photos helpful, returned, undermanded. Your chance for topman's love, home happiness, future. Don't blow it! Box 6324LF.

BORN TO FIST?

NYC FF expert, 38. 5 10", 155 lbs., smooth gym bod, skek hand, wild hole, with playroom & sling, seeks versalite very horny trim hot local FF boddy 20-40 to 160 lbs., into body worship. JO oil wrestling, smoke groms and awasoms mutual fisting, hopefully repeatable, of course, salely, PO 80x 3035. New York, NY 10185

MASTERTOP

shaking slave bot oms who are serious about the life style, but who are not tooking for permanent relationships. I travel and can be almost anywhere at will . want to enjoy the friendships as well as the S M relation ships I seek . I am a sadist . and I will enjoy your discomforts . BuT I WILL NEVER HARM YOU Contact Box 4255LF

HEAVY DUTY BONDAGE TRIPS

See ad under "Models New York

LEATHER N UNIFORM LATINO

Macho-Handsome-Tough 30, 58, slim, defined, 135 lbs. Black hair brown eyes, thick stach. Wants, skim handsome hung VERY Macho Top 25, 45. Who claves prolonged oret service in action—both in Total Leather/Police uniforms Light V/A-8, D-FT pol & poppers SS. Photo gets same! NYC & Nu & USA, Box 6557LF.

HEAVY PSYCHODRAMA

Masochist seeks Humiliation Pain and Degradation—Bog Training; Mald Service, Sex Slave; Queer Abuse, Demented Parent/Child; Heavy Kink, Heavy Verbal Assaults, Restrictions, Restraints, CBTT, Substance, Mid 30's, good looking, hung, open minded, perverse, Arouse me and Use me, me slaveboy, You, Sir Let me be your queer, Box 6570.

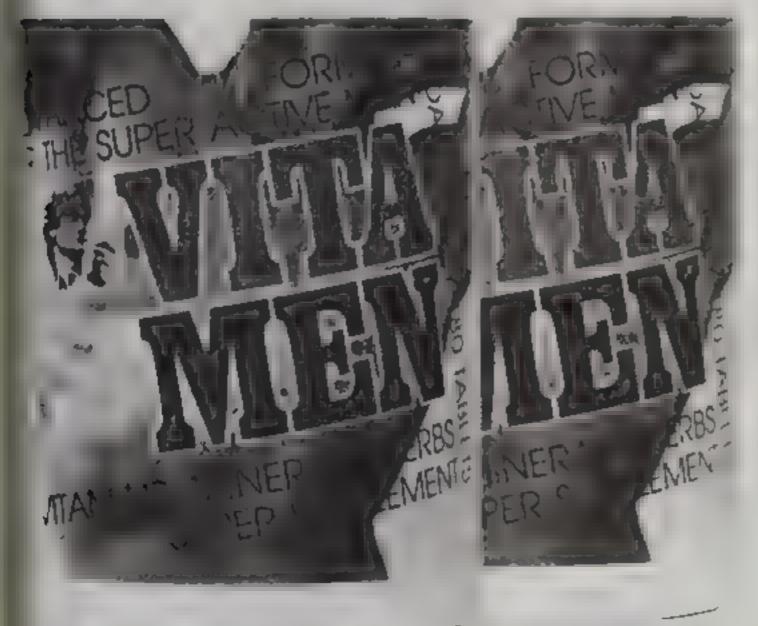
ANIMALS

WM, 36, 5.10" 150, hot body, harry, trim beard, balding wants to meet experienced or novice to scene. Box 8540

OBEDIENCE THRU DISCIPLINE

Obedience administered for expansion of enjoyment. Spanking, kissing balls, licking feet and obeying instructions are part of a beautiful trip. You may now strip, the your balls up and write me. Let me know you. Box 6536

NOW YOU HAVE TWO REASON TO BUY



You probably don't need the VITA-MEN formula if you are not a male, 21 years of age or older. Or if you are and you consume a perfect diet daily, with little or no junk food, consume no alcohol nor smoke, keep regular hours and there is little or no stress in your life

And if your idylic life includes no exposure to whatever it is that causes colds and flu, along with many of the other communicable diseases that plague mankind

Now, we certainly are not claiming that VITA-MEN or IMMUNITABS will make you immune to all the things that are going around, but considering what is going around, we honestiy feel that your chances are considerably better if your body is operating with its immune system on battle-stations alert

There are a great many reasons for preferring VITA-MEN products to the run-of-the-mill drug store variety. Or even most of the megaformula brands with something for everyone

If you are a young man, aged 21 to whatever, after cleaning up your act, may we suggest you perfect your diet. You are whatever goes Inside you. And VITA-MEN was designed by dedicated doctors to do just that, buddy.

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Box 42009

San Francisco, CA 94142-2009

Quick! Before this offer expires, send me TWO month's supply of VITA-MEN for the price of one—\$24.95

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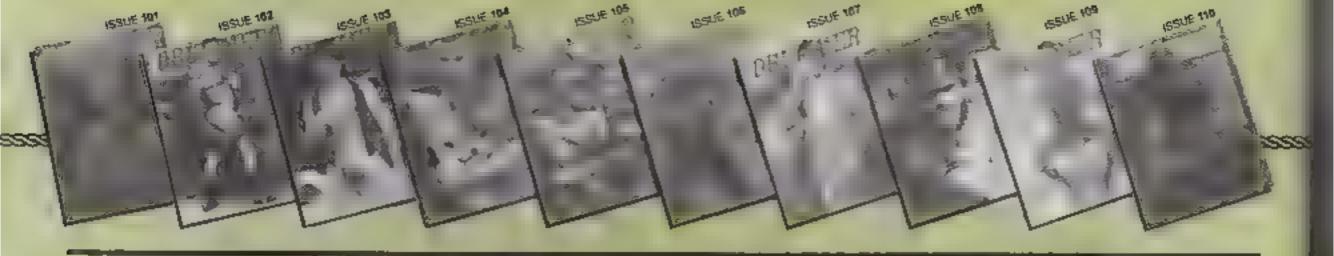
□ Charge It to my □ VISA □ MASTERCARD

No. ______ Exp _

Signature

2 for 1 Offen!





NYC BODYBUILDER

looking to be tussled up helplessly GWM. 29 5'9", 165, 8r/8r, clean shaven, wants to be reped tightly. Also wrestling, TT, CB, etc., etc. Safe only. Phone/photo to Box 6534

SEXY PISS DRINKER

Hot, clean cut, 38, healthy boltom seeks handsome healthy top man who likes to be serviced. Photo, phone if possible 80x 6528

WRESTLE TO SUBMISSION

Big 6'5" 210 wrestler challenges anyone to a no-holds-harred wrestling match. Nude oil matches are my specialty. Box 6514

MANY STATE MESON

Anti-semitic Master to whip humiliate, discipline and make melick your Christian feat. I'm 25, 8'2' 205 Master is Christian, hates Jews Like Latins, Italians and bionde neo-Nazi Types, Send photo, Box 8512.

CANING

Long and hard. The way you dreamed it. From strict disciplinarien, 5'10" 165 lbs. PO Boz 1156, Gracie Station, New York, NY 10026

DOMINATION

Very handsome, muscular, masculine BB Topman/Muster W/M 33 6'1" 180 uncut Hot. . . requires submissive slaves (young othicite types to 35) for obsdience training, domination, degradation, spenking B&D, body worship and servitude. Sale sex only Joe 80x 223 Forest Hills, NY 11375

SAFE HOT JO.

Altrective muscular masculine GWM 35.5.8" 146, seeks hol athletic types to 36. Enjoy hot muscle scenes, street lighting fantasy, wrestling and body worship. Jim Box 223, Forest Hills, NY 11375.

PASSIVE/OBEDIENCE LI er

GWM, 36, 5-10°, blond, blue-ayes, 165, good build, seaks dominant person for fun, friendship and possible relationship on Long Island or Northeast Queens, Call evenings [718] 454-2354

LEATHER FANTASIES DECOME

ACCOMPLISHED FIST-FUCKERS

wanted. Big hole seeks same Both ways encounters and search for other arms. 35 5'9", 160 Box 358. Cooper Station, NY 10003

NORMAL GUY

Masc handsome, HIV-neg., intelligent, WM 30 5'8' 185, sasks friendly bearded masc, too more into reading these ads than answering them. Beer bolly, hairy a plus. Phone photo a must. Sox 6086 GCS NY NY 10163

HORNY CHELSEA MAN

5'11", 175, 35. dark hair blue eyes, beard, hairy, craves hol guys who like to fuck ass. Also into sucking, WS, deep idssing, rimming, and raunchy "anything-goes" sex. No phone J/O. 212-627-0685 Box 20099-LTS, NYC 10011

NORTH CAROLINA 8

PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS

GWM. 34. 5'11" 160 lbs. wants to be viciently beaten and brutally gang-raped on camera. No limits. Am discreet, well-insured and will sign any necessary releases. I would like a copy of the adited tape for myself, what you do with the video after that is your business. Box 6343LF

CHARTE CHARLES

Crystal Coast to Grand Strand. White male 30 interested in contacting (meeting?) others along the North and South Carolina Coasts. Top. Bottom. Experienced or novice, into Leather Bondage, Bikes or general rough stuff, diyou're reading this I want to hear from you inland responses welcomed. Box 5979LF

OHIO

DARBER WALKER BOW

Good-looking GVM, 43, 200 lbs. 8 3" beard, seeks obedient submissive son needing love and discipline administered by an affectionate heavy-handed masculine daddy Daddy is harry top looking for Gr/P Son into 8&D, CB/T, TT, and shaving Celter with photo to PO Box 970. Westerville, DH 43081. [LF6063]

LEATHER/MOTORCYCLE MAN

Secure, 45. successful, not into drugs, booze or smoke, prefer monogamous relationship within a 100 mile radius of Cincinnati—into hol men—lattoos and exhibitionist a plus, but not necessary—age unimportant. Your photo and phono gets mine. PO Box 41326, Cincinnati, OH 45241

NAMES OF ASSESSMENT OF PERSONS

GWM, 35, 185 lbs. 5'11", beard, brown hair green eyes, 7" out, A/Fr. P/Gr. submissive Seeking hot, hung, muscled harry lops. 25-45 for SM, BD, WS, TT. C/BT. FF shaving, enemas Expand my bmits, white I worship your body. Sir and lutilit your leather fantasies. Dayton-Cincinnatti, OH Box 5514LF

OREGON

PORTLAND

40-year-old working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, \$'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455_F

LET'S DISCOVER LEATHER SEX

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom, I can be both gende and strong. Handsome, § 4", 210, 29 letts working out and staying it shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo-letter to PO Box 40540. Portland OR 97240-0740. (LF5747)

ARE YOU A SLAVE?

inexperienced, but feeling a commitment and need in serve a dependable, imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence white enforcing discipline and control. Progressive limit increase training. Must relocate in Salem. Oregon, without delay. Describe interests, photo phone for repty. Box 5954LF

YOUNG BEAVERTON PISS PIG

Needs nasty top seriously into W/S, scat lass tucking, photographing. Tony (503) 292-6133

PENNSYLVANIA

Control of the Control of the

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. Di is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to refive their 8007 CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRO-PHL, Box 242. Penndel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged, but those with photorphone answered first. (LF4257)

SM TOPMAN

Well-budt, quanty topman into hot, heavy but sale and sane funk-sex, 38 5 10" 44" ch, 32 w; seeking submissive, level-headed bottommen for play times in S&M, B&D, CBT, etc. No raunch—am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & phone to Box 6100LF

- BRODE PSTAND-

POST MODE

Over 250, any age. Let me lick your ass. Send shoto Box 6311

MASTER DAD NEEDED

Master/Top needed by WM submissive Need training in SM. Please, Sir use my hot masculine muscular body for your pleasure interest bondage tit/cock play, obeying pleasing demanding Master Sir Linead leacher to be naked: expand my limits, train me Hardworking, good-fooking, Box 63421.

⁵ Tennessez

YOUNG EAST TENM. SLAVES

Not, cruel, master-daddy, trim executive, midlifties, seeks total sex stave in East Tennessee area. Stave must be under 25, well built and prepared to be on call at any time for heavy, demanding scenes. Serious only, Submit detailed letter with photo and telephone number Box 8490.

MASTER SEEKS BOY/SLAVE

For weekand/occasional use and abuse Possible permanent housebox Safe, sane, clear and can travel some Boy must be under 29 prefer smooth swimmers build 1 am 37 5 11°, 170, br/br professional Submit picture, phone to Sir. POB 21561. Chattanooge, TN 37421 Box 6549LF

TEXAS

DALLAS

Hot horny hole needs large too, hands, toys GWM, 32, seeks above. Nude photo gets response. Member Leather Fraternity. Box 5459LF.

DATE OF STREET

38. 6.2", 185. brown/blue, bearded, intelligent professional, monogamous, seeks ownership of inexperienced Austin slave, 30-40, professional, under 6 sexually uninhibited masculine from Smoker preferred Photo letter revealing your slave attitude and kind of MASTER you need to serve. Safe/Sane. Be one with ME Box 5*12.F

MADUD: WHISHAM MASTER

Hot, muscular jock WM, 5'8", 160, 34 yrs. enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestring lorced safe sex or no sax, but lots of tying and gagging. Mostly bottom but can be versable. Nonce in TT and CBT but eager to expand urbits. Discreet and safe, expect same. Box ELERCE

BROWNNOSERS

Dallas based Top of German descent, 32 5 10", 145, brigh with oversize dick and dirty asshote travels frequently. I am looking for other young, good-looking men (like myself) who are into raunch or scat fin-shape brown-nosers contact Box 6223LF

READY TO SERVE

WM 35.58 seeks Master to serve, Interests include bootlecking, cock worship, G/B torture, diddes, B&D, rubber light S&M, TT, and toys, 1 am well-built, good-looking GWM. Write with photo, get same. Box 6227

LUBBOCK

Ex-military WM, 35, 5'9", 158, good build hung, into CBT, TT, leather, levis, wants to meet other MEN for intense but safe acenes. If you're looking for a loyal buddy who's into giving as well as receiving, then I'm your man Letter, photo, and phone to Box 6269Lf

SLAVES FIND THEIR MASTERS IN DEAR SUR

LOOKING FOR DADDY/MASTER

GWM. 26. 5'10" 163, brown hair blue-grey eyes, moustache submissive and obedient tooking for Drummer Daddy Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir please reply to Box 5265LF.

TOILET SLAVE

rate 20s, boyish, slim build, wants to solff your masculine asshole PO Box 980562, Houston, TX 77098

MASTERS FIND THEM SLAYES IN DEAR SIR

TILLY SELECTION

Mascukne Dad, 5 10" 175 lbs, apanks bad boys 18-40 in San Antonio. You will be turned over my knee and given a firm bare-bottom spenking with hand or hair brush, Limits respected—spanking videos to see. Discretion needed and assured. Write with phone number 80x 6456

HOUSTON ASS SNIFFERS

Arrogant well-hung stud 6, 165 lbs., uses and abuses brownnosing wimps. Box 6504

WELL SHALL HARRESTS BUILDING

Attractive W. M. B/B, 30s, 5.11", 175 lbs. HIV-neg. Moustache, cut wants to meet W. M. 20s-30s (no beards/cigars) for safe and hot ass stretching sessions. Expand my colon or yours. In Gallas, but travel Texas/Okiahoma, Louisiana. Send photo/letter. Box 6547_F.

BONDAGE TOP

GWM, dominate, uninhibited, good looking, nice body, 32, 5 8", 140, 30" waist, brown, blue, mustache. Seeking hot, trim submissive young male for safe sex. Send letter with lantagy, desires, limitations, photo and phone. Enjoy bondage, CBT, spanking, light S&M. Box 6517

AUSTIN SUBMISSIVE

GWM, 34 6'2", 190, bearded, into leather CBT, bondage, WS, VA, bodypunching. Open-minded—crave the abuse described in "S&M Wresting," Drummer #115. You dominant, 20s to 40s, facial hair kinky, honest, safe. Carl you file me up, work me over, make me beg for more? Sir, please write! Box 6515

MORE, PLEASE SIR, DADDIE

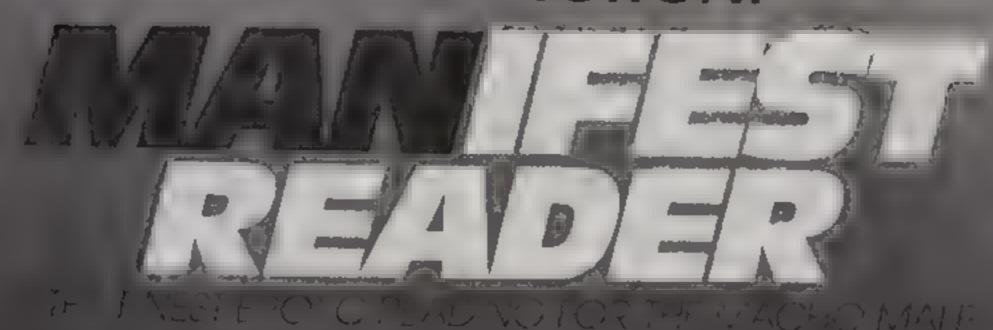
I'm 26. S'11", 174 lbs and very hol and horny. And I clearly understand that my duties as a stave/boy are to obey any command that is given to me, whether it be drinking pras, licking boots or licking off every rast drop of hot man sweat from my Master Daddie's body. My closet is stocked with leather, rubber and many different toys that can be used any way you see fit. Please call, 817-860-6290

MILITARY RAIRCUT VIDEOS

of young man getting shorn to the scalp, into to Edward, Soite C132, 3724 Boce Chica Bivd., Brownsville, TX 78521

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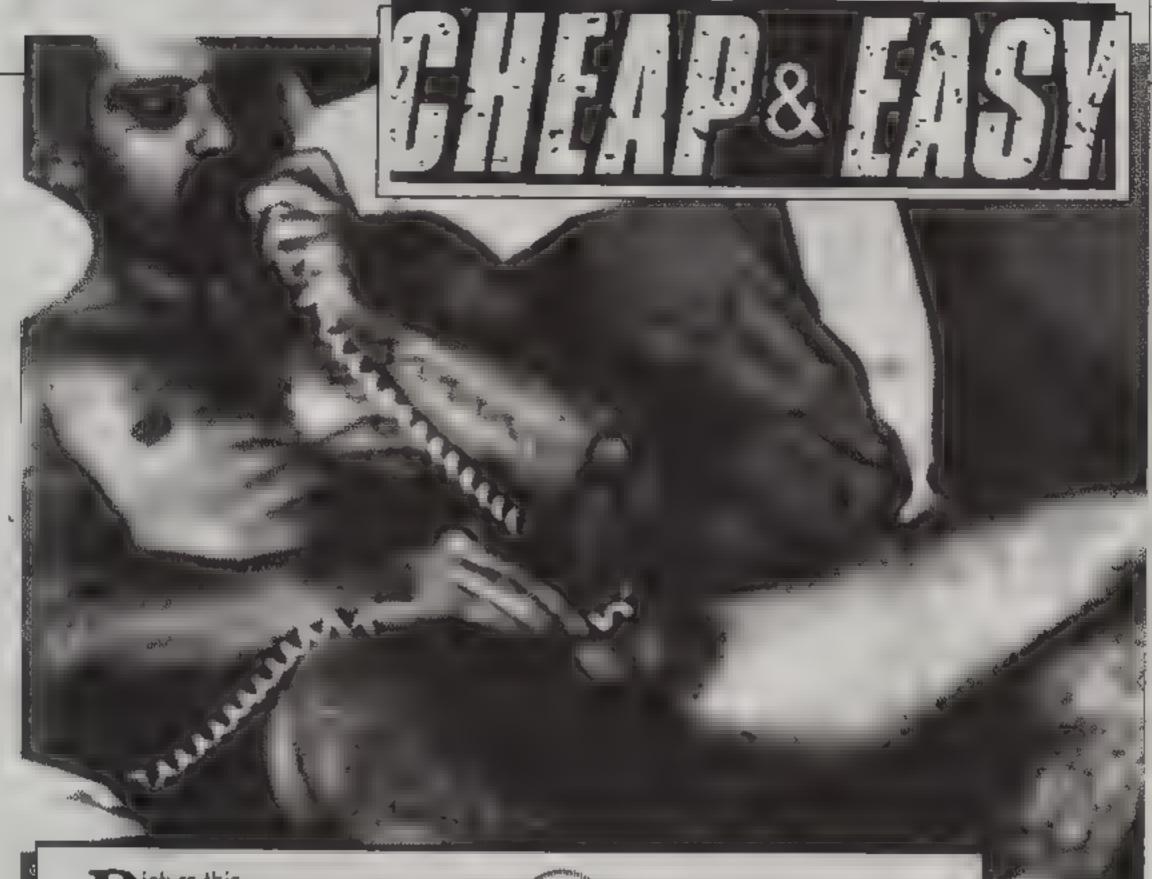
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Picture this You're horny (again).

So you pick up the phone and punch a few numbers.

Some other dude comes on the line. Some other horny dude. Live meat, unrehearsed, and you've got him on the phone.

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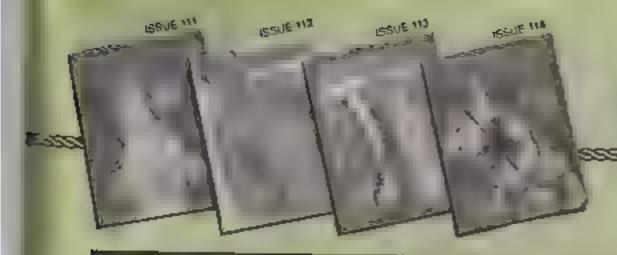
Our exclusive S&M, Jack Off, and Dating hal lines are waiting. Check it out now

Must be 18 years or older



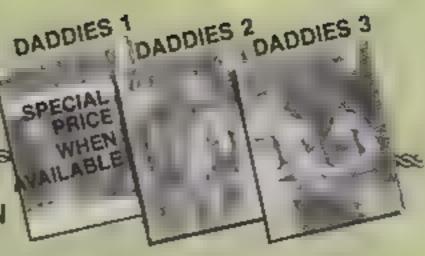


OUTSIDE CA 1-800-SUCK-OFF



DRUMEN

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN



WITH SERVICE A

B8 SLAVE

Very attractive, successful 31 5 5", 140 lbs 7" bubble butt big chest/arms seeks masteris) or master with alave(s) to submit to mind control, SM 80, toys, shaving lealner/levi, etc. needs. Your under 40, hung and in good shape. Willing to relocate. Trave). Photo Phone. Mike Box 6206. F

2 MASTERS SEEK SLAVE/SON GWM. 33. 5'10", 165, 10" uncut cock GWM, 30, 6'1", 160, 8" cut cock Seek slave/son for training. Anything goes, We demand you provide. Photo, phone David Miller Box 530 Portsmouth, VA 23703

BOTTOM TRAINING SOUGHT

Bi/W/male, 34, seeks framing by experienced top into BD, light SM, watersports, toys and mind control. Me Br hair hazet eyes, 220 football player's build. You: 24 35, experienced, good build clean-shaven, into sale sex. Thanks, Box 6414LF

WASHINGTON

EXPANSION WANTED

"One 5'4" 130 WM, 49s, seeks experienced Daddy/Master to have limits expanded. Looking for good teacher for training in the art of giving/receiving the joys of gay sex. Sir please send detailed tesson plans to Training, 90 Box 13428. Richmond, VA 23225 (LF6555)

FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

with huge hands wanted by hot bearded teatherman Box 6535

INTERNATIONAL

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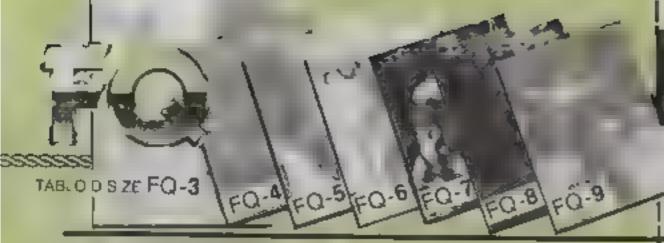
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SIGNISH ACK

Drummer we welcome the return of whick paper for improved photo reproduction and for COLOR! In the next eight pages you will find a few photos from recent Fetish and Photo features—Kind of our way: of saying we're sorry we didn't do this sooner. Here's the way some of those photos would have looked—and a cluer to how much improved things will be in future issues.

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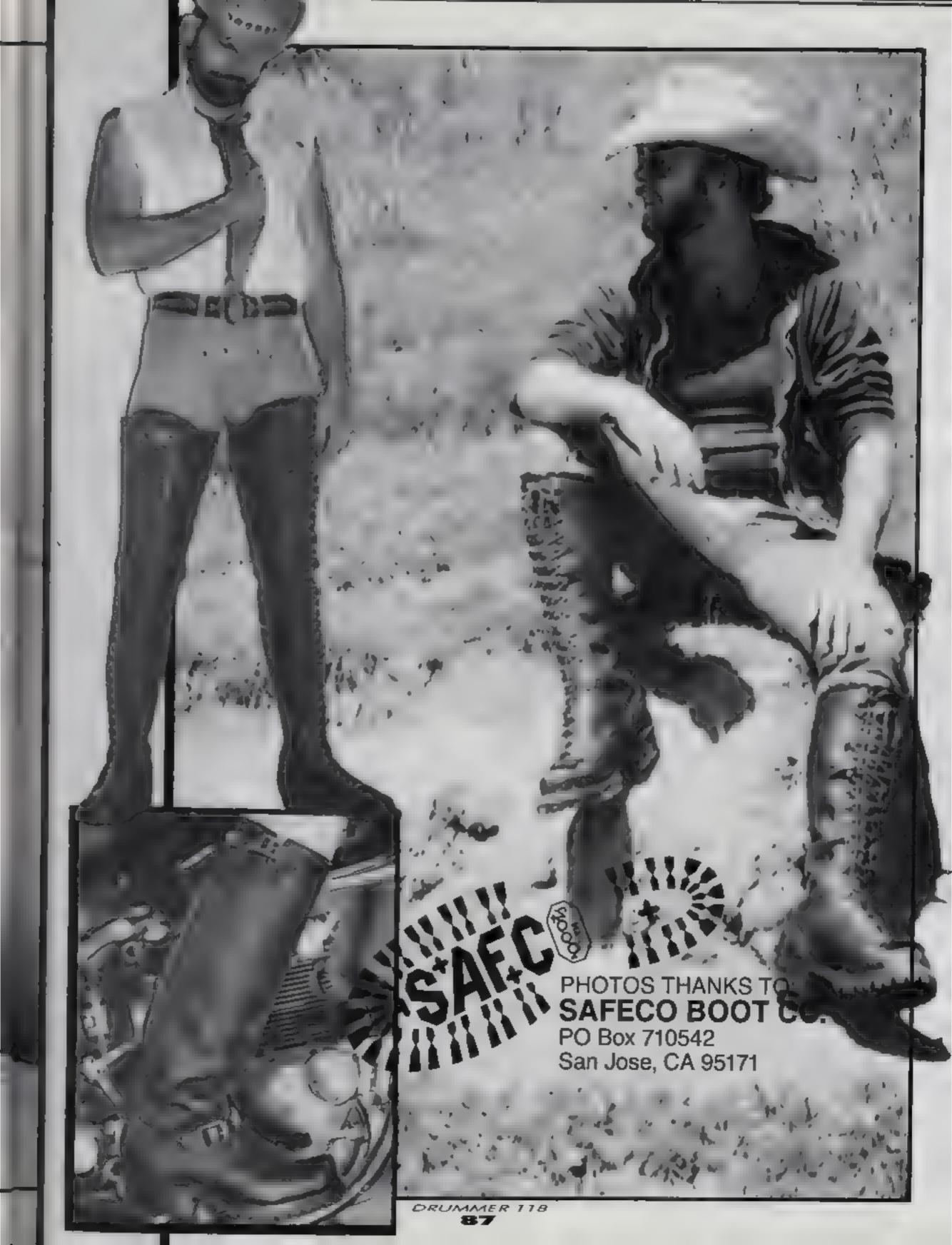
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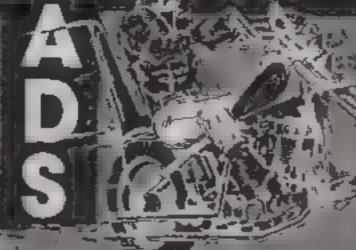




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DRUMMER 118



CROSSROADS

Where Leathermen Meet

By placing an ad in this section, a ber or other business talk you that they welcome Leathermen By accepting the ad. Orummer is testing you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars; in other areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen go to socialize.

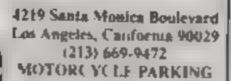
Help us alert Orummer readers and travalers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us you, recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about plating one of these low priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be left us know about they look



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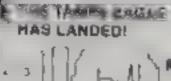
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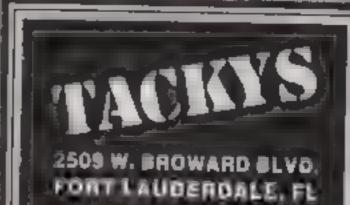
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Mr. Drummer Contest Update

As we go to press, three of the 1988 Mr. Drummer regional finalists have been selected:



Tacky's, Ft. Lauderdale's Levi/leather bar, staged the Mr. Southeast Drummer contest for the sixth time in a two-day competition emceed by Mark Alexander, reigning Mr. Drummer. The winner is Marcos, a 24-year-old student who sponsored himself in this contest. He's 5'8" and weighs 170 tasty-looking lbs. Tacky's awarded Marcos a \$2500 cash prize and judging from his photo he seems worth every penny.



80th Mark Alexander and Mike Murray (Mr. Drummer 1986) were first victorious as Mr. Southern California Drummer in contests held at Probe in Los Angeles This fall they'll be sending us Mark Klein, a bartender at Der Wolf in San Diego, which sponsored him in the regional contest. Mark is 30, 6'2" and 210 lbs.



The new Mr. Northern Caufornia Drummer is Jim Kahl, who won his title at the SF Eagle in an event sponsored by Up Your Alley Productions. Jim stands 6'4", has pierced tits and a Ph.D. in Chemistry!

- KIL

Contest Finals and Show - September 24, 1988

Fifteen of the hunkiest leathermen in the world will enact their hottest fantasies for you on the stage of San Francisco's huge Galleria. The show is being produced by Up Your Alley Productions and proceeds will be split among several gay charities around the country. Reserved seating, great entertainment, and acres of black leather and male flesh! BE THERE!

Leather Pride Weekend

The Mr. Drummer Finals form the apex of a full weekend of leather activity that will start with a party at the San Francisco Eagle on Wednesday Sept 21. On Thursday night Mr. S, Alan Selby, will host another of his infamous Fetish and Fantasy parties at the Powerhouse. In previous years virtually all of the S/m clubs in the Bay area, male and female, gay, straight and bisexual, have contributed segments to an entertaining and often riotous program for this fundraiser for the AIDS Emergency Fund. Up Your Alley is sponsoring a Leather Pride party in the Ballroom of the San Franciscan Hotel on Friday, Sept. 23. And on Sunday thousands of leather men and women will come to their street for the annual Folsom St. Fair. All in all, it's a great way to wind up the summer

Come to San Francisco to cheer on your Mr. Drummer

regional winner and join in one of the biggest Leather parties going. For information on Mr. Drummer contest packages, with and without lodging, contact Up Your Alley Productions, 584 Castro St. #504, San Francisco, CA 94114 or phone Jerry Vallarie at 415-864-6435.

As this issue goes to press the following contests are about to be head. We will publish the results in the next issue of Drummer

Mr. Decie Drummer June 19 The Eagle, Atlanta, GA
Mr. Northeast Drummer July 3 Chutes, Houston, TX
Mr. Mrd-Atlantsc Drummer July 3 Charlotte, NC

The following Regional contests are scheduled for even later in the year. You still have time to enter, or at least plan to attend.

Mr. New England Drummer
Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer
Mr. Midwest Drummer
Mr. Great Lakes Drummer
Mr. Great Plains Drummer
Mr. Europe Drummer
Mr. Northwest Orummer
Mr. East Canada Drummer

July 24 Underground, Portland, ME Aug. 6 Tracks, Denver, CO Aug. 14 The Dock, Cincinnati, OH

Aug. 19 Detroit Eagle, Detroit, MI
Aug. 26-27 Windjammer Kansas City, MO
Aug. 27 Eagle Bar, Amsterdam

Sept. 4 Celebrities, Vancouver, BC MC Faucon, Montreal, PQ

DRUMMER 118 **93**





THE 15 ASSOCIATION continues its program of monthly play parties. One of the bonuses of being on their mailing list is the monthly illustration by LES that accompanies each party announcement! This one is for the June "Tits & Balls Nite".

SSCA PROGRESS REPORT

Safe-Sane-Consensual Adults (SSCA). created at the Dallas Planning Conference last February, is an outgrowth of the SM/Leather Contingent to the October 1987 March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights, The Dallas Planning Conterence resulted in the creation of SSCA and election of a nine-person Interim Steering Committee charged with organizing responsibilities. Subsequently the steering committee was expanded to include regional representatives from the Pacific Northwest (Judy Tallwing McCarthy, Portland, OR), the Rocky Mountains area (Cooper Aaxton, Denver), and Metropolitan New York City (Barry Douglas, NYC)

SSCA is an historic coalition in that its constituency is pan-sexual. It seeks the active participation of heterosexual, bisexual, lesbian and gay people," Stacy Dennen, ISC Co-chair, reminds us. The empowerment of the steering committee required that women and minorities occupy visible positions of leadership in the new coalition.

The Interim Steering Committee accomplished a lot of work during its meetings Memorial Day weekend in Chicago. They refined the draft Statement of Purpose and a companion statement of Goals and Objectives. Three proposals for a voting structure were determined. Representation, including organizations with a strong provision for individuals, was determined based upon creation of ten geographic regions encompassing the United States and Canada

An outline for Bylaws was established. Administration of SSCA was also considered by the committee. A consensus was established that a well populated Board should set policy for the organization. A smaller Steering Committee should be responsible for ongoing administrative functions, Standing committees responsible to the Steering Committee could be established for particular activities and special interests, Major decisions would be referred to the national constituency for a vote by the membership as a whole

Membership, voting and a dues structure were crucial items of business. Three categories of organizational membership were proposed: Full member organizations (with full privileges and voting rights) Associate member organizations (limited participation, no voting rights) and Supporting members (Businesses, no voting rights). Dues or other financial obligations would be dependent upon membership classification.

SSCA's proposed Statement of Purpose mandates promoting the rights of adults to engage in all safe, sane and consensual erotic activities. Initial programs will serve to increase communication and cooperation between individuals, organizations and business within the community.

Los Angeles community activist, Sheree Rose, explains the importance of this national coalition, "SSCA is a national body that transcends your sexual preference. We are a family of kinky people, both heterosexual and homosexual" She continues, "We are all in this together Our community is coming of age."

SSCA is writing a report of its progress thus far. It will be available by July 1st to interested organizations and individuals. To receive information about SSCA or to participate in its forthcoming comprehensive survey please write SSCA, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., #109, Los Angeles, CA 90046, Donations are appreciated to cover mailing costs as well as to support the work of this coalition.

-John Ferrari, Co-Chair

LEATHER MAY DAY CELEBRATION

The National Leather Association and the Seattle Dungeon Guild co-sponsored a well-attended May Day celebration in Seattle on April 29 through May 1, 1988. Play parties, workshops, bar nights, and a contest served as a successful microcosm of NLA's annual Living in Leather conterence.

Friday night's mixed gender party com-

peted with Sunday's Mr and Ms NLA contest as the highlight of the weekend "The energy of Friday's party matched that of any male-only leather run I have attended," commented Jerry Crumpley. "Heteros, lesbians and gays indulged their pleasures next to one another with the greatest of ease and comfort,"

Topics of Saturday's four educational workshops were Novices; Show and Tell for My Favorite Toyl; Piercing, both temporary and permanent, and Whipping

Sunday night's contest culminated the weekend and continued May Day's pansexual theme. Four women and six men competed within the same contest for the titles of Ms and Mr NLA. Winners Steve Maidhof and Cherie Matisse were chosen because of their commitment and acute sensitivity to representing both men and women in the leather community. Maidhof is a founder and former President of NLA. He keeps very busy producing various local events for Seattle's teather community. Matisse has over 20 years experience in political activities. She is coordinating the fashion presentation for Living in Leather III. The title holder will represent NLA at their respective International Mr./ Ms Leather contests.

Participation of organizations from British Columbia and Seattle contributed to the weekend's success. The May Day celebration is an example of how the leather community can work and play together, overcoming the separatism our community has historically confronted.

—John Ferrari

IRON CROSS 16th ANNIVERSARY

The 16th Anniversary celebration of the Iron Cross MC of Montreal was held May 27-29, 1988 at the clubhouse in Montreal. The man of the year award was presented to Mr. Fred Windholz of Monson, MA.

Iron Cross Club banners were presented to The Philadelphians of Philadelphia, PA; Felmes Club of Montreal; and Men Of Dungeons of Dalias, TX. Five men were presented club crests as new full members of Iron Cross.

Attendance numbered 150, including members and guests who came from 12 states in the USA and 3 provinces in Canada. The banquet was at Holiday Inn in Montreal at which time the awards and club crests and prizes were presented, followed by an excellent entertainment program.

Upcoming events on the Iron Cross MC agenda include: Aug. 20-21, Corn Roast Program in Montreal; Sept. 17-18, Corn Roast Weekend in Monson, MA; and a Member's Christmas Party in December

-Don Warden, Mystic, CT

INTERNATIONAL MUD IS COMING!

Saturday, Aug. 27th is the date for the next Club Mud party on the Russian River It will carry on till Sunday, and includes

BBQ and camping facilities. The party, entitled International Mud Day will include events such as Mud Pole Pillowfights, Tug of War, Wet T-Shirt contest, T-Shirt Ripping contest, Mud Wrestling, Greased Human Pig contest, and a Shower with a Friend contest. All Club Mud members in foreign countries are urged to attend. All events are fully clothed. Discount prices apply until July 31st. For more information on the party, or how to become a member, write; Club Mud, Box 277, Rio Nido, CA 95471

-Bro. Duke ED: Watch for a report on this and other Club Mud activities in Drummer #120 featuring Mud, Oil, Grease and Grunge!

LIVING IN LEATHER III

After our first two widely successful conferences, the National Leather Association is finalizing plans for Living in Leather III, the National Leather/SM conference, to be held October 7-10 at the Seattle Center in Seattle, Washington,

The National Leather Association, founded in August 1986, is a chartered non-profit organization dedicated to the support of the leather/SM/8D lifestyle and those individuals and organizations who practice it. Gays and Lesbians have been leaders in the fight for freedom of sexual preference and practice for adults in this country. They began the NLA to support these lifestyles and decided from the

beginning to open the organization to all responsible adults who support its goals knowing that unless we all join together to form organizations to fight for our rights, we will lose them.

But the NLA is not just a matter of so many members, so many organizations, etc. The NLA is people! A few of the people who make the NLA are:

A powerful lesbian organization in New York City

A small group of male bikers and leathermen in Idaho

A senior member of the gay community in Maine

And an activist in Atlanta . .

The NLA is a straight couple from Aberdeen, WA

A transvestite in Guerneville

Puppies in Los Angeles, and Louisiana, and

A man dying of AIDS in San Francisco, and Seattle, and

The NLA is Tops and bottoms, experienced folks and novices, getting along together. Most importantly, it is a group of individuals—you and me—alf of us, in our splendid varieties

"When we started the National Conference approach, we wanted to provide a forum of education, discussion and unity for all men and women who participate in the leather/SM lifestyle," said Jan Lyon, Chairperson LIL III, "I think that the growth of the NLA and the conferences of the last

two years have done an amazing amount of good toward maturity of those goals. I expect the attendees of LIL III will experience continuation of that growth and affiliation this October."

Registration for the 3-day conference is \$65 with discounts for members and couples that can make it as low as \$35 each. Housing is available beginning as low as \$28/night (double occupancy). For further information contact NLA-LiL III, PO Box 17463, Seattle, WA 98107.

-NLA/Seattle

MOD SIZZLE

M.O.D. (Men of Dungeons), a club for practitioners of the safe and sane art of S/M, held a sizzling "event" March 20. An outstanding feature was that everyone participated in the activities, which in cluded play piercing, permanent piercing on a potential new member who has over lwenty piercings, most in the shaft and head of his penis, flogging, whipping, bull whipping by Doc, tit torture, CB&T, bond age, suspension, a sensual demonstration by Stuart, shaving by slave phillip and slave howard, and abrasion. Participants were from Dallas, Austin, and Irving, TX as well as from Chicago. Several remarked it was the most friendly, successful "event" they had ever attended. In July, participants are expected from Switzerland anni Germany! MOD is really not a social club but for the fulfillment of needs through



safe and sane S/M. To contact, please tdentify yourself as practitioners of S/M giving references and experiences. Write MOD, PO BOx 780242, Dallas TX 75378 and/or call 214/350-6164 in the evening phillip, secretary M.O.D.

DOUBLE FEATURE AT THE DRIVE IN

The Barbary Coasters MC is proud to announce our 23rd Annual Gold Rush Run during the weekend of July 29-31. This year's run theme will be Double feature at the Drive In (Elevator Girls in Bondage and Horror Highl). The run will again be held on the banks of the Clavey River amidst the magnificent scenery of the Stanis aus National Forest in the Sierras, We have planned five scrumptious meals and a well stocked bar for your enjoyment, Please join us in the fresh mountain air for the fun, games, as well as entertainment under the stars in the wonderful outdoors.

Registration is \$85 until July 18 and \$95 until July 23. Contact Barbary Coasters M/C, PO Box 14251, San Francisco, CA 94114-0251

-Vern Rowe, Road Captain

SECOND CONFERENCE ON SEXUAL LIBERTY AND SOCIAL REPRESSION

The Committee to Preserve Our Sexual and Civil Libert es announces the second Conterence on Sexual Liberty and Social

Repression for Saturday, September 24, 1988 at the SEIU Hall (240 Golden Gate) The purpose of the conference is to provide a forum for the exchange of ideas, to encourage coalitions and networking among individuals and groups, to educate; and to promote outreach, Panels will discuss topics relating to sexual and civil liberties, analyzing causes of oppression and suggesting ways to deal with the effects of that oppression. In addition, there will be a panel, tentatively scheduled for Friday, Sept. 23, to update issues dealt with at the last conference. The Committee has selected this particular weekend, which coincides with the Folsom Street Fair, to allow visitors to enjoy less structured activities as well. For further information contact the Committee at PO Box 1592, San Francisco, CA 94101-1592

Tournal of Sexual Liberty

THERE'S A PLACE FOR LEATHER IN GAY GAMES III

Please consider this brochure, which has been prepared especially for people who enjoy the leather litestyle, as a personal invitation for you to become involved in Celebration '90: Gay Games III and Cultural Festival

The Canadian committee planning these third international Gay Games has made two commitments that I personally hope the leather community makes positive use

"We are committed to the Cames being inclusive of all members of the lesbian and gay communities who support our beliefs and philosophies. We hope these Games can unite the diverse groups of people within our gay world and bring an end to discrimination against ourseives."

"We are committed to raising the protile of the cultural fest valids a statement to the world about our varied gay lifestyles. The festival will include everything from main stage entertainment to specific workshops and public information sessions. The leather community needs to be represented in this panorama!"

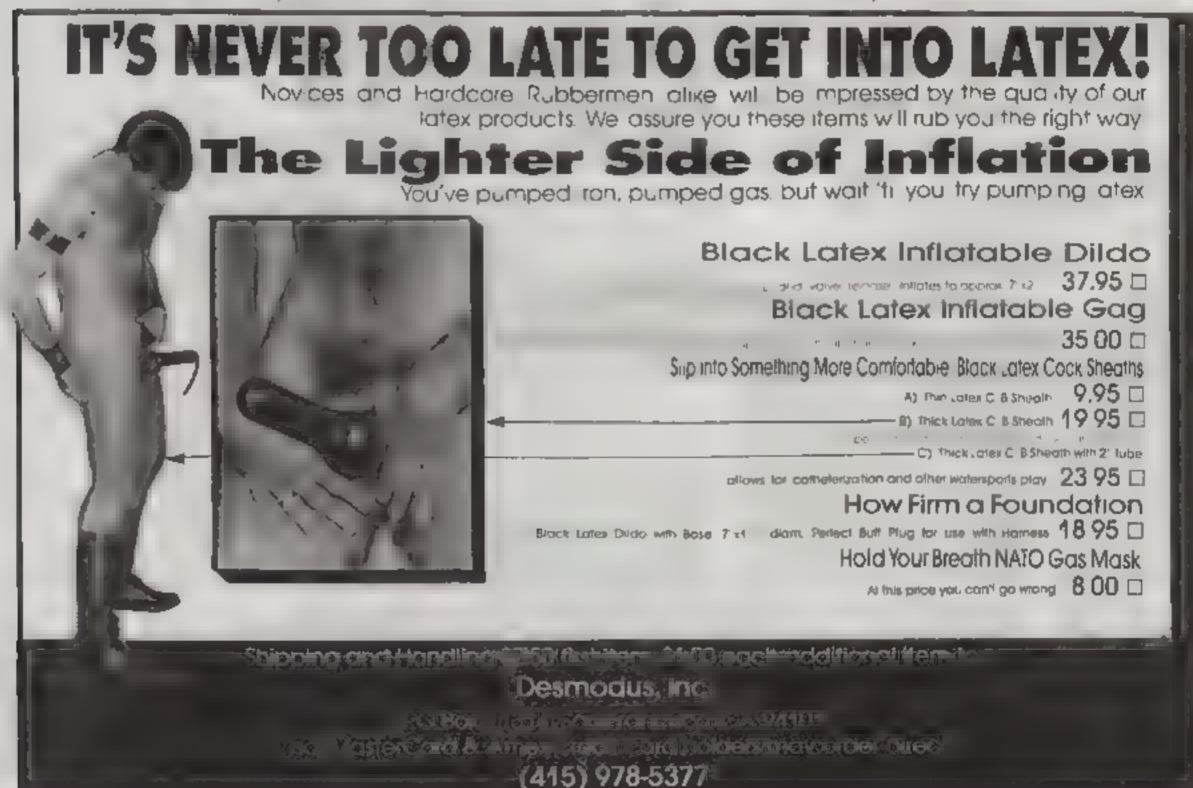
Whether you choose to join your ocal city's sports team, enter on your own or participate in the cultural festival, make sure leathermen are part of Celebration '90—we'll be incomplete without you!

- Barry G. McDe , Director 1170 Bute SI

Vancouver, 8C, V6E 1Z6, Canada (from a flyer distributed at IML '88)

Club Lists: Overseas

This issue should contain the overseas club listings, However, Beat Rudi of ECMC is undertaking a major revision of this list for us and it is not yet completed. The revised overseas list will appear in Issue #121. Part 1 of the US & Canada list will be in the next issue, #119.



LE4THER CALENDAR

			 Potluck—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
If you'd li	ke your organization's events fisted here, send us the		 Ride: New England Air Museum—Thunder- bolts MC; Windsor Locks, CT.
appropria	te information at least two months in advance.	17	*Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
JULY		19	•Mr. Great Lakes Drummer Contest; The Detroit Eagle, Detroit
16-17	*Brunch & Run-Spartan MC; Washington,	19-21	•Grillparty—Black Angels Koln; Cologne, West
17	Alferd Packer Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC; Denver.		Germany. •Summer Campus '88—NLC Franken; Nurem-
	*Tanglewood Run—Thunderbolts MC; Water- bury, CT.	20	berg, West Germany. *Torture Party—The 15; SF.
20	•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.		•Sleezball V—Copperstate Leathermen; Bum
	•7th Birthday—SM Gays; London.		Steer, Phoenix,
	*Rap Session—NY Bondage Club: NYC		 Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.
21-26	*Northwoods Midsummer Faerie Gathering:		 2nd Cologne Rubber Night —MS Panther & RMC Freunden
22-24	St. Paul, MN.	20-26	•New England TourSpartan MC;
44744	 Gopher 8—Atons; Minneapolis. Kirmessparty—LM Dusseldorf; Dusseldorf. 		Washington, DC.
	•Russian River Leather Weekend; Guerneville,	26	*Bondage Party—CHC; Chicago,
	•6th Birthday—East Mercia MSC; Leicester,	26-27	*Mr. Great Plains Drummer Contest-
AUGUST	Lust Mercha Misto, Cercester,	24.04	Windjammer; Kansas City.
1	*Gay & Lesbian Pride Parade—NLA: BC;	26-28	 Tri/Ram '88—Utica Tri's MC & Rochester Rams; Rochester, NY.
3	Vancouver, BC.		•Migration '88—MC Faucon; Montreal.
3	*Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque. *Hellfire Univ.—CHC; Touche, Chicago.		*Grill Party am Rhein-Black Angels Koln:
4-7	•Falcon Flight '88—Wasatch Leathermen MC;	- 1	Cologne.
	Uinta Mts. of Utah.	27	*Mr. Europe Drummer Contest—Eagle Bar; Amsterdam.
5-7	•Finlandization 1988—MSC Finland;		*Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
	Helsinki,		International Mud—Club Mud; Rio Nido,
- 6	•ECMC Bike Run—SNC London; London.		CA.
-	 Mr. Rocky Mt. Drummer Contest; Galerie Leon, Denver, CO. 	SEPTEMBER	
	•Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.	1~5	•Ft. Waldorf IV—Copperstate Leathermen;
10	*Meeting—Dreizehn; Cambridge, CA.		Phoenix, AZ.
11-14	*San Cristobal Run—City Bikers: Denver.	1 2 6	*10th A.M.G./Summerfist—M.A.F.I.A.; Chicago.
12-14	*Europe's Leatherparty—MSC Hamburg:	2-5	*20th Anniversary Run—The Texas Riders;
12	*Bay Area Rodeo; Hayward, CA.		*Leif Erikson Run in New Hampshire—
13	•Mr. BC Drummer Contest—VASM; Vancouver, BC.		Vikings MC; Boston.
	*M.A.F.I.A. Party; Chicago.		•Firedance II—Firedancers; Dallas.
	•Inferno Night Party—CHC; Chicago.	3	 Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco.
	Show Night—MSC London.	4	•Mr. Northwest Drummer Contest—Mack's
	 Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco. 	~ 1	Leathers, Vancouver, BC.
	 Molly Brown Run—Rocky Mountaineers MC: 	8	•Gay Men SM Rap—PEP; Albuquerque.
14	•Mr. Midwest Drummer Contest—The Dock:	8-11	•M.A.f.I.A. Social; Chicago. •INFERNO XVII—Chicago Hellfire Club;
23	Cincinnati, OH.		Douglas, MI.
E.	 Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA. Workout—SF Wrestling Club; San Francisco. 	10	Party—Knights Templar; San Francisco.
	*Shorts Night—MSC London.	16-18	•Kumpeltreffen—LFRR Essen; Essen.
23-31	•CAMP '88; Berne, Switzerland.		•18th Birthday Party—MS Amsterdam;
24	•Mr. New England Drummer Contest: The		Amsterdam.
20	Underground, Portland, ME.	17	•Spank, Belt, Strap & Paddle—The 15; SF.
25	*Mr. Northeast Drummer Contest; Tracks,	21-25	*Leather Pride Weekend; San Francisco.
	New York City.		•IFMA Internationale Fahrrad und Motorrad—
	•Spaghetti Eating Contest—Bournemouth Leather.	22	MS Panther; Koln, West Germany. *Fetish & Fantasy Party—various clubs; The
27	*Exploratorium: S/M Walk-Through—Avatar;	22	Powerhouse, SF.
	LA.	23	•Leather Pride Party—Up Your Alley Produc-
29	•Swiss Night—RMC London.	100	tions; San Francisco,
20 20	Bondage Party—CHC; Chicago.	23-24	•2nd Conference on Sexual Liberty & Social
29-31	•Kirmessparty—LM Dusseldorf, Dusseldorf.		Repression—Committee to Preerve our
	Copperstate Jamboree—Copperstate Leather-	23-26	Sexual & Civil Liberties; San Francisco.
	men; Phoenix, AZ	23-26	*Oktoberfesstreffen-MLC Munchen; Munich,
	*Bier Stein 4—Beer Town Badgers; Milwaukee,		*Mr. Drummer '88 Contest Finals; The Galleria, SE.
	*Gold Rush #23, Double Feature at the Drive-		*Party—Diablo Deviates; Concord, CA.
30	In—Barbary Coasters MC of San Francisco;	25	Folsom Street Fair; SF.
	Mr. & Ms Vancouver Leather Contests— NLA:BC; Vancouver.		•19th Annual Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers
	- Turicouyer		MC; Denver.

International Mr. Leather 1988

The first decade of International Mr. Leather contests was achieved on May 29 when a record number of contestants and other leather men and women assembled in Chicago to celebrate what has become one of Leatherdom's biggest events.

The show itself was excellent and in many ways the new location was even better than Park West, Lynn Lavner and Al Parker were co-MC's. I'm certain that all *Drummer* readers are thoroughly familiar with Al Parker's attributes. Lynn Lavner is a "short, left-handed, Jewish lesbian from New York" who wears black leather while she plays the piano, sings, and makes you laugh. She was superb, you'll be seeing more about her albums in a Drummer Media column soon. The other entertainers were Dena Kaye, a country music singer, and Village People, celebrating their 11th year. As David Hodo said, "you can see that little has changed." Some of their physiques have, but their music is the same, in fact identical to what they did 10 years ago.

year the "costume" element of the contest is less and less conspicuous. Sure, there are still a lot of special new pieces the contestants get for the event, but now most of them look and behave as though the leather is REAL to them, not just a costume. The accessories they carry and wear are not just props, they are tools, implements, extensions of their personas.

Each year I have been struck by the higher and higher percentage of contestants who could have made a great IML. This year there were many contestants that I think could have done well as International Mr. Leather 1988. Many of the contestants combined the ability to articulate their thoughts well, an intelligence and sincerity that gave those thoughts substance, and a solid leather image that manages to capture attention and respect. Most of these men are already excellent spokesmen for their leather communities.

But we did have to judge and select, I didn't fall deeply



Great memories, but some growth on the part of the group to keep up with the growth in our community would have been nice too. Party time is fun to remember, but life is different now.

However, the REAL stars of the evening were the contestants. Competing this year were 42 men from 19 states, the District of Columbia, two Canadian provinces and from Europe Mr. Europe Leather '88, Vincente Jimenez from Barcelona, Spain won the title previously held by IML '87, Tom Karasch, this past year in the annual contest in Hamburg, Germany. The contestants varied considerably from 5'7", 135-lb, Tom Coker from Seattle, Washington, to 6'5", 230-lb, Mitch Davis from Boston, Mass. and from 21-year-old Carl Oliver from Madison, Wisconsin, to 44-year-old Jerry Werkheiser from Honolulu, Hawaii.

The judges were Dom Orejudos, who is the artist Etienne and, along with Chuck Renslow, one of the founders of IML; Mr. Marcus Hernandez, leather scene columnist of San Francisco's Bay Area Reporter; Lou Thomas, formerly owner of Target Studios and now Editor of Manscape 2 and other magazines; Tom Karasch, International Mr. Leather 1987; Andrew Day from Mr. Chaps Leatherworks in Hamburg, Germany, sponsor of the Mr. Europe Leather Contest; J.D. Evans, owner of two leather bars, Texas Drilling Company and The Eagle, both in Atlanta, Georgia; and yours truly, returning for my third year as a judge of IML. As in previous years, the judging was a difficult task.

There have been times in the past when the contest was referred to as "International Mr. Naugahyde" or "International Mr. Borrowed Leather." But if it was true then that most of the contestants were pretty boys who dressed up in leather for the weekend, it is certainly no longer true. Each

year, probably because things were moving so quickly with this number of contestants that I didn't get a chance to. Or maybe it was because there were just too many desirable ones to choose from. Had I been a buyer at a slave auction, instead of a judge at a contest, there are many I would have bid upon . . . so many broad backs that would look good with whip welts, so many juicy tits just begging to be squeezed and bitten, so many well-filled pouches waiting for my fingers to circle and pull and squeeze and massage and . . But, I'm getting sidetracked. I'd like to describe each of them to you, and write a fantasy centered on each; but no time or space now . . . but check out *Drummer 120* for color photos of several of them exposing parts of their anatomy that were not displayed to the judges! (Dammit!)

When the judges' votes were counted, there was a clean sweep for southern California. Second runner-up was Brian Dawson, a 40-year-old architect from Long Beach who was sponsored by Floyd's. First runner-up was Peter Morrison, a 31-year-old school teacher from Los Angeles sponsored by Gauntlet II. Peter is the lover of the current Mr. Drummer, Mark Alexander, and they recently appeared together on the cover of *Drummer #115*. International Mr. Leather 1988 is Michael Pereyra, a 29-year-old landscape nurseryman from San Diego sponsored by Hard Labor and San Diego Leathermen. Michael was an audience favorite right from the start and there was little difficulty seeing why (see his photo on the back cover). The looks are fantastic and the personality that comes through is every bit as beautiful.

Best wishes to all of the winners, and to all of the contestants. I can guarantee that you will be seeing much more of several of them in *Drummer!* Tony DeBlase

Cumming Up Drummer 119 BEARS AND MOUNTAIN MEN...



Wes Lockwood looks at Zeus and Tightropes, the video.

BEARDS, BEARS, AND BARBAROUS BUTTS

by Jack Fritscher!

"I will try anything once."

And Jay Shaffer does exactly that with—Hounded. Drummer outrageousness. Have dog will travel . .

DRUMMER 118

BE, NOLMAN

